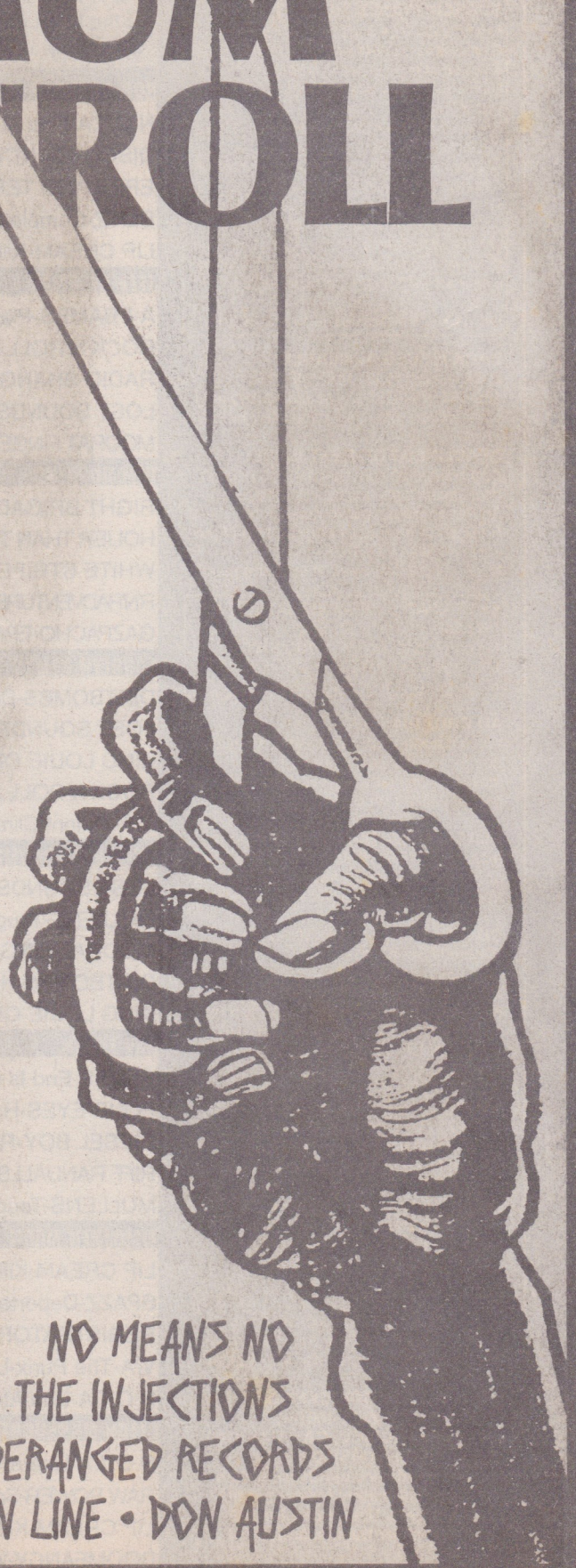
MAXIMUM ROCK'N'ROLL

34 x 200 = 6800 ESS.

APRIL 2001/ISSUE #215/$3



NO MEANS NO
VITAMIN X • THE INJECTIONS
Y • DERANGED RECORDS
THE DILS • LAST IN LINE • DON AUSTIN

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
•US: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. If you're in California, send $19.49 (tax).
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•Everywhere else: $8 each (air) or $5.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $33 (surface).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #143, 146, 148, 150-163, 165-181, 184-213 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ NEW **AD** SIZES **AND** RATES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Andrew "spells Busch like the beer" Scott

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (916) 641-8900 or fax (916) 641-8889. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review. We like skulls with mohawks.

ROB COONS

- N.O.T.A-Live At The Crystal Palace-LP
- DISCORDANCE AXIS-LP
- EPILEPTIC TERROR ATTACK-LP
- BLITZ-Complete Blitz Singles-LP
- LIP CREAM-Kill The IBM-LP
- RAW POWER-Screams From the Gutter-LP
- SKRUPEL-Gyrosan T5-11-LP
- SPAZZ-Deported-CD
- C.R.-46 Songs-CD/ESPERANZA-live
- RIPCORD- Both CDs

JEFF HEERMAN

- A-FRAMES-Plastica-45
- ROCK'N'ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS-EP
- RADIO SHANGHAI-Artificial Works-EP
- LOST SOUNDS-1+1=Nothing-LP
- MOORAT FINGERS-I Don't Know-45
- SHRINKS-Live
- SHOCK-This Generation's On Vacation-EP
- FLAKES-Bip Bam Boom!-EP
- KING LOUIE ONE MAN BAND-EP
- SCREAMERS-In A Better World-EP

TOM HOPKINS

- RIGHT BRIGADE/POOR EXCUSE-EP
- HOLIER THAN THOU-EP/KING LOUIE-EP
- WHITE STRIPES-EP/INSURGENT-10"
- RNRADVENTUREKIDS-EP/ESPERANZA-LIVE
- GAZPACHO-EP/DISCORDANCE AXIS-LP
- PATTERN-EP/FOUR EYES-EP
- CONTRA/J-CHURCH-split-EP
- SCARLET LETTER-EP/A-FRAMES-EP
- BOOMFANCY-EP/COCKROACH-EP
- I.L.C. KILLERS-LP/LOST SOUNDS-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- DIRTBOMBS-Both EPs
- LOST SOUNDS-1+1=Nothing-LP
- KING LOUIE ONE MAN BAND-EP
- ROCK'N'ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS-EP
- V/A-Violent Climax Vol. 2-EP
- MOORAT FINGERS-I Don't Know-EP
- FLAKES-Bip Bam Boom!-EP
- NERVOUS EATERS-No More Idols-EP
- SCREAMERS-EP/SHOCK-EP
- IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS-LP

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

- LOST SOUNDS-1+1=Nothing-LP
- MULLENS-Tough To Tell-LP
- MOORAT FINGERS-I Don't Know-EP
- DIRTBOMBS-Headlights On-45
- KING LOUIE ONE MAN BAND-EP
- THE LEWD-EP
- FLAKES-Bip Bam Boom!-EP
- SHOCK-This Generation's On Vacation-EP
- DRY HEAVES-Shoot Yourself-LP
- NERVOUS EATERS-No More Idols-EP

RAY LUJAN

- ATARIS-End Is Forever-CD
- FOUR EYES-Hat Nerd-EP
- DIESEL BOY-Rode Hard-45
- RIFF RANDALLS-Who Says Girls Can't-EP
- MULLENS-Tough To Tell-LP
- SHIFTERS-Shattered-LP
- SUPERSTAR ROOKIE-CD
- DRY HEAVES-LP/V/A-This Is Mod-LP
- GOSSIP-LP/LOST SOUNDS-EP
- DRONGOS FOR EUROPE-CD

TIMOTHEN MARK

- LIP CREAM-Kill The IBM-LP
- SPAZZ-Deported-CD
- REGISTRATORS-Singles-LP
- V/A-The Punx-LP
- N.O.T.A-Live At The Crystal Palace-LP
- VOMIT PIGS-Useless Eaters-EP
- INSURGENT-Inside Every Kid-LP
- SKRUPEL-Gyrosan T5-11-LP
- C.R.-46 Songs-CD
- RECENSION/DRUNKEN ORGY OF-split EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- N.O.T.A-Live At The Crystal Palace-LP
- RAW POWER-Screams From the Gutter-LP
- LIP CREAM-Kill The IBM-LP
- BOOMFANCY-Walking In My Sleep-EP
- THE GOSSIP-That's Not What I Heard-LP
- HOLIER THAN THOU-EP
- THE INSURGENT-Inside Every Kid-10"
- SMALL TOWN-Stuck-EP
- TRUE NORTH/RED SCARE-split EP
- ZEGOTA-Movement In The Music-LP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

MUNDO MURGUIA

SHOCK-This Generation-EP	BLITZ-Complete Blitz Singles-LP
STRAP-ONZ-Fuck Squatter Sympathy-EP	NIBLICK HENBANE-Go Away-CD
V/A-The Punx-LP	BONECRUSHER-Followers Of A Brutal-LP
LIP CREAM-Kill The IBM-LP	SHIFTERS-Shattered-LP
REGISTRATORS-Singles-LP	ROCK'N'ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

NIBLICK HENBANE-Go Away-CD	STRAP-ONZ-Fuck Squatter Sympathy-EP
REAZIONE-Indelebile-EP	ONYAS-Amission Of A Lifestyle-EP
BONECRUSHER-Followers Of A Brutal-LP	DEVILSKINS-Porca Troia-EP
STAGE BOTTLES-Sometimes Anti-EP	BRIGADA/OPCIO K-95-split EP
H-BLOCK-Synergy-EP	THE VIRUS-LP/THE NUMBERS-10"

ANDREW SCOTT

DIRTBOMBS-Both EPs	NERVOUS EATERS-No More Idols-EP
HOLIER THAN THOU-EP	KING LOUIE ONE MAN BAND-EP
SHOCK-This Generation's On Vacation-EP	GORIES/LORD HIGH FIXERS-split EP
IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS-LP	SHIFTERS-Shattered-LP
REGISTRATORS-Singles-LP	GOSSIP-LP/FLAKES-EP

MIKE THORN

TERRORYMISERIA-EP/INSURGENT-10"	ATROCIOUS MADNESS/WHY-split EP
HOLIERTHANTHOU-EP/NOTA-LP	BRIGADA/OPCIÓ K-95-EP/VIRUS-LP
TRAGEDY/ESPERANZA/BANANAS-live	WOLFBRIGADE/AUDIOKOLLAPS-EP
ZEGOTA-LP/COCKROACH-EP/REALSHIT-live	SVART SNÖ/STARVED&DELIRIOUS-EP
AUTONOMIA/DIOS HASTIO-EP	BOOMFANCY-EP/SOUNDOFFAILURE-CD

MAX WARD

TERROR Y MISERIA-EP	HOLIER THAN THOU-EP
NOTA-Live At The Crystal Palace-LP	ATROCIOUS MADNESS/WHY-split EP
RAW POWER-Screams From the Gutter-LP	URKO/ACTIVE MINDS-split EP
RIPCORD-Hardcore-CD	REALIZED/DIE-split EP
THEY LIVE-Demo-EP	ESPERANZA-live

RYAN WELLS

ANOREXIA-EP/REGISTRATORS-LP	KING LOUIE ONE MAN BAND-EP
A-FRAMES-Plastica/Hospital-45	WHITE STRIPES-Lord Send Me-EP
N.O.T.A-Live At The Crystal Palace-LP	LOST SOUNDS-1+1=Nothing-LP
BILLY SYNDROME-Now-LP	MOORAT FINGERS-I Don't Know-EP
ROCK'N'ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS-EP	FLAKES-Bip Bam Boom!-EP

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

MULLENS-Tough To Tell-LP	NEW TOWN ANIMALS/DÉLATEURS-EP
MAZINGA/SEX SEX SEX-split-EP	THE TREND-Batman Live At-EP
BLITZ-Complete Blitz Singles-LP	RIFF RANDALLS-Who Says Girls Can't-EP
DIRTBOMBS-Headlights On-45	FLAKES-Bip Bam Boom!-EP
MOORAT FINGERS-I Don't Know-EP	NO TALENTS-Hello World-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Antipathy #7	East Villiage Inky #10
Fuck The Shut Up #1	Fifteenth Precinct #3
Rocktober #29	Fracture #14
Complete Control/Teenage Death Songs	Jersey Beat #68
Garageland #4	My Letter To The World #17

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Sam Atakra	Peter Avery
Aragorn	Paul Barger
Michelle Barnhardt	Jerry Booth
Enrico Cadena	Karoline Collins
Robert Collins	Catherine Cook
Rob Coons	Andy Darling
Rafael DiDonato	Mikel Delgado
Neale Fishback	Jonathan Floyd
Gardner Fusuhara	Brian Gathy
Doug Grime	Katja Gussmann
Lance Hahn	Chris Hall
Harald Hartmann	Jeff Heermann
Missy Hennings	Tom Hopkins
George Impulse	Kenny Kaos
Carolyn Keddy	Mark Kessler
Pete Ketchpel	Melissa Klein
Dulcinea Loudmouth	Gabe Lucas
Michael Lucas	Ray Lujan
Jesse Luscious	Hal MacLean
Bobby Manic	Timojhen Mark
Jeff Mason	Tobia J. Minckler
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Jennifer Mushnick	C. Nellie Nelson
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Bruce Roehrs	Greta Snider
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Will Thundercat	Jessie Trashed
Jason Valdez	Max Ward
Ryan Wells	Shane White
Jeff Yih	Rema Young
Henry Yu	

ZINE CONTRIBUTORS

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Ted Rall	Renae Bryant
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Mark Murrmann	Mark Hanford
Felix Von Havoc	Jose Palafox
Queenie	Scott Soriano
Stickerguy Pete	John Ringhoff
Dave Dictor	Chris(tine) Boarts
Jessica Mills	Sam McPheeters
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Cooch	Stephen Perry
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Jason Vest	James Wood
Vinnie La Russa	Adam Bregman

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Andrew Scott

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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit.

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head. Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beamflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Socks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks 77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, Other People's Music, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, 77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Minc, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile, Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusivcs, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifeo, Worm, Roswells, Raxóla, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWO, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburbia Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June 2000. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July 2000. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug 2000. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept 2000. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion.

#209/Oct 2000. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone..

#210/Nov 2000. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, the Pre-Teens, the Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec 2000. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan 2000. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

¡ACHTUNG!

INTERNATIONAL MRR READERS

¿THE POST OFFICE HAS DONE IT AGAIN?

YEP THAT'S RIGHT, THE PRICE OF INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE HAS NEARLY DOUBLED. PLEASE SPECIFY AIR OR SURFACE WHEN ORDERING!

Sorry this is so expensive, we're not happy about it either (however, zines shipped by surface should still arrive before it hits newstands). You can also save money by selling MRR at shows, bulk rate boxes of 20 are available. We are investigating cheaper methods of shipping so stay tuned!

NEW MAILORDER RATES

	one magazine (u.s. dollars)		subscription rates (six months)	
Location	Air (3-5 days)	Surface (4-6 weeks)	Air (3-5 days)	Surface (4-6 weeks)
Canada	4.00	3.00	24.00	18.00
Mexico	4.50	5.00	27.00	30.00
Western Europe	8.00	4.00	48.00	24.00
Japan Australia N. Zealand	9.00	4.50	54.00	27.00
Eastern Europe South America Asia Africa	8.00	5.50	48.00	33.00

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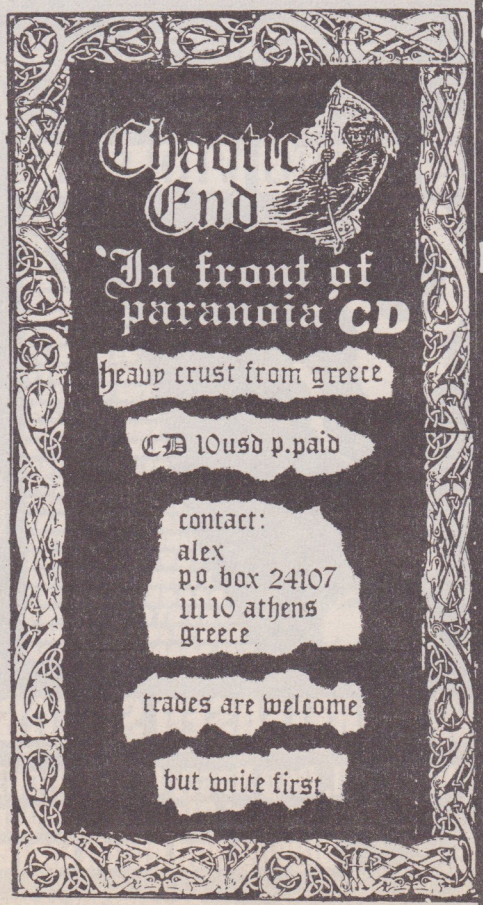

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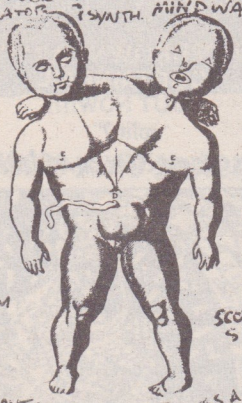

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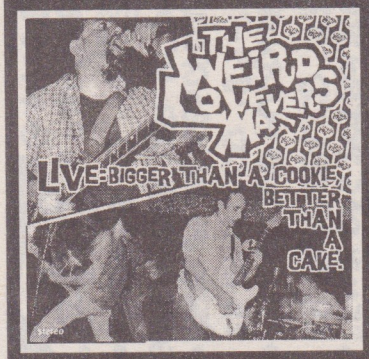

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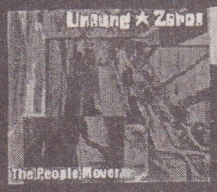

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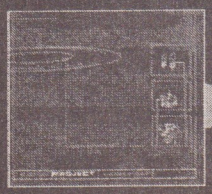

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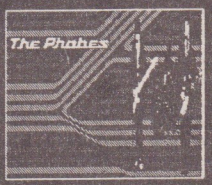

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LETTERS

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Dearest MRR!

Please! Return to the old format!!! This new look is dry + depressing with that *Punk Planet* look. It is so sad and unbearable. Janelle agrees! Please, please, please! Love,
Cindy/ *Doris*, Astrid Oto

Hello *MRR*,

Thanks for putting out a fairly well-rounded publication. I especially appreciate your news section (keep it up Mimi). It's important for folks to know what's going on in the world in an beyond the punk scene. I do wish this section was a little larger because it's hard to find good alternative coverage these days... but hey.

The main reason I'm writing is a call to action. A few years back I was attacked by a guy (a stranger) walking by the river in Milwaukee. This guy chased me down and tackled me to the ground. He tried to put his hand over my mouth (to stop my yelling) and get on top of me. I am a small person but I was able to fight him off of me and run to the street.

I am writing this for two reasons: 1. To encourage other women to fight back in situations like this and to put it out there that we can make it out of threatening situations no matter what your size or strength. And 2. The call to action... I want other women to get in touch with me and share your own stories and ideas about overcoming harassment and assault. I wish there was more dialogue in the punk community about how to deal with this kind of shit. I am working on a zine that will deal with this issue so please get in touch!!
Ariel/ PO Box 411621/ Chicago, IL 60641/ mspippilotta@yahoo.com

Dear MRR,

I'm writing to tell you about an annoying problem that I've encountered. First of all let me tell you I'm in prison, but that's not my problem. It all started while I was working my 4pm 'til 12am shift and me and my coworkers were shootin' the shit when someone asked me what I was going to do when I get out. At first I was kind of reluctant to divulge my plans, and rightfully so. When I did tell them I was moving to NYC they did exactly what I thought they would do, they totally responded like I was some wide-eyed little kid when in fact I'm a pretty responsible 26 year old with an excellent work ethic. I've been working ever since I was nine as a janitor's helper at an arcade, and I have been doing that work (janitorial and maintenance, I even have a boiler's license) up until now. What really pisses me off is people who don't even know me or my resourcefulness. But then again my own mom has been less than encouraging, but that's understandable, I'm her only son and she doesn't want anything happening to me. Fair enough. But these people who automatically predict my absolute failure really piss me off.

Could somebody please give me some helpful advice as to how to successfully move from MN to the Big Apple (ei jobs, apartment, food). I don't expect to find a mansion to rent. I've lived in some major dives and rather liked it. Please write to N.E.R.C.C., 6102 Abrahamson Rd., Saginaw, MI 55779. After 4.20.01 write to 609 9th Ave. NW, Grand Rapids, MI 55744; telephone (218) 326-2973.
Kevin King

MRR,

I've noticed a peculiar and disturbing trend in the punk/hc scene over the last few years where people publicly (that is, in interviews) announce how they like to listen to Skrewdriver's music despite the racist lyrics (Adam of Young Pioneers in *Punk Planet* and Justin of Indecision in MRR are two such examples). The idea that the music and lyrical content can or should be dissociated from one another is contradictory to "punk" music and the notion that one is "in the know," so it is OK to listen to good music regardless of the content is idiotic.

And now MRR has reinforced that mind-think with its review of a Skrewdriver bootleg LP in issue #213 (February 2001). Not only is the LP reviewed, but three people (Dulcinea Loudmouth, Mundo Murguia and Bruce Roehrs) list it in their top ten. Of course, the defense will be that this is pre-racist Skrewdriver or as the review states "different from the regressive band that would emerge later." Quite a benign way of describing the poster boys for white power punk. Despite the fact that it is non-racist material, MRR has done a disservice by including this review. If a white pride label issued a re-release of the pre-racist Skrewdriver, would MRR review it? I hope not. But a bootleg whose origin is unknown gets the nod? What if the record was put out by a white power kid to make a quick buck from his favorite band and fund his "regressive" lifestyle? MRR has just notified its readers that the record exists. It seems very irresponsible to give any print to a band that is so notoriously abhorrent. Content is important and Skrewdriver is known by their later content, making all their early stuff just as unremarkable. MRR really blew it on this one. Regards,
Tom O'Hagan/ Bellerose, NY

Tom,

Folks seem to think that MRR does not review releases with racist, sexist, or homophobic content. Well, we do. Our angle on this is as follows: although reviewing these releases does give the bands exposure and can generate interest for them, the international punk community can be made aware of the fucked up views the bands are promoting. Throughout the world, punks often open up their homes to bands, promote shows out of their own wallets, and often give others they don't know that well the benefit of the doubt. Getting the word out in the review section has the potential to inform a number of people. While I'm not really addressing your complaint, Tom, this policy at MRR explains why I decided to have the Skrewdriver boot reviewed. My feeling was that Skrewdriver is a part of punk history, not everyone is aware of what Skrewdriver's place in that history is, and a review of the LP might be useful. My hope was that Steve would make mention of the record being non-racist and note that Skrewdriver didn't stay that way for long. He did do this, but not with the vigor or clarity I would have preferred.

I agree, MRR did blow it. Not in the decision to review the record, but because not one single reviewer (myself included) stepped forward to give a second review of the record. Such a review might have more strongly noted that this record, despite being a killer punk album, was the first step of a group that would provide the soundtrack for intimidation, beatings, and killings long after the band's existence.
Tom H.

Dearest punks,

This letter is about how cool things are. I really like it when people start bands, labels, and zines. But lets be honest, some of the names for these bands, labels, and zines are very stupid. I flipped through a MRR and saw some dumb names in adds: Downway, Absentees, Pre-teens, and the Bellrays are

just some of the bad band names I spotted. I'll tell you some band names I do like: Raft of Dead Monkeys, Bodies Thru Windshields, Kurt's Head, Retard Beaters, and Peewee's Boner. The name of my last zine was called *Dead Retarded Mermaids that Float in the Willamette*, and the next one will be called *My Favorite song is La Bamba*. I also think it's stupid when people write, "straight outta.." And bands like Darlington, the Huntingtons, the Daryls, and Ruth's Hat are very stupid and shouldn't make any more music. I also wanted to say nice job with the zine; it obviously takes a lot of work to put it together.
Brandt

Greetings to everyone in MRR-land...

A couple things: While I don't care for the *Punk Planet*-style layout that MRR is now utilizing, I'm sure all of the readers that agree with me will find a way to simply deal with it. I'd also like to say "good work!" for bringing Mike Thorn on board as one of the new coordinators. His interview with 9 Shocks Terror was just as good as any other interview I've read with them and I hope that Mike keeps up the good work. I have my fingers crossed over that one...

The main reason I'm writing to you at three in the morning on a Sunday is because I was just reading Jay Dead's column in issue #213 regarding a certain warehouse in Oakland, which will remain nameless. In his column, Jay mentions the birthday party show for local "pirate punk" Marcus the Anarchist (he does a lot more than drink and yell "Aaarrr!"), and since my old band was on the bill that night, I thought I'd share my thoughts as well.

I guess one of the big reasons why folks at the warehouse were mad about this show was because of the presence of a keg or two, and the fact that people were drinking out of it. Okay... it's a birthday show... it's a fucking *pirate punks* show... I don't know what else to expect. A band passing out a blunt to share with the audience?... oh wait, that was my band. The one resident present for the show seemed to have a *real big* problem with the keg as he was drinking out of it all night and not doing very much else. Even when two tattoo-faced "gutter punks" tried to steal a kid's skateboard and threatened to hit a girl trying to prevent them from getting away. This poor sap from the warehouse stood a couple feet away, pretty much saying to himself, "Oh no. Whatever will I do?" It was left up to us band and audience members to get the kid's skateboard back and run off the crusty cretins in question.

When Code 13 came out here to the Bay Area, I set up a show for them at Gilman and did my best to get them in contact with Mission Records. Felix informed me that this brief stopover was helping finance their tour of the Pacific Rim, so I thought I'd help him out and try to get them as many shows as I could. I called up the warehouse and after talking to the "new guy" in charge of setting up shows, I realized that I wasn't getting anywhere. He didn't seem to care in the least that Code 13 could use some extra cash before going on this tour.

I also heard a few things about residents at the warehouse blackballing certain bands from being allowed to play there. When Grimple had briefly gotten back together, I guess they got the boot over something rather trivial. Despite the fact that Pig Iron boasted a lineup of musicians that have been active in the East Bay punk scene for years, they weren't allowed to play either. I think it might have had something to do with their stage presence of all things. Yeah, let's keep punk safe and sedate, shall we? Hey, I did booking at Gilman for almost four years, and I've been called a "PC fascist faggot" as much as anyone else.

Shows at this warehouse continue... but it's nothing even remotely close to what they were doing before. I wound up there one night to meet a friend and there was none other than Calvin from K Records doing an acoustic/ spoken word performance! Woo hoo! Wall-to-wall hipster shitheads drinking and making attempts at scamming on everything with breasts in the damn room. The new residents don't seem to give a shit about supporting the underground scene anymore, but instead decide to throw crappy shows with expendable bands and audiences that are the same. Fuck 'em.

My big problem with this is the fact that warehouse and backyard shows used to be in great abundance here in the East Bay, and now it seems almost nonexistent. A friend and myself were going to start setting up shows at a new warehouse space in West Oakland, but after my friend got the boot courtesy of his asshole landlord, our plans have been thwarted. Too bad, I probably would have contacted Jay to try and have some movies shown along with some good punk bands. C'est la vie, I suppose.

It's also interesting for Jay to note that Blatz and Filth have taken their recordings from Lookout and turned them over to Life is Abuse. That's pretty fucking cool if you ask me. After picking up the Blatz/ Filth split, some kid could conceivably get turned on to an epic monstrosity like the Asunder/Like Flies on Flesh split or the new Medication Time LP and that poor soul's life would end as he or she would know it. So kudos to the members of Blatz and Filth for taking a chance on a cool underground label like Life is Abuse. Mauz has been putting out some fucking *awesome* records for a long time, and reissues of Blatz and Filth would enable him to keep his stuff in print.

And kudos to all the columnists at MRR that keep me reading the zine! I read zines like yours, *Flipside*, and *HitList* for the same reason: the opinionated assholes that turn in a column every month or so. So keep up the good work! Hopefully this rant makes some kind of sense...
Jake Kelly/ konstantflow@yahoo.com

PS Shameless self-promotion department: Even though Gardner Fusuhara didn't seem to like it, check out issue #7 of *People Under No King* zine. Not only do you get a massive What Happens Next interview, you also get photos, a Bay Area scene report, reviews of records and shows, and columns too! The next issue will be even better and should be out in a couple of months. Send $4 to: PUNK c/o Susan / 456 Castro Street/ San Francisco, CA 94114. Stamp donations couldn't hurt either.

PPS Beware of Destructive Youth.

Maximum Rocknroll,

Hey there, again. Dodgy distribution being what it is I only just got MRR issue #212 this weekend (early Feb.) and so have only just seen Jeff M.'s response to my letter of response regarding a letter about my guest column in issue #208. In the column I spoke about the growing mass protest movement and how we should look at the bigger picture when organizing and try to refrain from making each day another riot so the media can just happily distort any intentions of the group with a nice picture of a burning car. I mentioned some suggestions about how violent protesters can protest another time, when no one but them will be blamed for their actions, although I went on to say that I could see no benefits at all from violent protest, just a lot of pitfalls. That was a very concise summing up of the piece and you can read it in full in the back issue of MRR or online at my band's website: http://www.gardners.freeserve.co.uk/ TheAcademyMorticians.htm (case sensitive).

Anyway, Jeff responded to some criticisms I made about violence at protests by saying that the right to protest violently is a right there to be taken and not bestowed by "benevolent liberal protest leaders" and that anyone trying to "police" a protest will "rightly be called authoritarian and "power hungry"".

Now I totally agree with the first part of Jeff's argument. The right to protest violently is a right, and as such is not there to be allowed or disallowed by someone else. Well done there for pointing out the obvious. I am not talking about repressing people's rights, I am talking about the difference between a genuine attempt at changing the world and a circle jerk.

Tactics are what I am talking about. The bigger picture. Thus far violence at protests has only lead to detrimental effect; bad news coverage, alienation of many potential protesters, "justification" for heavy handed policing to name a few. It has not brought down the capitalist system. It hasn't even brought down the corporate targets it attacks. If a McDonalds store has it's windows

trashed, McDonalds opens another day (paying for it's windows and probably leading to more cost-cutting somewhere to ensure the window money doesn't eat too much into their profits). All that is achieved is the customers in there at the time, stupid as they are for eating there, are traumatized; probably put off the anti-capitalist movement for life.

Now these are just some basic points of criticism in regards to a violent protest and whilst I know no one has the right to ban people from participating in that kind of action, I would ask that those who do think violent protest is the best thing since sliced bread-do it another time. When doing it during a massive non-violent protest all it does is distract the media, and the public's attention, away from what the protest is trying to get across. Broken windows do not educate.

I am talking about self-control on the part of the violent ones to forsake their smashing and looting for another time and place out of respect for actually raising awareness with the protest and not just using it as a cover for them to destroy property under. It truly does make me question their true motives for their actions, and the sincerity of their claims of wanting to fight capitalism. You may have heard of a little political idea called anarchy right? Well that's what we're talking about at the end of the day. Not "benevolent liberal protest leaders...policing" demonstrations, but self-policing using good old rationalization and self-awareness, thinking about who it is we are fighting and what we want out of a protest and acting out of respect for other people and for a greater good rather than selfishly for immediate gratification.

Protest violently if you want. I'm not going to stop you, I have no right to do so. But if you want to be violent then think further than the simple, primitive notion of how good it'll feel to stamp on the golden arches and think instead about how good it would be to live in a world where people are educated to the greed, corruption, and imminent destruction capitalism causes and are all ready to do something about it long-term and actually rise up and replace a political system? It's up to the violent-not the non violent, to question themselves and their motivations in the quest for a better world.

Call me power hungry if you want, but it's not me who helps turn media and public opinion against the movement and scares others away from joining. It is not me who jeopardizes the message and intent of these demonstrations out of a selfish desire to smash some shit up. Think first, then if you still want to break stuff then go right ahead.
Dan/ http://www.EP.com/academy morticians

Dear MRR,

I received issue #213 the other day. Actually I got two of them, which I thought odd. So I gave the extra copy to a friend of mine here. I set my copy aside to read later on. Later that day my friend came up to me and called me a "superstar." When he saw that I didn't have a clue to what he was talking about, he told me to go and read the new MRR. Well lo and behold if I didn't see my name in print for the whole world to marvel at! Goodness gracious I'm famous now!!

Anyway, it seems that I've put my foot in my mouth. Arwen, please accept my apologies. I suffer a bias with regards to MRR staffers. I always seem to think that the people who write for MRR are these crotchety old codgers with receding mohawks who taught Wayne Kramer how to play guitar.

And please forgive my jaded cynicism with regards to the kids of today. Perhaps because I've been incarcerated since 1987 with only about 32 years out in between, I haven't been exposed to many kids who give a fuck about anything except themselves. But I think it is safe to say that most kids feel safe and secure with how their world is. I truly fear our new president. Of course, all politicians are inherently evil. Anyone who strives for a life in public office must suffer from paranoia, megalomania, narcissism, and a whole host of psychological disorders. But George W. is truly dangerous. Not only is the man a complete moron, but anyone with a modicum of intelligence knows that the elder Bush will be the one calling all the shots, much as he was the power behind the Reagan throne.

I am inspired by recent mass protests against global capitalist interest. The declining cost of techno-gadgetry is making it much easier to organize and co-ordinate these actions, and I'm glad to see people taking advantage of it. The major media distorts events and ignores the issues raised by protesters. Unfortunately, the vast majority of the public accepts the major media as gospel. How did we get this way? Polls show that most people distrust politicians, yet few care enough to do something about it. Are the people that easily manipulated? I guess it is hard when the average person must work two jobs (or even three) just to make ends meet. How can a person focus on such abstract issues such as CIA-sponsored drug-smuggling, rainforest destruction, and the detrimental effects of global capitalism when they have to worry about putting food on the table or paying the cable bill? Speaking of putting food on the table—that brings me to another issue.

Have people become so lazy that we no longer are interested in learning how to live off the land and depend upon the earth to provide us with the necessities that we need? Apparently so. Or maybe we've got our priorities so screwed up that we forget that all we truly need is food and shelter. Don't get me wrong. I'm not an anarcho-primitivist plotting the destruction of civilization and a return to our primal roots. No, I enjoy the many and varied conveniences and entertainments that modern technology has brought us. I just believe that one of the most powerful freedoms we still have is the freedom to feed ourselves without having to depend on anyone else. What would most of us do without supermarkets? Most people would starve to death! (Not that there is anything wrong with that?) Obviously, most people prefer to be sheep willing to have the most basic things taken care of for them. I put forth a challenge to all punks young and old—learn to grow your own food. If you are a meat-eater then learn to hunt, fish, or raise chickens, whatever! Grow your own herbs and spices. If we can become less dependent on the global food concerns, we can take away a valuable component of their power over us. C'mon! Turn off the TV, turn off the N64, get the fuck off the goddamn internet, and learn how to provide for yourself before TimeWarner commands every aspect of what you see and hear. Educate yourself about companies like Monsanto who are attempting to market genetically modified seed that produce plants that are incapable of producing seeds, effectively putting the power to grow food in the hands of rich business interests who want only to control all we think and do for their own greedy profit. Be scared and use your fear to motivate you to action.

I was going to make this letter much longer, but I think I've ranted and rambled enough for one day. Look soon for a prisoner column as soon as I can get the funds to purchase my own typewriter. To the person transcribing this: please forgive the errors. I borrowed the typewriter I'm writing this on, and I haven't a clue to how this damn thing works!!

Anyone who wants to write, please feel free. I'm 29 years old, serving 8-27 years for armed robbery. I like everything from Crass to Madball. I enjoy discussing all sorts of subjects. I am anti-PC and have no hang-ups on stupid shit. Oh! Not that it should matter but I'm sure it does to some—I'm a fag!! Get over it or fuck right off!! I guess I just outed myself to an international audience, didn't I? I also consider myself an anarchist who knows everything about nothing at all. A once great man once sang, "Anarchy sounds good to me, then someone asks, 'Who'd fix the sewers?' Would the rednecks just play king of the neighborhood?" Would they, indeed? What the fuck do I know?! Peace and love,
James Duane #214699 / 3201 Bemis Road / Ypsilanti, MI /48197-0911

Hey MRR!

Issue 214 arrived at my place this morning, thanks for the great review you gave of my zine *Zonked!*, & I'm glad you liked the Tim Kerr interview as much as I did doing it. He was definitely a super cool friendly guy.

The retro scene reports you've run on Sweden, Finland & Norway have been compulsive reading for an old time World Wide Punk-head like me, & by an extension of that I've been hooked on Felix Havoc's trail-blazing Code 13 tour reports from South-East

Asia & Australasia. It's incredible how in the last 10 years there has been such a massive explosion of hardcore punk in that part of the world. His comments about the totally positive elements of the true underground hardcore punk network are really spot on.

I spent time working & traveling in Australasia 10 or so years ago & the underground scene (as such) was very disparate. And as for for South-East Asia, were I traveled in various countries back then too - what scene? What punks? I was talking to the singer of UK band Annalise a while back about the dates they played last year in Australia, Japan & Malaysia. He mentioned their first gig in Malaysia was in Kuantan - jeez, as a kid in the early-Seventies, living in Singapore, we used to go on family beach holidays near there. It was a dusty little fishing town, & not much else. I was back out there about 9 years ago & it had certainly changed a bit, but the idea that a few years later there'd be punk bands ripping it up in the place was strictly unimaginable.

Okay, looking forward to the South American special, I was playing my beat up copy of the "Grito Suburbano" compilation LP from Brazil (1982) a couple of nights back, that fuzzy guitar line in 'Suburbio Geral' by Colera still makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand up ... and believe me, that's a lot of hair! Cheers,

Pete Craven/ Just One Life Collective/ Brighton/ UK/ pete@zonked138.freeserve.co.uk

Dear MRR,

Here's a press release for y'all...

"Guitarist Bryan Gregory of The Cramps, a band that helped to launch the punk music revolution in the late 1970s, has died. He was 46. Gregory, a native of Detroit, died Wednesday at Anaheim Memorial Hospital, spokeswoman Gina Esparza said. A cause of death was not immediately available. The guitarist had recently suffered a heart attack and had been ill for several weeks, his former wife, Robyn Hunt, said by telephone from her home in Florida.

"The Cramps made their debut in 1976 at the legendary punk rock club CBGB's in New York. Gregory was known for his wild antics on stage and his distinctive black hair with a lock of white hanging over his eye. "He was into feedback," friend Andrella Christopher said of Gregory's musical style. "He loved making the most obnoxious sound he could get out of that guitar."

"The band released two albums, "Gravest Hits" in 1979 and "Songs the Lord Taught Us" in 1980. Although Gregory left the group in 1980, band members Lux Interior and Poison Ivy continued to perform as The Cramps. Gregory also appeared with other Cramps members as "punk thugs" in the 1978 film "The Foreigner". After leaving The Cramps, Gregory performed with the band Beast from 1980 to 1984, and with The Dials from 1992 to 1995. He had recently formed a new band called Shiver, Christopher said. Gregory is survived by a daughter, Tracy Ellis, and a sister, Pam Beckerleg, both of Michigan."

Anonymously submitted

What's up?

I was just wondering if these two albums still exist... Dr. Know "Wreckage in Flesh" and Septic Death "Now That I Have Your..." Could you help me find these two masterpieces? I have been unsuccessful. I would really appreciate your help. Thanxs,

Punk-n-Head

Dear PnH,

I would advise putting an address on letters you send out - it might help people get in contact with you. You're welcome, Jeff M.

Maximum Rocknroll,

Living in a framed existence, between life and death, leaves me pondering the relevance of immersing myself in the socially constructed punk dream. I've heard all the rhetoric, in fact, I've been listening and participating in it since '86. We're all familiar with the buzz discourse - egalitarianism, postmodernism, feminism, neo-Marxism, deconstructionism, classical anarchism, individualism, anti-authoritarianism. But what keeps coming back to me in capitalism.

Punk has been up for sale as long as I can remember; we sell it to each other under the guise of building a scene or establishing true alternative structures to corporate authority. Just looking at the Interpunk half-page ad in MRR #212 reveals just a few of the punk exclusive products being offered for consumption: hair dye, beanies, caps,. buttons, patches, stickers, posters, zines, books, babydoll shirts, skateboards, wallet chains, neckchains, chokers, leather belts, wristbands, CDs... Even as I cast a critical eye, I am aware of just how powerful a hold these objects have on me. Physical ornaments and symbols which transmit elements of my persona, identity, and ideology through visual stimuli. I just turned 29 and I realize that I am just like those old people who still wear stretch pants from 1968, I am lost in the fashion of the past.

So, just how important is fashion to us? Try dressing as close to society's normative standard as you can stomach but don't tell your friends you are experimenting. You still love punk music, you are still dedicated to an independent d.i.y. ethos, the only difference is the fashion. Will your closest friends react to you differently - now that they can't see themselves mirrored in you? Will they still want to hang out drinking forties on the stoop and strutting around when you no longer represent? Will they start to avoid you in public or not want to go to shows with you or play in bands with you because you don't look tough or "punk"? The undefinable, unquantifiable elements which bind us all together must ultimately resist any single label.

I know we secretly love the labels, the fashion, the culture. They give us an identity and provide some sort of humanistic meaning to an existence which may not have definitive meaning. All I know is that my deepest thoughts and feelings are somehow connected to the silent struggles of all marginal iconoclasts.

Sometimes I think I could kick in some kid's brain just for the sensation of it. Those kids that trot around in all their shiny fresh "punk" gear driving new Hondas at sixteen with no clue about human suffering. I'd like to show them suffering at the end of a hard-luck pair of boots. But then I calm down, swallow the reflux of "testosteroni" and think about all those kids who sit quietly alone in libraries or parks, bleeding on the inside because they don't have anyone to talk to, nowhere to go, no one to love. Those thinkers and idealists of all shapes and sizes, the voiceless who cry out in dreams for a better world.

Even as I toil for the great utilitarian machine which dominates every breath of organic life on our planet, I keep a mental reference of my own silent struggle through adolescence. My homeless mother, my bastard father who abandoned us, dropping out of school, the punk girl who first shaved my head and taught me how to fuck. The good, the bad and the ugly. I rose above the strife and fought my way to college where I've survived three years as a Criminal Justice major.

I don't have the answers, I just know that the more I learn, the more aware I am of just how complex and sophisticated social control mechanisms are. Religion, government, traditional families, popular media, even history and many social sciences serve the great capitalist machine regardless of, and often in spite of, their own academic discourse! Money rules academia just as surely as it runs the modern world. Sometimes all you can do is laugh that insane laugh and take whatever pleasure you can. But, always, deep down in the core of your being, is the dream. That is what binds we miscreants together. And the tribe grows.

Jason Lawson/ 1718 W. Clinch Ave. #5/ Knoxville, TN 37916

Jason,

A quick visit to the dictionary will show that you've misused the word "utilitarian", unless you believe capitalist hype that our system is provides the greatest good for the greatest number. Jeff M.

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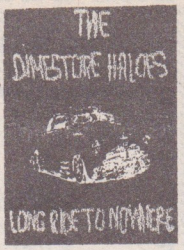

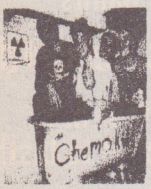

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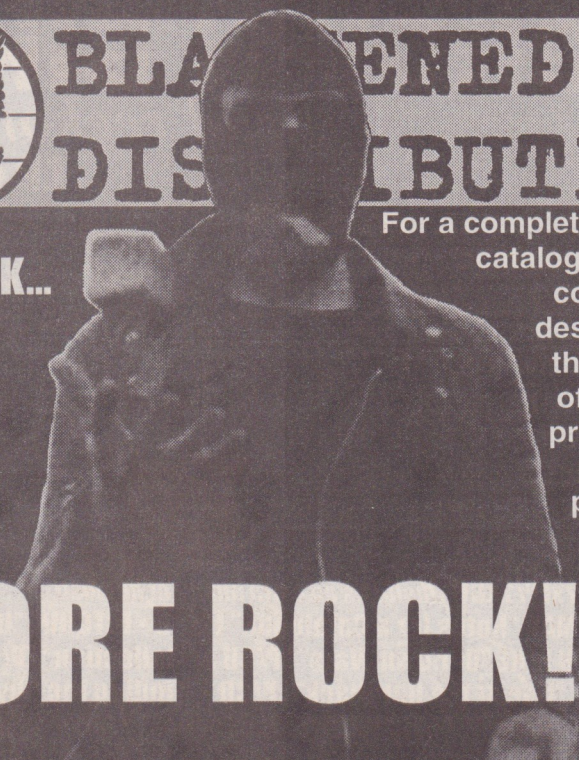

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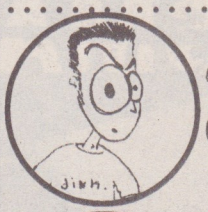

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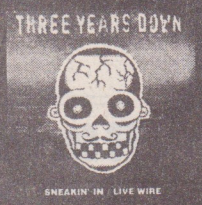

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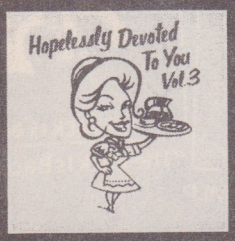

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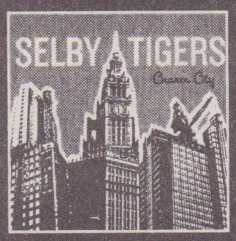

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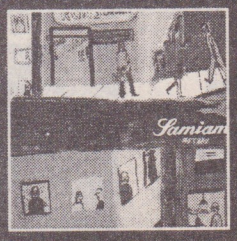

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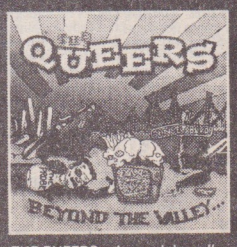

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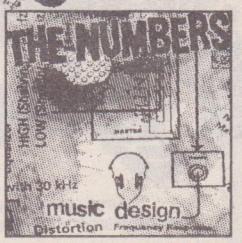

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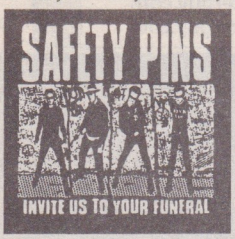
-First up are the Hellbenders, demolishing nearly every pussy ass rock n roll band out there today. This is the band that everyone will be saying 'Where Was I When They Were Around?' Well here they are motherfuckers!! 5 tunes of bloody guitar pic, angst ridden Rock n Roll. Next up are those reckless degenerates the Safety Pins. They're back to invoke sonic subterfuge on the underworld screaming through 5 GG, LEWD, Dwarves style slashers. With a new second guitar player who only fuels this sick fucked up band, the Safety Pins maim you with every GODDAMN NOTE!!



Safety Pins- Invite Us To Your Funeral LP/CD

-The I don't Give A Fuck-ometer is totally in the red on this one!! After 2 completely smoking albums on Munster Records, these Spanish punks move over to Dead Beat for their debut American release. The Safety Pins are pure pissed off rage in songs like 'Suburban Twat', 'Plastic Punks' and 'Invite Us To Your Funeral!' These guys bring a genuine sense of sheer anger and discontent reminiscent in early Jabbers era GG Allin. 13 songs on the cutting board floor including a cover by one of San Francisco's most hated bands... The Fuck Ups!!

The Hellbenders- Pop Rock Suicide LP/CD

-Every few years a bands will come out of LA, that just destroys all the bands in its path. Lotta bands playing out here, but very few grab ya by the throat. Well here they are...The fuckin' Hellbenders. They just play their meaty as fuck blood, sweat and broken guitars strings Rock N Roll. The dual guitars rip through the top on this one with the 2 guitar players completely feeding off of each other. 200% energy all the way right down to the seering Menace cover. Better act quick. 500 collector scum red wax almost gone!!

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Opinions expressed are solely those of the columnists and (thankfully) are not editorial policy

COLUMNS

Mykel Board sez:

YOU'RE WRONG!

April is the date stamped in front of this issue. I'm writing this, however, in December. As I write, I sit on a not-to-well heated Amtrak train, headed to Montreal.

Fools are the only ones who go north in the winter. I guess I'm one of them. But I've got an incentive. THE INCENTIVE. Yep, that one. I'd go skinny dipping in a barrel of snot if it got me laid, so what's northern travel in -10 degree weather with puppik-high snow?

Off on another adventure. And I FORGOT THE CONDOMS! Every other time, I bring too many. This time... DUH!

Flashback: I'm in Penn Station right now. The drugstore is closed. It should have opened at 7. It's 8 and it's still closed. Something about the day before Xmas, I bet.

Now: here's the first train in the history of Amtrak to leave on time. Just when I could use an extra half hour to shop for scumbags. Every seat is filled. I'm in the Montreal-only section. That means all these people are going all the way. I'll leave for the cafe car in a bit. In the meantime, I'm not sure this'll be as relaxing an eight hours as I thought it would be. At least there's more legroom, and a better view than a plane. Also, I got a column to write.

Here comes the conductor. It's ticket-collecting time. The last official bothering until the border.

"Anybody in this car who doesn't speak English?" shouts the conductor.

DUH!

Ms. A1's gonna be meeting me with open legs. Yeah, that's just what I need: a dip in her little honeypot. And me with NO CONDOMS!

She's there to meet me at the Montreal station I'm ready to go. Somehow I manage to wait till we're back to her place. SHE has condoms.

December 24. Christmas Eve. I'm just back from shopping in the ten-inch snow and minus twenty degrees of Montreal winter. Cold enough to freeze 'em off? Better not! I'll need 'em tonight.

A1 and I're out looking for Draino. The toilet's in bad shape. Not flushing. Becoming a large pool of floating piss and turds. Black soup. Later, I'll try shitting into a plastic bag because the toilet is so disgusting. Right now, we can still plunge, at least with the help of a can or two of Draino.

Waiting for us when we get back is J1. Another Goddess of the French Canadian North. A woman with such appeal that being in the same room with her causes severe prostate damage. She's a solo fantasy on a lonely night. She's the vagina that my hand becomes when there's nothing to do and no place to do it.

Speaking of prostate damage, the party crowd continues to grow. Watta buncha characters! There's Ms. S, a tough looking blond girl with a hard body, breasts out to here, and a wildness that goes double that far.

A1 tells me, "*She's taking testosterone. I hear she wants to grow a dick.*"

Also, there is P, a slim quiet Polish guy who spends most of the evening sitting on the couch. I talk to him a little. He tells me that he's a bouncer. It's a rewarding job.

"I like to hurt people," he says.

Then there's Ms. A2, the new drummer for A1 and J1's band. She's also go her own girlband, *Beauty Dropouts*. About 20 years old, she's funny as a Florida election, and a fierce drunk. Shorter than me, this just-post-teen powerhouse knocks me to the floor, turns me on my stomach and thrusts her groin against Levied cheeks.

"She's a lesbian," A1 tells me, "but I won't fuck her."

"I will." I say. Yeah right.

Also at the party is M, a tall thin boy with a face as smooth as a pair of Thai testes.

"He's seventeen," says A1.

Added to his six feet of height is another eight inches of mohawk. He's beautiful. A soft naive gawkiness only adds to the beauty of his hollow cheeks and boy's body. His hair is not the only thing standing up at this party. Mmmm boy!

"He doesn't like girls," A1 tells me. "I know. I tried."

"Great!" I say, "I know what I'm doing tomorrow..."

"Wrong," says A1. "He doesn't like boys either. He only likes beer."

Then there's C. My God! You've known the type. The ones where the whole takes okay parts, puts 'em together and WOW! Spikey black hair, eyes dark enough to look through your skin, skinny, punkish, friendly and she only speaks French! This girl plays guitar in *Beauty Dropouts*.

"I no good English." she tells me.

Yeah, I think, but can you French?

My God, is this a party in Canada or in heaven? I've never seen such a group of fuckable people in a country as white as Canada. Amazing!

Heaven? I don't know. I really can't consider it, because I'm suddenly face down on the floor again. Above me is a pile. People tangled in knots. People thrusting, bouncing, hands everywhere. There too! The pile pulls apart for only a few seconds.

I feel a tap on my shoulder. It's the quiet Polish guy. He nods toward Ms. S, who at the moment is dancing in circles with a broom between her legs. She strokes it as if it were meant to be stroked.

"See her?" he asks.

"Yeah!" I say, "I'd like to see more."

"She's my beauty," he says. "If you touch her, I'll kill you."

"I won't touch her," I say laughing, "at least not any more than anyone else."

His hand jumps out, fastening itself around my upper arm. His fingers clamp like a virgin vagina.

"I'm not kidding," he says, his voice wavering in just-held-back rage. "You will not touch her."

This guy scares me. Really! I swallow and nod.

Just then there's an explosion. A POW! From the bedroom next to the kitchen. Then another one. POW! POW! I excuse myself from the bouncer Pole and head into the bedroom.

There's A2. Her boot pushed through the wall. Plaster falling in pieces around her.

"What are you doing?" I ask her.

"A1 said to do it," she says. Then, she clasps her hands in front of her, brings them up over her head and smashes them into the loose plaster. The wall comes down. Crashing in pieces. Sending up a cloud, covering both of us with white dust.

"That's for starters," she says.

Then she's off to the bathroom. POW! Through the folding door. Snap! Snap! Snap! The wooden louvers pop from their frame. The delicate door turns to kindling.

"I never pissed in front of anyone before," Ms. D tells us. She's a Polish woman who came to the party later.

There are six of us in the bathroom. Actually, in the bathtub. Piled one on top of the other. Next to me is Ms. A1. Under me is Ms. J1. Sitting on top, his sitbones pressed on either side of my hardening lower pinkie, is mohawk man.

As Ms. D lowers her pants to sit on the stuffed and shit-filled toilet, Ms. A1 does the introductions. She's introduced me to Ms. D. Now it's time to formally meet the mohawk.

"M." she says, "this is Mykel Board. He's a famous New York punk rock writer. And I fuck him."

"Hi," says M. "would you mention my band, The Apathetics, in your writing?"

"Sure," I say, "you can bribe me. Cash or a blowjob would be fine."

"I don't have any cash," he says.

I smile.

****

I could write about that party for the rest of this column, but I won't. Let's just say I wake up the next day, Christmas, not feeling too well. Let's just say that I don't remember things so clearly. I remember Ms. S on testosterone passed out on the couch. I remember another huge pileup on that couch. I was on the bottom. My hand accidentally touched the big blonde's limp right arm.

"Get up!" shouted the Polish terrorist. The vein in his forehead throbbed like it was on Viagra, "Get up now! You're touching her."

Somehow I forced myself up from the bottom of the pile. The rest is a haze. He didn't hurt me.... I think.

I look around me now. The scraps of wood. The plaster dust. The holes in the wall. The toilet filled to the top with feces. The floor covered with broken glass. A used condom next to the bed. It was some party.

Fast forward: New Years Eve. We're going to a skinhead show. In the band is J2, one of A1's friends. I met him at one of parties I never stopped going to while I was in Canada.

"I always wanted to sing with a skinhead band," I tell the guy.

"I'm not sure we know the same songs," he says. "You know much stuff by The Business?"

"No," I admit, "But how about Skrewdriver? We could do a Skrewdriver song."

His face turns red. "I'm not supposed to like Skrewdriver," he says. "It's not cool."

"Cool shmool," I say. "I'm a Jew and I like Skrewdriver. How about *Back With A Bang*? That's a pretty harmless song."

"Ok," he says, "I'll ask the other guys. I'm sure they know it, but I don't think they'll do it in public."

The show is in Bar St. Laurent in the hip part of town. A while after we get there, I notice a short blond guy in a white hooded sweatshirt. He could be your average skinhead, but there's something weird about him. He moves as if a metal rod attaches his hips to his shoulders. Stepping forward with the right hip, moving the right shoulder forward, then stepping forward with the left hip, moving the left shoulder forward.

If you've watched cowboys approaching each other for the big shoot out, that's it. Or maybe Saturday Night Live parodies of tough Negroes. Even weirder, he's talking to himself, like a street nut. He nods his head, mouthing some inaudible words. As he talks, he holds his hands away from his body. Thumbs tucked he points the four fingers of each hand downward. He plunges his hands as if he's trying to make fingerholes in clay.

I lose track of him for awhile as the bands start. We're here to see J2's band, *The Prowlers*. Let's see if they have the balls to take me up on the Skrewdriver offer.

Around half an hour to midnight: That short blond guy I noticed earlier has weaved through the crowd and is now standing next to me. If the new Random House Dictionary has a picture next to *wigger*, this guy is it. Hooded sweatshirt, jeans six sizes too big, sneakers out to here. Even the way he holds his body. Thumbs tucked over the top of his jeans, pulling 'em down to pubic level. Head tilted to the right. Eyes half closed, nodding to the music... Suddenly, those eyes peak up at me from under the hood. They catch mine and look back at the band. Is this guy cruising me?

Next time our eyes meet, he holds my gaze. Like a girl in a strip bar, he stares directly into my pupils as he slowly takes off his sweatshirt. He wears a RuPaul t-shirt. I can see the tattoos on his arms. Nothing I recognize except a goth-style bracelet on his left wrist. I think there's something about Haile Selassie on his forearm.

I smile at him, looking at the black roots under his blond hair. On the other side of me is A1. She seems annoyed with the developing scene.

"Mykel," she says, "I think I've seen that guy before, but he's not from around here. He's a geek."

She grabs my arm and pulls me toward the bar. I look at the blond guy, smile and shrug, and go for a beer. Not just a beer, a Sleemans!

The band finishes without asking me to join them. The wimps! Are they afraid of giving skinheads a bad name? (Actually, they're good guys. They give me a free CD and buy me a beer. What else could I ask for? Except the chance to do a "Back With A Bang.")

TEN, NINE, EIGHT

Better than being at Times Square. You don't get laid at Times Square.

SEVEN, SIX, FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO

Ah, the approaching REAL millennium.

ONE

The band launches into "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow." We toast our Sleeman's. As beer often does, this runs right from my lips to my bladder. Time for my first piss of the new millennium. The mensroom is upstairs and that's where I head. It's one of those European style, one-man-at-a-time rooms. Junkie heaven. Close the door and it's just you.

So close the door I do... or at least try. The door stops with just an inch to go. Then it reopens. Entering the room is the guy with short blond hair.

"Hi," he says, as if we'd just passed each other at the mall.

"I'll be out in a second." I tell him so he'll leave me to take care of my bladder.

[Note: Long time readers will remember that I have this... er... problem. I can't piss in front of others. Not only that, I can't piss (unless I'm really drunk) if others are within earshot!]

"Man, that's fat," he says, eyeing my dangler.

"That's very nice of you," I tell him, "but if that's fat, then so was Karen Carpenter."

"Not that kind of fat," he answers, "but FAT, you know, with a pee."

"Yeah," I say, "It is fat with pee. Now, if you'll let me..."

I struggle to make conversation. The situation is awkward. And the guy is NOT ugly.

"Uh, what's your name?" I ask.

"M & M," he says.

"No thanks," I tell him. "Chocolate makes me cough. But what's your name?"

He laughs as if I'd told a joke.

"Marshall," he says, "my name is Marshall. You can call me, Slim... You don't know who I am, do you?"

"Sorry," I tell him, "My name's Mykel and you don't know who *I* am either."

He laughs again.

"I knew if I came here no one would recognize me," he says. "Punks, they're so out of it..."

"Yeah," I say, "they're so out of it they don't even know me, MR. PUNK, when they see me."

The guy laughs again. Then he reaches for the goods. A firm hand between my legs. Not a squeeze, but a stroke. A soft invitation.

He doesn't have to say anything. Together we go from the urinal into the stall. The floor is covered with the mis-aim of dozens of drunken skinheads. It's colored black with the dirt from the bottoms of scores of Doc Martins. The blonde quickly pulls the screwdriver out of the toolchest. It doesn't take much before it's standing in all four inches of glory. He's not satisfied with the driver, though, he wants the nuts as well as the bolts.

Then he kneels. In the muck. The grime. The piss. Working its way through the knees of his jeans. He doesn't care. He brings his blond head between my legs and mouths my dangles. Good god! He's an expert. Girls always forget the balls. They only go for the most obvious. For the tip, the head. Not this guy. He knows the heart is more important... and lower... than the head. He's a master. Should give lessons. A heavenly blow job, "tea-bagging" as my pal Simon calls it. One hand pumps away above. My balls are now both in his mouth. The other hand... ah, I see, little slim's pumping away on his own little slim, even smaller than mine! No wonder he wants to be a Negro.

What's that? It looks like a tattoo? Yeah, the guy's tattooed down there. It's hard to read the tiny print. It looks like *Righteous Princess*. Maybe he's talking about RuPaul.

We're in tandem now. His head comes up from my balls as

my head comes. Perfect timing. He swallows it in and sucks down every drop. Vacuum power. I feel like he's turning me inside out! In my peripheral vision, I see him scoop some liquid up from the floor, use it to lubricate his Vienna Sausage and then spew into the muck.

"Wow," I say, "that was great!"

"Yeah," he says. "I know. Thanks."

If I were to say "just then came a bang on the door, the rattle of a handle," it would sound fake, unreal, like a movie. So maybe that's NOT what happens. Maybe the banging and rattling was going for several glorious minutes while I was otherwise occupied and not listening. In any case, banging and rattling there is. We have to part company. I never see him again

The rest of my Canadian trip is writing, fucking, trying to avoid the toilet, chocking on the dust of the still-falling walls, going to parties, drinking, puking, you know.

Back in New York. I jerk off to memories of Slim, A1, A2, C, M, and S. A1 has emailed me that Polish P, has "really got *this guy who bothered 'his beauty.'* He broke four of *the guy's* fingers—and his jaw. In a bathroom. In a bar."

Okay, I won't jerk off to S anymore. I'll let her enjoy her testosterone and her Polish boy. Instead, I think I'll go out and get some candy. Something chocolate. Little bits covered in colored candy shells. Reese's Pieces, maybe.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com or subscribers (email to: god@MykelBoard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with. Also, it's been a long time since I've gotten cool REAL (as in Post Office) mail. Where are those personal pix and homemade videos??? You need my address again? POB 137, Prince St. Station, NY NY 10012. Make me come!*]

—>*Making 14 boring disco musicians dept:* An e-correspondent sends me information that ISAAC HAYES, the guy who invented disco, has banned his 14 grandchildren from watching South Park on Comedy Central. The musician fears the sex-mad character Chef will be a bad influence on them. Comedy Central a bad influence? What about disco???? Now there's a bad influence.

—>*Don't pinch me, I might wake up dept:* Holy fuckin' Scandinavian cow! Is it a dream CD or what? THE HELLACOPTERS and THE FLAMING SIDEBURNS together on one CD. It's a promo only and NYA NYA NYA: I got it!!! It made me cum! You can email badafro@vow.dk and try to get a copy. Good fuckin' luck!

—>*Whew! dept:* Word is that Sporty Spice is NOT splitting from the Spice—but her bandmates are "giving her space" to sort herself out.

Sporty shocked the other girls with a string of outbursts and weird behavior. Pals say she has been drinking much more than usual and has sought therapy to combat depression brought on by rumors about her sexuality and weight.

Sporty has switched from fun-lover to foul-mouthed rock chick. Posh, Scary and Baby Spice are extremely worried about her health.

At a party to launch the Spice Girls' album "Forever," Sporty called the music of the band *Westlife* "hyped-up shit."

The girl is obviously psycho. Can you imagine a Spice Girl calling someone else's music "hyped-up shit?"

—>*Isn't language wonderful dept:* Remember how US generals called civilian deaths "collateral damage" and how the Serbs called genocide "ethnic cleansing?" Well, the American Dialect Society has uncovered a few more master euphemisms.

The best of them: *urban camping;* It means "homelessness," and "food insecure." That one means "mass starvation."

—>*Tim Rolls Over In His Grave dept:* I don't know if this'll get by the MRR censors, but you folks should know. Every year for the past ten or more years, MRR writers and some shitworkers got year-end bonuses. They've varied from $100 each to $400 just before Tim died. We've also gotten... er... how can I put this... little packages of white powder. Both were year end bonuses some of us grew to count on. Not this year though!

"MRR is in great shape," the editors tell us, "but we need to skip you guys this year. After all, we gotta pay the printer. He's an expert. *Anybody* can do what you're doing."

Without that blow, I'm not gonna get laid till my NEXT trip to Canada! Unfair, I say. Maybe I'll take up printing.

—>*Scummy nostalgia dept:* New Yorkers and other cool scum might remember Manon. Originally from Montreal, she lived awhile in New York, becoming a fixture on the scumrock scene here. She's since moved back to Canada, started a new band, The Nags, and is living quite well now. The two of us called scum superstar, Johnny Fastlane in New York—just to check up on him. We called real late. Manon wants her US pals to know she's doing well. I'm passing on the word. Johnny's doin' well too, though I think he could use more sleep.

Grin and Bear It

Fuck yes! The new NIBLICK HENBANE is out and it fucking rocks! The *Go Away* CD on TKO Records is eleven tracks of pure New Jersey Oi! done as only NIBLICK can do it! We start off with "One In A Million" about the new world order. Great! Song number two is "Bonehead" which you first heard on the TKO compilation and the subject matter is self-explanatory: "Boneheads get out!" This leads into the great title cut "Go Away" with the lyrics "Just Leave Me Alone." This fucker starts out slow and builds momentum until it is crashing down around your ears. The fourth number on the CD is "Happy Happy Oi! Oi!," which starts out kind of light with a chorus that might have been inspired by Ren & Stimpy, but the song lurches into one meaty verse after another. This song will grow on you. Next up is an excellent tune, "Make Up," with a ferocious guitar intro that pins the "Rock-and-Roll Forever" flag firmly on NIBLICK HENBANE's chest. The lyrics of this monster Oi! hit starts out with "Pray for peace/Prepare for war." This song harnesses much fury and conviction while remaining firmly rooted in the melodic punk and Oi! tradition. The next song for your listening pleasure is "Don't Tread On Me," with heart-felt emotions about how much NIBLICK reviles those little men who try to push them around. NIBLICK HENBANE sings: "Don't Tell Me What To Do." "Don't Tread On Me" prepares you for one of the toughest songs on the CD "Grin and Bear It." This shit fucking kicks a truckload of skinhead ass! The guitar and bass come out flailing with a massive drum barrage right on top. "Grin and Bear It" will give you chills when the band accelerates into the guitar/vocal attack. "Where the Fuck is Lew" laments waiting for an unreliable friend. The next track is a treat for you Oi! Boys and Punk Rockers! "How It Goes" keeps the rollicking melody pumping and punctuates the songs with the patented NIBLICK brute-hard lead vocals and perfect sing-a-long choruses. Song number ten is "Old Hat," which absolutely boils over with first rate guitar playing and emphatic vocals. These guys have this Oi! music down cold! The lyrics are quite clear: "We don't have to answer to no one." These fuckers have been around the block enough times now to have the respect from friends, family, and the skinhead community. We operate under NIBLICK HENBANE rules here! NIBLICK finishes off their CD with the BLONDIE classic "Dreamin'." Wow! These guys can even take an '80s new wave torch song and give it authority! This is a brilliant CD which brings NIBLICK HENBANE into the public eye and lands them where they belong - on the top of the head of US Oi! bands!

Blind Beggar Records from Germany has reissued the great *Oi! Let's Go. Canada—A Canadian Oi! Streetpunk Compilation* on CD with four bonus tracks. This fine compilation came out of Rob Subway Thug's Rhythm And Boots Record label over two years ago on vinyl. This CD is a most welcome reissue. The bands featured include SHOCK TROOPS from Montreal, Quebec, IMPACT from Boucherville, Quebec, THE STREET TROOPERS doing a live version of "Don't Let Them Win," THE TROUBLEMAKERS singing their skinhead anthem "Notre Esprit" in French, and the BLATHERSKITES doing "Media Schemes." THE VACANTS do their classic "Cheers to You" from 1989! The fucking tough-as-nails LAGER LADS sing "Make My Day" - Great! On this compilation you get the legendary GLORY STOMPERS featuring Greg, Ter, and Mike with the blistering "Clockwork Society." Excellent! Next up you get THE CLEATS from Edmonton, Alberta with their good Oi! song "My City."

COCKSURE follow the CLEATS with their punk/skinhead band anthem "Cocksure." Track number sixteen features the fine guitar of Mike Josephson accompanied by the forceful singing of Greg Glorystomper, with the great THUGS song "Stay Young," the SUBWAY THUGS will live forever in our memories. The four bonus tracks on this compilation are "On the Streets" by TWELVE POINT BUCK, "Wednesday Night Heroes" by CHAMPION CITY BOOTBOYS, "My Country" [live from 1990] by THE BOIS!, and "One Against the World" by KING SIZE BRACES. For this CD and other skinhead product contact: Blind Beggar Records, Bogenstr 25, 66957 Eppenbrunn, Germany; email: beggarrec@ail.com.

Mad Butcher Records from Germany has some highly listenable selections for you out on the racks right now.

The first EP is a split with BRIGADA from Paris, France on the "A" side and OPCIO K-95 from Barcelona, Spain on the "B" side. This split EP is entitled, "International Socialism EP." BRIGADA start off with a ska flavored up-tempo Oi! song "La Folle Semence," (The Weird Seed), that laments the treatment of the workers by the management in the modern business workplace. Read these lyrics: "They harvest the profits/But how many people live a life/A life buried in weariness/Subway, work, sleep, survival/Work to earn a living, live to work, work, work/Lose one's life earning it."

The second song on the BRIGADA side of the EP is "Heroes et Martyrs," (Heroes and Martyrs), a slightly faster and more Oi! sing-a-long streetpunk song about those comrades who have fallen, weapon in hand, fighting for equality. This is quite good! Side two of the EP starts with OPCIO K-95 singing "Oi! Per Catalunya" (Oi! for Catalonia), which clings to an idealistic notion of how the world could be. Read on: "Perhaps there's no hope left of us being free/But the country that they force upon us isn't ours and never will be/If pride and the truth didn't push us to fight/we'd live a lot more peacefully/a life of cowardice/Oi! for Catalonia/And tomorrow we'll achieve it/no one'll keep us from the truth again/one country, a new government/and independence for Catalonia forever/All is not lost/But it couldn't be worse/Just look around you and you'll feel the humiliation/Oi! for Catalonia." This song is quality punk n' Oi! with strong choruses and solid guitar work. The second OPCIO K-95 song is "Skinhead Only Red," which celebrates "Red Violence" in the lyrics: "We don't like your attitude/We don't like your money/We don't like anything about you/That's why we'll destroy" (you). Punk as fuck!

Record number two in the Mad Butcher arsenal this month is the H BLOCK 101 EP which goes by the title *Synergy*. The first song "Aunty Pauline" decries the politics of turning hate into money. The song is full of harmonies with a nice guitar part chugging along as a backbeat. The "Great Australian Joke" is a rock n' roll ditty with a BUZZCOCKS meets the NIPPLE ERECTORS riff punctuating the whole tune. On the flipside, H-BLOCK 101 play "Hell-(Stabbed Mix)," a crappy ska number that goes on for far too long, but they almost salvage side two with a fast punk song called "60 Seconds" about the discomfort of growing up and how someone who was once a friend can become an enemy. Not bad!

Number three in the collection of current Mad Butcher releases is a smart new seven inch EP by the STAGE BOTTLES called "Sometimes Antisocial...Always Anti-fascist." The music is fast street punk with saxophones and tight harmonies and choruses. The lyrics are perfectly clear and pointed at a distinct problem: "I can see concentration camps/I can see others pretended not to see/And I'm sure it's not a lie/I'm sure I always say/I'm not up for this kind of shit/So I've got to react to it/We're sometimes anti-social/But we're always anti-fascist/We love football/Go down to the ground/Sometimes it's funny/To have a special round/When I can see all the fascists around/I feel the hate on my mind/Give 'em a kick - give 'em a punch/Sometimes I don't want to talk." On the "B" side of the EP THE STAGE BOTTLES sing "In the Mood," about being sensitive to others' needs and pains, and "Boring," about the mundane existence of workers going through their routine every day: "At your work you're doing the same things/At your work there's nothing changing/You're losing the power to make it better!." The music is up-tempo lilting light-hearted Oi!, similar to 4 PROMILLE or the VANILLA MUFFINS. Checkout the cool sleeve painting by Boz of THE STEAM PIG, quite vivid and colorful!

The next EP to consider in the Mad Butcher collection is BRIGATE ROZZE, with their EP, *...Here We Are*. These Italian punks trash their way through six SWINGIN' UTTERS/RANCID style street punk tunes, including "Punk Fashion," "Stadio," "Sogna Ragazzo," "Non Finirá," "Una Ragazza," "Da Paura" and "Laurentina." The subjects covered include punk rock fashion accouterments, football violence, girls, and remembering the past. These last two EPs—STAGE BOTTLES and BRIGATE ROZZE are co-presented by the esteemed Italian punk n' Oi! label KOB Street Records, that brought you, amongst others, two LOS FASTIDIOS releases last year.. You can contact KOB at: Via N. Mazza 65b, 1-37129 Verona, Italy; email: kob@bbk.org. Write to Mad Butcher Records at: Bergfeldstr. 3, D-34289 Zierenberg, Germany; email: mike@madbutcher.de.

The extremely well respected Italian Oi! and punk outfit REAZIONE has a great new EP available for you skins and punks called *Indelible*. The first song, the title song, is about tattooing and the song is absolutely brilliant! These songs were recorded in 1997 in Modena and "Indelible" stands as one of the best REAZIONE songs of the last five years! This song kicks ass! The second song on this fine REAZIONE EP is "Prigioniero" or "Prisoner". Read the lyrics to this disturbing piece: "Walking alone down the street no signs of arousing/With no colors for any hope you're prisoner of a past/Cold nights sadly spent with the hell on your shoulders/Just a minute and you're feeling everything so happy/Prisoner - of your reality/Those mornings when you wondered if you could see the sky again/You got chills through your body and the eyes full of sadness/Weakly dragging yourself along like a crazy animal/Don't care which price you'll pay for this further lie/Prisoner - of your reality/Just a day like many others you're preparing your spike/Shoot that last line - flash- the heat is growing up inside you/You're running toward your fate with no fear of the destiny/A whole extreme life is held in your veins/Prisoner - of your reality."

Side two of this Oi! jewel starts with "Allo Stadio," (at a football match), which celebrates the joys of being with your friends at the stadium. The second song is called "Empty Heads of the Weekend" about techno kids taking ecstasy and having car wrecks —pathetic! This is a strong piece of music. This REAZIONE EP is brought to you be Passatore Records c/o Elisabetta Tonti, Via Simoni, 2-47900, Rimini, Italy; email: passatore@iper.net. The second strong EP from Passatore Recs this month is the DEVILSKINS *Porca Troia!* EP. These Bellinzona, Suizzera skinheads run through "Porca Troia!," "Alkool" and "Teacher Alex." All the songs are sung in Italian with good choruses and steaming guitars.

Dave James and Outsider Records have a tough four band CD compilation called *American Fight Club No.1* . Kicking off the festivities are THE AUTHORITY with "Embrace the Hate." Bill and the men of THE AUTHORITY blast through "Tonight," "Just Fine," "Marchin' Time," "Never Forget" and "Public Service." This is the best material from THE AUTHORITY yet! This band just keeps getting better! The guitars blaze and the vocals grab you by the throat! Good shit!

Next up on the *American Fight Club No. 1 Various Artist Compilation* is CALLAGHAN from Chicago, Illinois, making their debut on Outsider. CALLAGHAN gets the bells ringin' with "Angus." This is good street rock with a first rate DUCKY BOYS feel to it. CALLAGHAN plows through "Devil's Plaything," "Bitter End," "Bridgeport," "On the Lam," "Easy Street," "Hedge Your Bets," "Much Rather," and "Be With the Boys." This is very good!

The third band on this Outsider four-way rocker is THE HUDSON FALCONS. These guys are the mother-fuckin' guns! Mark and his cohorts rant and rail through "Pride," "Worker Fate," "Barrel of the Gun," "Little Queenie," "Free Lori," "No Denial" and "Revolution." Brilliant!

THE TRENDS are last up, and they are the only band on the compilation that doesn't work. Just like the SHIFTERS that preceded them, the band is undermined by Chris's weak vocals. If you are a TOY DOLLS or an UNDERTONES fan, perhaps this will work for you. The songs are well crafted pop-songs, but it is difficult to overlook the annoying singer. Order your *V/A American Fight Club No.1* CD from: Outsider Records, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809.

Fucking Charged Records from that punk rock breeding ground known as New Jersey has another great EP out now. Jake brings you a blast of cynical eighties style Texas punk with San Antonio's THE STRAP-ONZ. Every one of the three songs on this EP has a punk rock snarl and a full set of teeth. Start out with the double-barrel assault of "Never Been Diseased" and "Fuck Squatter Sympathy" -(the title cut). This is no-holds-barred Punk Rock with a capital "P". Turn this fucker over and you get "Ray Gun", another rocking example of the quality Charged Punk attitude that these guys initiated a couple of months back with their fine CD. Order the 'Fuck Squatter Sympathy" EP by THE STRAP-ONZ from: Charged Records, P.O. Box 157, High Bridge, N.J. 08829 www.charged records.com.

Tom Deadbeat has put out a really good 10" by those bad boys from Los Angeles, THE NUMBERS. This little beauty is called *Music Design* and this continues the unrepentant beach punk that these cretins have been perpetrating. The 10" starts off with a full head of steam with "Woke Up On My Face," and then slams into "Social Thing That Happens." This is fast snotty punk just like Southern Californians have been producing since the days of the CIRCLE JERKS. On the third song, THE NUMBERS slow things down a bit with "Money Grabber." Turn this disc over and you get "Fits the Style," which picks up the rapid pace of the first two cuts. "Massive Symptoms", song number five, is a slower JONESES type of guitar ballad, but don't fret cause the NUMBERS finish off with a blistering track called "Screaming (Wild)." This is very punk! Write for your copy of THE NUMBERS' *Music Design* 10" from Deadbeat Records, PO Box 283, LA, CA 90078.

Oi!Strike Records has a punk/Oi! CD available for you skins and punks this month. This stalwart Italian punk and Oi! label is offering a CD by the band REBELDE called "Veleno Sociale" The band sings in Italian. REBELDE has a bit of metal tinged guitar work operating behind punk vocals, sometimes opting for a more traditional fast punk and Oi! approach with good choruses. The lyrics are printed in Italian on the inside of the CD with some pictures of the band. If you liked COLONNA INFAME SKINHEADS this would be a good CD for you to pursue. Contact SOA Records, Via Oderisi Da Gubbio 67/69 , 00146 , Roma, Italy. e-mail: soa.records@iol.it.

The legendary ANGELIC UPSTARTS came to California for a four show mini-western tour, and played some great songs! Included were some of the classics like "Teenage Warning," "Last Night Another Soldier," "Kids On the Streets," "2,000,000 Voices," "England" and "The Murder of Liddle Towers." Mensi and company seemed to be enjoying themselves. It was the first visit by the UPSTARTS since 1982! Many old punks came out of the woodwork for this event. It was a curious mixture of skinheads and punks, both young and old and some rather inconspicuous college types. The WORKIN' STIFFS and THE REDUCERS SF gave 110% in their opening slots. TKO Records will release a live recording of the extravaganza. Thanks to Dave and Jim and First Round Productions for putting on the show.

Insurgence Records from Toronto, Ontario, Canada in conjunction with Mad Butcher Records from Germany has released a live CD of material from an ANGELIC UPSTARTS benefit show for Anti-Fascist Action/England and Cable Street Beat/Germany, recorded on 5.15.99 in Hamburg/Docks, Germany. The CD is called ANGELIC UPSTARTS *Against All Scum*.. Included are the songs: "Never Ad Nothing," "Teenage Warning," "Last Night Another Soldier," "Solidarity," "Kids on the Streets," "2,000,000 Voices," "I Understand," "Woman in Disguise," "Machine Gun Kelly," "England," "I'm an Upstart," "Murder of Liddle Towers," "If the Kids are United," "Solidarity," and "White Riot." The sound is quite decent for a live show. Insurgence Productions also offers a good live video of the infamous BLAGGERS ITA from merry old England in the day. Be sure to order these from: Insurgence Records, 2 Bloor St. W. Suite 100-184, Toronto, Canada, M4W 3E2, Canada; www.insurgence.com.

Until next month...
See you around...
I'll be seeing you...
See ya 'round...
I'll see you in hell!

I'm a fan of free stuff. You know, the kind scored out of college students' apartment dumpsters, hand me downs and unsold yard sale goodies left out on the curb. Sometimes, I'll set out looking for stuff that I need like shelves or a toilet seat. Usually, if I'm patient, I'll find what I'm looking for without resorting to spending money to get it. It's also incredibly fun to score not particularly useful stuff just because it's free. It's the most fun to laugh about the fact that someone probably paid money, and sometimes a lot of it, for something they will have soon deposited into a trash can. In short, I take pride in being able to live fat off of typical American consumers' gluttonous habits.

So, when I found out I was pregnant, I didn't hesitate to fill out a few postage paid postcards that promised free baby products. Of course, I should have known better; free corporate marketing products are not the same as free discarded things. The corporate stuff comes with strings attached. And the longest of those strings is the one to your mailbox. By filling out just a few of those postcards, I did receive some free unnecessary baby things, but I also got myself on a never ending corporate mailing list. I swear, it's like the baby product companies can smell the pregnant women's mailboxes. They sniffed mine out in a big way because not a week goes by that I don't receive a sample mainstream parenting magazine or huge envelope full of coupons and "big savings" offers.

I could go on and on about how it's just plain stupid to fall for those "big savings" offers because you're not saving any money at all when you buy something based on emotion instead of need. And I might go on and on about it later, but for now, I'll try to focus on one of my two biggest peeves of the corporate freebies, my free subscription to Baby Talk magazine, from the publishers of Parenting. (I'll save the other, the Nestle corporation's infant formula marketing magazine, for another column.) It might have been my own stupid fault for filling out those freebie postcards, but these free magazines are also widely distributed through obstetrician and pediatrician's offices, places where parents-to-be and new parents are more vulnerable to corporate marketing. So, if you're a parent-to-be or a new parent, beware! And read on...

You absolutely do not need even half of what these corporate rags tell you that you will need! I repeat, you don't need their shit that you probably can't afford anyway! I understand that my needs will be different than yours, given the fact that we all make different lifestyle decisions. However, if you are interested in knowing how to accommodate a new little punk into your life for very little money, you might find this information useful.

I can't tell you how good I felt about my thrifty, cheap ways when I glanced at the special bonus insert "Everything You Need For Your New Consumer" that was included inside one of the issues of Baby Talk. Thumbing through its 20 odd pages, I honestly saw almost nothing that I had needed to use during the six months that I had been a parent.

1. **Car Seat** — Even if you don't have a car, you will more than likely ride in one with your baby and for that, you need a car seat. This is the one thing that you should not get used. That's because you probably won't know if it has been in an accident, even a minor one, and if it has, you shouldn't use it. Car seats can be expensive and it's usually the super duper looking ones that are more expensive and are actually the least effective. Most counties have a "Safe Kids" type program that provides you with useful, up-to-date information (which is important to know because car seats have had many manufacturer recalls) and a brand new, good quality car seat for a small fee. For example, I attended an hour long information session, paid only $10 and walked away with a new car seat that was the exact size I needed for my baby's age and weight.

2. **"Nursery" furniture** — I laughed out loud when I saw the pages in the magazine that were titled "Your Dream Nursery for an Affordable Couple Grand." What a fucking joke, right? Nursery, schmersery. You don't need a crib, bassinet, playpen or

changing table. And you certainly don't need them to match with some kind of pastel, fluffy bunny theme. More babies die in cribs than they do when they sleep in your bed with you. My aunt offered us the crib my cousin slept in, but we declined. Sure, they raised their eyebrows a bit at the thought of our "family" bed, but they got over it. We were given a bassinet and a play pen, both of which we never used. My mom also gave us my old changing table, but it's not necessary either. It's especially ineffective once the baby is a few months old and squirming all over the place, about to flip over the side when you change his/her diaper. Just put a towel down on the bed & change the baby there.

3. **Carrying and strolling** — You absolutely do not need a stroller that looks like a baby Cadillac. Those monstrous strollers that have the snap-in-place carrier/car seat on top of the stroller base that also doubles as a sleeper are not only ridiculously expensive, but they're heinously ugly and besides, it's just not nice to have your little soft, fleshy bundle strapped down into hard, form fitted plastic all the time. Use a sling! These are a lot less expensive and if you don't want to buy one, all you need is a long, rectangular piece of fabric. Tie it over one of your shoulders, so it crosses your chest with the other end hanging like a little hammock under your other arm. It's nice for the baby to be snuggled tight and it's also easy to nurse the baby when he/she is already so close to the milk source. No one will even know what the baby's up to in there. "Wearing" the baby in a sling also frees your hands up so you can get some things done. Although you can tote a tot this way easily until they're into their toddler years, you may want to give your back a break and when the baby is a few months old and able to hold it's head up, a little "umbrella" stroller can usually be found at a thrift shop for under $5. Baby backpacks are also very handy and can also easily be found used for a cheap price. It's fun to ride a bike with the baby on your back; just be sure to have a helmet on the little head! You can get an XS child's helmet and pad it out well for under $15.

4. **Clothes** — Little babies only get their clothes dirty if they spit up on them or if their diaper leaks. They do not scoot or crawl for several months and they grow out of their newborn clothes very quickly. Therefore, do yourself a favor and do not buy brand new baby clothes. (Please don't fall for the Baby Talk "feature story" on Pajamas. Kids do not need pajamas that have a matching stuffed animal and slippers, not to mention the matching hair ribbons!) Because of the reasons I just mentioned, thrift and consignment shops are teeming with practically brand new baby clothes. They simply grow out of them before they have a chance to wear them out. Also, since your baby will outgrow these clothes so quickly and with little wear, you can always re-consign them in a few months! And even better than the thrift and consignment shops are people with kids older that yours! If you don't know any one with a kid, just wait, you will definitely meet some. Don't be shy to tell them that you'd be more than happy to take any outgrown clothes off their hands. Seriously, we have had to spend almost no money on clothes for our baby & I have about five plastic bags full of clothes just waiting for her to grow into. At this rate, we won't have to buy any clothes for her until she's four. People with kids are generally generous to other people with kids. It's a great cycle to inject yourself into.

5. **Toys** — The same goes for toys as it does for clothes. Whatever you don't get handed down to you, you can find loads of at a second hand store. Dumpsters are a great source for toys too, as is witnessed by the little kid rocking chair, tricycle and fast food restaurant plastic wind-up junk toys we have. Seriously, toys just seem to come out of the woodwork. Family members all the way down to random neighbors and friends will constantly give you toys for your kid. And when the baby is so young, you will have more fun with the toys than he/she will! When you both get bored of a toy, be sure to re-consign it or pass it down to some other kid who you know would love to have something different to play with. Looking at the mainstream baby magazines, you will see that they want you to buy all the "right" toys at the "right" time. Don't believe the hype. Believe me, your kid will develop just fine without all the "right" toys at the "right" time. Your kid might even be better off without those age-specific developmental toys because that way, he/she can learn to decide for him/herself what's interesting without being told what they're "supposed" to be interested in.

6. **Diapering** — You will save gobs of money by using cloth diapers. (And not send ten miniature garbage bags full of piss and shit to the landfill every day.) They are not as much trouble as they sound. We operate with about a dozen cloth diapers, which are really just thin cotton rectangular pieces of cloth folded into eighths, and the same amount of diaper covers. These covers vary in size and style and can always be found used, for cheap. If you can't find the covers in a second hand store, then believe it or not, you can find them for sale on an internet auction site. I was surprised to be able to get five covers that sell for $15 a piece brand new for only $15 for all five. If you know how to sew, these covers are relatively easy to make yourself, too. If you soak the used diapers in a diaper pail and wash them every other day, it's easy to keep up with. We don't have our own washer or dryer or anything and we have been able to manage this dirty deed with only minor gross out for eleven months so far. We do use one disposable diaper a day, overnight, because it sucks to have to get up to change the baby in the middle of the night, which is what you have to do with cloth because they're not full of super-absorbent chemicals like the disposables are. (Another reason to use cloth as much as you can.)

7. **Feeding** — I will dedicate an entire future column to this one issue. Breastfeed your baby! There are numerous benefits to both you and the baby and since this column is about being thrifty, consider the fact that breastfeeding your baby will save you at least $1000 the first year alone because you won't be buying the corporate, chemical infant formula. Ugh, the formula industry is evil, evil, evil — one of the worst global marketing schemes of all time. I sincerely sympathize with you if you are in the less than 2% who are not able to breastfeed your baby and if you are, then the organic soy based formulas are your best bet.

8. **Other** — You do not need a thousand, or even a dozen special towels, blankets, burping rags or bibs. The baby is fine with a regular soft, cotton towel after bath time, just a couple blankets and you can use any piece of cloth for a burp rag. Add one of your punk as fuck safety pins to a piece of cloth around the baby's neck & wha-la, you have a bib! You also do not need all of the chemically derived special, gentle baby soaps and detergents. Any non-toxic, eco-friendly soap will do. Especially nice is the Dr. Bronners all-in-one baby castile soap that is scent-free. Do not perfume the baby with any supposed "baby" products, including diaper rash cream or diaper wipes that have any ingredients that you cannot pronounce. Instead of using the costly, disposable wipes, use little washcloths dampened with warm water. After using, drop them into the diaper pail along with the cloth diapers and wash them all together.

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This is in no way an exhaustive list. It could go on and on. So, please let me know if you have any other cost-saving parent ideas! And if anyone criticizes you for not buying "only the best" for your baby, or for buying "used" things for your "new" baby, tell them that you would rather be with your baby than having to be at work extra hours just to have enough money to buy those things that the baby doesn't really need anyway.

Punkparents, please get in touch.

yardwideyarns@hotmail.com / PO Box 12839 / Gainesville, FL 32604

My working life has taken a dramatic change over the last few months. I'm now working more or less full time buying rare punk records. This is pretty much a dream job for me. I spend all day looking for rare records on the net and in classifieds and I get to travel to record conventions and stores all over the USA, and soon the world. How this came to be is a strange story and I had to make certain compromises along the way, but to be honest it was too good of an opportunity to pass up.

The whole thing started last Thanksgiving at my Uncle's place in Dayton, Ohio. I have a cousin who is a few years older than me who works as an investment broker on Wall Street. We sat down during halftime to take a long look at my retirement plan and meager investment portfolio. My cousin was disappointed at how little money I had contributed into my IRA over the years. I told him I wasn't too interested in investments and if I was really hard up I could sell my record collection, which I assured him was plenty valuable. This got us to talking about the kind of records I collected. I told him I had plenty of records I'd bought for two or three dollars in the '80s that were now worth several hundred dollars. He was so interested that we forgot all about the game and logged onto the net where I showed him the selling prices of several rare records on Ebay. He was really intrigued and spent all afternoon looking at records on Ebay, asking me questions and doing calculations on his notebook computer.

A few days later, back in Minnesota, I get a call from my cousin in New York. He chats me up a bit and asks me if we can bring his boss in for a conference call. This guy asks me if I'd like to work in their collectible investments division buying rare records for investors. These guys are collecting punk records? I asked myself. Well, yes, as a matter of fact they are. Basically it's like this. Since the NASDAQ went into the shitter a lot of investors predict a protracted period of low returns from the stock market. Many investment brokers are diversifying their client's portfolios into varied strategic holdings that will gain value at a rate comparable to the market. One increasingly popular instrument is collectibles. Investors buy shares in a trust which has money invested in thousands of collectible items. These are then auctioned off at a future date after they have gained in value and the proceeds factored back into the trust in the form of dividends. The trust invests in hundreds of different areas and has hired experts in several fields to buy and warehouse collectibles for the firm. All of the collectibles are graded, cataloged and stored in a warehouse in New Mexico. Starting in about five years a certain percentage will be auctioned off every month and the profit taking will begin.

Where do I fit in to this? I'm now one of the "experts" who buys, grades and catalogs collectible records. My job description lists me as an "expert on punk, hardcore and heavy metal records 1975 to present." I get a budget of usually about $40,000 a month just to buy rare punk records. Mostly I buy on Ebay, but I also scour used stores and attend record conventions, etc. I've been haggling for some time to get approval to travel and shop in Japan and Europe—my superiors can't understand that every rare record isn't available on the net and you actually find the best deals in out of the way shops. All the records are shipped to my house where I inspect and grade them. I then catalog them on a master database with their purchase price and estimated value. These are then shipped once a week to New Mexico (where labor and warehouse space are very cheap) to an enormous warehouse complex. I've yet to see the warehouse, but when we start auctioning and shipping the records, I'll probably get to check it out. I'm told it's not as cool as you would think since everything is vacuum sealed in white plastic bags with barcode stickers as the only identification on the outside.

For the next few years we will only be buying, our budget ultimately determined by how much money investors pay into the trust. When we start selling, it will be my job to pick which items to sell and oversee the auctions etc. Of course I'm only a small part in this operation. The firm recruited collectors in all sorts of fields. There is a guy who just buys Kiss collectibles. Two guys in New Orleans who buy Jazz and R&B records and collectibles. A few guys who buy classic cars and hot rods. Several women who buy antique furniture and clothes and lots of toy, comic book, and sports card specialists. The only other specialists I've met here in the Twin Cities are sports collectors, but the Kiss dude is from Milwaukee and we frequently go to conventions together and share a rental car. He's about 40, a Kiss fan to the bone, and describes his job as a "fanboy's wet dream come true." I guess I've gotta agree. Right now our stipend is pretty low, but we figure out ways to pad our earnings with the expense account. However, when we start selling the items we are stockpiling now, we will get a percentage of the sales (this is the main incentive for us to buy and sell wisely) and I think my income will really take off at that time.

A few of the pioneers in this field were buying stuff in the "old economy" and warehousing it. When Ebay took off, they auctioned off whole warehouses of sports cards, movie collectibles etc. and literally made millions! Now, the internet revolution has given us instant access to a world market and prices are somewhat inflated but collectibles are still gaining value, usually at a rate higher than and inflation and sometimes much more. I still remember how my cousins eyes lit up when I told him that Necros or Fix 7"s that sold for two or three dollars in the early '80s were now selling for over 1,000 dollars on Ebay. Only the most skillful and lucky stockbrokers find stocks with that sort of performance. I don't just buy rare records of course—I try to speculate on future trends by buying numerous copies of what I think will be collectible in the future, colored vinyl, limited editions etc. For example I've shipped 32 copies of the Charles Bronson LP with the Metal Cover to the warehouse already. I've got standing orders with several popular labels for 10-20 copies of every limited edition record they release.

I guess the main problem I've had so far was compromising my ethics. First, I'm now in the direct pay of a major Wall Street Investment firm. The exact sort of corporations I used to attack in my band's lyrics. This was the hardest pill to swallow. Still, I retain a lot of independence; I work from my house not their office. I don't wear a suit or any of that, but I still feel a little strange plopping down a Corporate Gold Visa and cashing those checks. But when you think about it, we are all prostituting ourselves for big corporations in one way or another. If I didn't do this job, someone else would, so why not me? Really, why pass up a chance to collect punk records for a living! The other hard bargain was that these records are not going to be enjoyed by actual fans of the music. They are sitting vacuum sealed in a warehouse, maybe for decades. But when you think about it, all these records will eventually be re sold to collectors (albeit at higher prices) and in the interim we are preserving them in mint condition for future enthusiasts. I've been accused of driving up prices. Since I have more or less unlimited buying power. I can always outbid everyone on Ebay. (And frequently do). This is partially true, but I don't think my $40,000 a month is exerting too great a strain on a collectible record market that probably does millions of dollars a year in sales. Anyway, rising prices are driving up the value of everyone's existing collections. The most distasteful part is buying records I don't like for purely economic reasons. I have 100 copies of Rocket From the Crypt Cut and Play sitting on the floor ready to ship to the warehouse, and I've bought a few Skrewdriver records that were way underpriced as well. I also have to buy a lot of NYHC Mosh Core stuff that I don't really care for, but that stuff goes up in value pretty fast so I can't pass it up. I really wanted to buy the MRR collection, as it represented quite a value, but since condition is very important to collectors, I had to pass it up. You should have seen the condition of this collection! I can't stand seeing a $500 record turned into a worthless scrap after being wrapped in green duct tape.

I wouldn't say this job doesn't have some hazards—spending all day at a computer terminal has caused me to put on a few pounds, and squinting at the classifieds in Goldmine has lead to a trip to the optometrist for eyeglasses. There is also the temptation to buy some of the items I'm purchasing for the firm for my own collection. I've had to resist this temptation quite a bit, as the firm's buying power allows me to buy records I could never afford on my own. Not to say I don't occasionally snag one of the bargains that comes through, but for the most part I have to wince and pack them into the box to the warehouse. At least I get to listen to every record while I'm grading them. As I said before, this job doesn't pay so well now, I'm buying fewer records for myself than I did when I was working construction, but I think it will all pay off in the future when I start selling on commission. Serious collectors take note. When my firm starts auctioning its holdings, this will be no doubt the biggest punk record collection in the world. In just four months I've managed to buy about 2,500 records. Granted, many of these are new releases, but I've got quiet a few big ticket gems as well.

Altogether my new calling has led me to re examine a lot of my personal ideas about music and shed much of my youthful idealism. As I get older, it's harder and harder for me to compare myself, the thirty-something investor, to the young rebel of yesterday. I guess everybody makes sacrifices and compromises as

they grow up and I've thought seriously about what I've done. I know some people will call me a sell out, but I wonder what they would do if they were offered the same position. Ironically, I'm actually glad now that Bush won the election. Since I derive much of my living from internet transactions, I was horrified at the idea that a Democratic administration would try to tax the net. Whatever you have to say about Bush, he's good for E-Business, and that's really what's driving the economy in America these days. I mean, compared to roofing houses, buying punk records on Ebay is the life, so I guess I'm starting to see things from more of what you would call and establishment perspective.

A final note, I may have to give up this column in the near future as my contract with the firm prohibits me from writing for "industry or trade publications which may render a conflict of interest to collectible investment transactions." I've asked my lawyer and the firm's lawyer to determine if this includes MRR. Depending on how those negotiations proceed I may not be writing here any more, but you can bet I'll still buy MRR for the ads!

Appetizer

So now everyone knows about the miracle of the MP3. I've done a couple things that you might not have thought of. One, I was curious about Nazi bands, but I don't want to support them, so I turned to Napsta'. I must say, the results were hilarious. You figure with their reputation, Skrewdriver must be a good, if reprehensible, band, right? Check out these lines from, "Oh no, Here Comes a Commie": "he wants to see our country dyin'/his desire is for a red flag flyin'." You couldn't get worse lyrics if Anti-Flag were on "Who's Line is it Anyway," and the music isn't much better. Also check out Rahowa's "Cult of the Holy War." It sounds like "Stonehenge" by Spinal Tap, but is done in complete earnest. So much for my idea of a record satirizing Nazis. The Nazis beat me to it, about a hundred times over.

In case you didn't know, the best rock performer of the '90s, from a strictly musical standpoint, is Mike Patton. Run a search on Faith No More or Mr. Bungle and cover. Some personal favorites include "Hit Me Baby One More Time," "The Super Mario Brothers Theme," "Zombie/Enter Sandman," and "Vogue." And do yourself a huge favor and get the banned negativland track entitled either "Casey Kasem" or "U2."

Soup

If the XFL really had balls they would make ALL of the team names ethnic slurs, unlike the NFL who only have the Redskins. Imagine tuning in to hear, "Today's match up will turn on the battle between the stingy New York Jewboy defense and the prolific running game of the California Wetbacks." This would lead to little rivalries, like the liver bowl between the Drunken Micks and the Alcoholic Savages.

Entrée

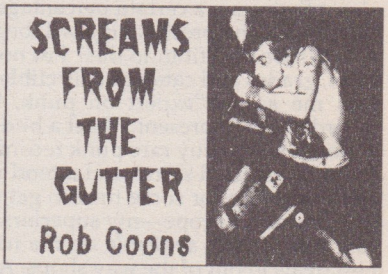
Today was the do-si-do between the president elect and the president erect. As I was reading about the inauguration on Salon.com, I was struck by the extent of the differences of opinion about what it portends. For example, which attitude can we expect towards culture? That of the functionally illiterate president or that of a librarian first lady?

If you've seen Casino, you know that the best prognosticators are those with their asses on the line. Odds makers. They are almost impossible to beat consistently, and this is one profession where, if you can beat them, you join them, and start making real money. So who better to turn to than Vegas for predictions about the incoming administration? So here are what the odds makers have to say. Each event is followed by the payoff, or what it will pay if it happens during the Bush presidency. The first number represents what you would win if you had bet the second number, so two to one means you'd win two dollars for betting one.

- President familiarizes nation with phrase, "I don't recall"— 2 to 1
- US invades third world country—Taken off board
- Full scale war—3 to 5
- "Nucular" war—15 to 1
- Bush quotes Shakespeare—9 to 2
- Bush misquotes Shakespeare—3 to 2
- Bush quotes Schwarzenegger—2 to 3
- Bush misquotes Schwarzenegger—1 to 2
- Roe v. Wade overturned—3 to 1
- "I before E except after C" rule overturned—2 to 1
- Church and state conveniently combined into "sturch"—3 to 2
- NEA provides grant for new installment in Police Academy series—3 to 2
- Cabinet looks like America—5 to 4
- America looks like Chernobyl—5 to 3
- Obligations of the Cheneys and Mrs. Bush necessitate a "sitter"—1 to 10
- Air hockey table installed in Air Force One—1 to 2
- Bush Administration formally incorporated—2 to 5
- Over the course of his administration Bush names Jesus Christ as his favorite stand up comedian, American author, classical composer, and hockey player—1 to 4
- Cheney has heart attack—1 to 9
- Cheney has heart attack following correct Bush answer to "Final Jeopardy" Question—2 to 1
- The march towards a corporate-fascist state is significantly closer to completion—1 to10 million (sorry, that one wasn't very funny).

Wetnap

Want to know who that Noam Chomsky guy is, or maybe just want an excellent overview of his career with some interesting facts? Naturally, you have to turn to the foreign press (The London Guardian) but here's where to go. www.guardianunlimited.co.uk/saturday_review/story/0,3605,424996,00.html



So I was checking out the Hydra Head website the other day, and I came across an interesting statement that they had about everyone's favorite online auction site eBAY. They stated in a news release that they have recently noticed people hoarding colored vinyl from Hydra Head releases and turning them around to make a big profit off of eBAY.

The statement says that, "The consequences of this is that a lot of people who want to buy our records end up having to pay ridiculous prices to these eBAY bandits that have stockpiled the records and driven up the prices. Not only that, but these folks are making a huge profit off of records they had nothing to do with making, while the bands and our label still make very little—hardly seems fair does it?" So Hydra Head is going to do a couple of things to combat this problem. They are compiling a list of names of the worst offenders, and they are no longer going to do business with those people. (They point out that they are circulating this list to other labels as well) They are also going to limit their mail order of colored vinyl to one per person. They supposedly have already had people trying to write in under different aliases trying to get more than one copy of a record on colored vinyl, and have busted those people. I say hats off to Hydra Head for fighting this horrific world of collector scum.

I personally have a love/hate relationship with eBAY. I think on one hand it provides people with a platform to find almost anything they are looking for. Records, toys, movies, antiques, they are all there. The problem is that often times the prices of items are completely falsified.

The fact that a record is available to a person anywhere in the world often creates a void in which any price goes. What I am trying to say is that you may see a semi-collectible record everywhere you go for twenty dollars. And then one day it is put on eBAY, and that record suddenly goes for a hundred, which obviously nobody in his or her right mind would pay. So

this in turn creates a false image of value, and suddenly everybody is like "hey, that record is worth $100.00, and I am not going to sell mine unless I can get $100.00." This, in turn, suddenly makes everybody a collector, because they think they know everything from browsing eBAY. And people are completely unwilling to trade or sell their records at a reasonable market rate. It also creates a place for kids who are trying to take labels like Hydra Head for suckers and turn around and make a large margin of profit. The colored vinyl thing in the world of hardcore music is totally out of control. I often see colored vinyl of random releases going for five to ten times more than the regular pressing.

Don't think for a minute that I am some high and mighty person who eschews eBAY. I have sold many items on eBAY myself. Often times I think to myself, would I rather take this collectible record to a store and maybe get 40% store credit for it, or would I rather put it on eBAY and try to get full value. Well the answer is obvious. Like I said, it definitely has its upside. I mean hell, where else would I have found (and bought) the WENDY O' WILLIAMS/LEMMY KILMISTER EP with them doing a cover of "Stand By Your Man"? All I am saying is that I support what Hydra Head is doing in regards to eBAY and I would like to see it happen with more labels. I think that bad/greedy collector attitudes extend way beyond the internet and have always been around. It unfortunately seems that in the last two or three years collectible records have skyrocketed in price. And I think that definitely has to do with the increasing popularity of the internet and eBAY.

I want to point out a few errors that were made in my column last month. Some of the reviews had paragraph indentations in the middle of them. And the Born Against quote that looks like it is start of Jose Palafox's column is actually supposed to be the end of mine. Small errors, but irritating nonetheless. I guess those layout people at Maximum Rock N' Roll need to concentrate more on their work and stop watching "Survivor" and "Temptation Island" so much. Anyway, this has been another killer month for shows. Some of the standouts have been TRAGEDY, ESPERANZA (finally!), MARTYR AD and POISON THE WELL. TRAGEDY played a couple of times in the Bay Area on their most recent pass. So many things have been said about them already, that I am reluctant to fuel the fire. But their show at Gilman Street was mind numbing. They were so tight and had so much power I was totally stunned. I have seen them before, but this took the top slot. I went to see them a few days later at Mission Records, but their guitar player Yannick dislocated his shoulder right before they played! Things got a bit hectic after that, and I wasn't sure what to do or how to help, so I ended up leaving. So I am not even sure how things turned out, but I hope Yannick is OK! So let's get the fucking show on the road!!

DEATH IS YOUR OWN LANGUAGE – Demo 2001 Cassette – A few months back I reviewed DEATH IS YOUR OWN LANGUAGE's awesome 12 song CD. They forwarded me a demo of some songs from upcoming releases, and let me tell you it is a ripper. Fucking fierce, seething hardcore that thrashes around hard and fast. The songs are short and to the point with abrasive vocals rounding things out. The only thing that left a big question mark, was the cover of CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL's "Fortunate Son". Granted CCR was a good band, but I am not sure if hardcore bands should be covering CCR songs. (Though D.I.Y.O.L. actually pull it off!) Nevertheless, be on the lookout for this powerhouse from Richmond, VA! (D.I.Y.O.L./1640 Records, PO Box 5583, Richmond, VA 23220).

ESPERANZA – Demo Cassette – Fuck yeah! As I mentioned above, I finally got to see ESPERANZA last month. They fortunately lived up to all my expectations, especially after hearing so many good things about them. Ripping thrash from Southern California, that follows closely in the footsteps of bands like LIFE'S HALT, DIRTY DIRT & THE DIRTS and NO REPLY. Loose, fast, pissed and raw.....the way punk rock was meant to be played. They have solid lyrics as well. They tackle political subjects such as religion, immigration, education as well as social issues like insecurities and self-hatred. They have a lot to say for only a six-song demo! So be on the look out for these guys, because it can only be a matter of time before they hit vinyl. (Esperanza, PO Box 18198, Los Angeles, CA 90018).

SCARRED – Demo Cassette – Woah! This one was a stunner! I wasn't really sure what to expect when I was inspecting the packaging. But as soon as I hit play I was bowled over by some hard charging thrash punk. Their music has a savagely distorted thrash style to it. You would think they were from Sweden, but the are actually from Connecticut! There are no lyrics listed, but you can tell they have a political slant to them just from reading the song titles. An impressive debut and they get bonus points for the first anti-George Bush imagery I have seen from a punk band since he became President. Damn that didn't take long! (Magilla Guerrilla, PO Box 1271, New Haven, CT 06505-1271 / nancy.concelman@snet.net).

BURNPILE – Demo Cassette – BURNPILE who are from Oklahoma, kick out 8 solid songs of straightedge thrash. Their music is basic and to the point, avoiding the youth crew or metal pitfalls that besiege so many straightedge bands these days. There is a little metal guitar trickery, but the majority of the music is straightforward. Pissed off political lyrics and strong vocals make for a complete package on this release. Solid goods, so be on the lookout for future releases from them. (Ross Adams, 201 West 6th, Edmond, OK 73003).

DENIED REALITY – "Leviathan" 10" - DENIED REALITY from Germany grind out 5 songs of hostile metalcore. Their influences are all over the place. They mix everything from chugga metal hardcore to Norwegian style black metal. Though the majority of the tracks are pretty straightforward with fast drumming and simple song structures. The vocals sound harshly forced. I bet that guy's throat takes a beating! The lyrics have dark tones to them, as they center on being alone and full of hate. This is good, but it is way to generic to rise above the masses of bands that are around these days. (Voice Of Life Records, PO Box 1137, 04701 Leisnig, GERMANY /www.welcome.to /voiceoflife).

KALIBAS – "Masticate" – Wow this is a killer release! This New York band mixes hyper fast grindcore, with mind boggling technical metal. They unleash the dogs of fury on this one and it all comes down on you in an outburst of wicked guitar riffs, rapid fire drumming and searing vocals. The hectic pace in some parts definitely reminded me of DISCORDANCE AXIS. There are no lyrics to back up the throat shredding vocals, but you can tell they are probably pissed off complaints about the world we live in. Keep a sharp eye out for this and any other release these guys put out. Trust me, you won't be disappointed! (Howling Bull America, PO Box 40129, San Francisco, CA 94140-0129 / kalibas@hotmail.com).

SUNN0))) – "00 Void" CD - Fuck! This release is totally sick! SUNN0))) crawl into your eardrums with some of the most painfully slow and oppressive songs I have heard in quite a while. There are no drums or vocals to get in the way here. Just some of the slowest and lowest tuned guitars you have ever heard. Every song is about 14 minutes long! All the songs seem to be structured to flow smoothly into your brain, as the deranged cacophony continually oozes from your speakers. When you take personnel from BURNING WITCH, GOATSNAKE and KYUSS and combine them into one band you can only start to imagine what they can do. I am stunned at how fucking amazing this is. I haven't had a band of this genre blow me away like this since I first heard CORRUPTED from Japan. It should be noted that this is actually on Hydra Head's new subsidiary label, Double H Noise Industries. (AKA - 2xhNI).

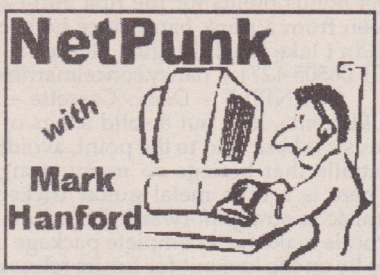
(Hydra Head Records, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199 / www.hydrahead.com).

KNUTT – "Bastardiser" CD – KNUT who is from Switzerland is one of Hydra Heads newest additions to the world of hardcore. From what I can tell this release actual came out overseas back in 1998, but it never made it over to American shores. This is mid-tempo metal laced hardcore that churns and surges in tight rhythmic patterns. The abrasive vocals are a nice addition as well. While the band is solid, they unfortunately just didn't have the power to really push it over the top for me. But don't loose hope, because the potential is here for a much stronger release. And I am looking forward to their upcoming second full length from Hydra Head as well. (Hydra Head Records, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199 / www.hydrahead.com).

Well that is it for this month. And it looks like I am still trying to catch up on all the stuff I have to review! Just not enough

time or space to do it all. So thanks for reading and as always all submissions for review can be sent to PO, Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712. Or you can email me at xgoatcorex@hotmail.com.

I'm as straight as the line that you sniff up your nose, I'm as hard as the booze you swill down your throat, I'm as bad as the shit you breathe into your lungs, And I'll fuck you up as fast as that pill on your tongue. Project X—"Straight Edge Revenge."



I should have known it was coming when the powers-that-be here at MRR told us that we could no longer have season tickets to the Giants. It's been going downhill for some time now, but the selling off of the record collection is astounding. However, Arwen told me that nobody ever listens to the records anymore since they got the high speed net connection and can get all kinds of mp3 files, so maybe it's better that the records get distributed out into the punk community. Just remember that if it has green duct tape around the edges, you have a piece of the MRR collection on your hands. It still makes me sad.

This month's column is nothing but eye candy. I have nothing for you to read and nothing for you to listen to. Instead, all of the sites that follow are photo zines and photo galleries, mostly related to punk rock. Sorry, no porn sites for you. I'm sure that you can find those on your own.

We'll start our gallery tour with a trip to Burning Flags Press, which is the home of Glen E. Friedman, photographer to the stars. Before he started taking photos of Pearl Jam and Public Enemy, he was shooting the likes of Black Flag, Bad Brains, and DK, as well as taking photos of early '80s skateboard pros. Many of these photos, as well as a lot of his newer work, is available at www.southern.com/BURNINGFLAGS/ .

Idle Time is a document of the Austin, TX punk scene of the early '80s. There are some fantastic pictures here of legendary bands like the Dicks, Big Boys, The Offenders, and more. Check it out at ccwf.cc.utexas.edu/~edge/idle_time/ .

For another blast from the past, The Ray Stevenson photo gallery at http://www.photos.fsbusiness.co.uk/ features photos of the early UK punk scene with the usual cast of characters. This site is all about selling these photos for hundreds of bucks, but there are quite a few small-ish photos of all of your '70s punk faves. A lot of these you've seen in books and the like, but there were a few here that were new to me.

You'll find a handful of old photos at www.teleport.com/~phillip/concerts/. These are mostly from Portland, OR from the early '80s and include Bad Brains, X, Discharge, Wipers, and more. Plus, you can play "Where's Jerry A," as he appears in the background of a few of the photos.

You'll find punk photos from 1985 until the present at Trenthead (http://www.trenthead.com/). You'll also find other interesting non-punk photos by Trent Nelson, as he is a photographer for the Salt Lake Tribune. After you finish looking at photos of the old SLC punk scene, spend some time in the "Shows" section, and check out his non-punk photo exhibits accompanied by audio. They are pretty cool.

Okay, so that's all of the "blast from the past" photos. The rest of these sites are mostly new photos, though sometimes the bands may be moldy oldies. First in line is the band photos page at Annoyances United Worldwide (www.annoyances.com/bandphotos/), where you'll find photos of all kinds of (mostly) indie bands from the past seven or so years. There are literally hundreds of pictures, but all are nicely alphabetized by band name.

Icki's Action Photozine deserves a mention as he has the photos from the print version of his zine, as well as new and extra photos that haven't been seen elsewhere. Photos here include the Zodiac Killers, Andre the Giant, the Zero Boys and more. You'll find all this and more at http://www.lipstick-killers.com/action/action.html.

Billy Caldwell's Photo Gallery (http://www.bcphotos.com/) seems to have a thing for women in rock, as you'll find a bunch of great pictures of the Lunachicks, Karen Black, Ani DiFranco, Mary Lou Lord, and other grrrl bands, as well as a handful of pictures of the US Bombs, The Unseen, L.E.S. Stitches, and the like.

Another good collection of photos is the Scottish site, A Small Punk Photozine. Many of the bands are not Scottish, but are bigger name punk bands that have toured through the area. Still, there are a lot of great pictures, and a lot more than you'd expect for "a small punk photozine." Visit it—www.angelfire.com/wi/smallpunk/.

DC and Beyond has live photos from the DC and Maryland punk and hardcore scene of the past five years or so. Anti-Flag, Blanks 77, The Casualties, 7 Seconds, and dozens of others are at http://xgufx.tripod.com/.

To finish up this month, I found a couple of flyer and art archives for your view pleasure. Punk and Art features a whole slew of drawings by various contributors. A lot of it looks like stuff by bored teens sitting in class and not paying attention, but there is also some outstanding stuff here. You'll also find a small photo section, and a couple of dozen flyers for various shows. Punk and Art is at http://go.to/punkart .

Finally, This is Punk Rock at http://www.thisis-punkrock.btinternet.co.uk/ has a picture sleeve gallery of a bunch of old and rare 7"s and a flyer gallery of old punk from all over the world. I especially like checking out the old picture sleeves. Give it a visit.

That's all the room I have this month. You can e-mail me at netpunk@diehippiedie.com, or check out my columns online at www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk/ . Until next time, I'm outta here.

It's not just Clinton—the vast majority of Americans believe that Bush lost the 2000 election. Democrats and other garden-variety malcontents have already entered into a tacit agreement to consider W. the leader of a coup rather than a legitimately-elected president. Democratic Congressmen will fight tooth and nail to block every Bush appointee and every Bush bill they can. Rancor, bitterness and gridlock promise to rule Washington for the next four years, causing untold millions more people to view our government and political system with apathetic disgust.

There's only one way out of this grim scenario: Impeach Bush now.

It may be true that our pretend president hasn't committed any impeachable offenses. But it's surely just a matter of time before Bush, Lord Acton-like, opts to absolutely corrupt himself. Will he revert to his fraternity days of cocaine, drunk-driving and carousing, or will he—like his father before him—start trading arms for hostages? There's just no telling what impeachable bullshit, the covering-up of which will undoubtedly require some serious obstruction of justice, this guy will get himself into. What we *do* know is certain is: The only way to prevent presidential crime is to impeach him preemptively.

Consider this quote from George W. Bush: "I plan to suspend the Constitution and institute martial law as a pretext for rounding up my enemies and reeducating them." Admittedly, Bush never said that. *But he would have if he had a minimal command of English vocabulary.*

The last thing we Americans can afford to do at this touchy time in our political history is to repeat the fundamental mistake of the Reagan impeachment. "What Reagan impeachment?" you may ask, reasonably enough. The nation learned in 1986 that Reagan's henchmen, led by Ollie North, had imported vast quantities of cocaine *into* the United States in order to fund the illegal purchase of arms for the right-wing *contras* in Nicaragua and ransom American hostages being held in the Middle East. Reagan clearly ought to have been impeached for breaking a law that specifically prohibited funding the *contras*, as well as obstruction of justice. But by 1986, it was only two years before

the end of Reagan's term. By the time it would have taken to impeach him, he would have been gone anyway. It was too late to give the Gipper the impeachment—and prison term—he so richly deserved.

On the other hand, the incoming regime, entering the White House with unprecedented intimations of illegitimacy, presents Democrats with a unique opportunity to get the president promptly impeached just in time for the midterm Congressional elections in 2002. Democrats are already hoping to recapture the House at that time; they could make even bigger gains if they begin the impeachment process right away.

Best of all, the Clinton impeachment of '98 proves what students of American politics have known all along: The politics of personal destruction is just plain fun. How could Alan Greenspan's tortured musings over short-term interest rates keep a dirt-hungry public satisfied after President Clinton admitted—under oath, no less!—*to smoking The Monica Cigar right in front of Hillary*? Impeachment was how we passed tens of millions of man-tavern-hours all over the country. It even worked out famously for the principal characters: Hillary became senator of a state she'd never visited, Monica lost weight and launched a cool handbag business and Bill capped off eight years of doing just about nothing with one of the highest popularity ratings in memory!

Impeachment worked out great in '98, and it would be even better this time.

First, Bush is infinitely less intelligent than Clinton. Imagine W.'s tortured locutions as he twisted and turned under a special prosecutor's fork: "It all dependulates on how you deferine 'ain't,' you know?" As for salacious sexual details, what could be more sordid than the mere idea of George and Laura getting it on? Ewwwwwwwwww!

Of course, there is the problem of charges: How can we impeach Bush before he's had the chance to do anything wrong?

Fortunately, the Founders, wise as ever, prepared for this eventuality. According to the Constitution, a President can be removed if he's deemed mentally unfit for his duties. This is George W. Bush we're talking about, after all; this is a guy who makes one long for the rapier—like mind of J. Danforth Quayle. And yes, it's true that a lot of Americans voted for the guy.

We can always impeach their asses later.

BOOK NEWS:

It's been three years since my last book, and now two are coming out at the same time! Weird, but true.

Out in May, at your local comic shop and online: "2024", a 96-page graphic novel (NBM Publishing) that updates George Orwell's "1984" to the present. Because it's a hardback, it's $16.95, but the sucker is seriously the best book I've ever done and is well worth looking into.

Also out in May, at mainstream Barnes & Noble-type bookstores and online: "Search and Destroy" (Andrews & McMeel Publishing), a 160-page collection of my cartoons from 1995 to 2000. It's $10.95 and it's paperback—a must if you like the cartoons that MRR runs.

I'll be doing a book tour, but only to cities where the local paper runs my cartoons. (If your local paper doesn't run my cartoons, in other words, I'm probably not coming, not because I don't love you but because you'd probably be the only person who'd show up to the signing.) If you want me to sign one or both books, send $16.95 per copy of "2024" and/or $10.95 per copy of "Search and Destroy" plus $3.20 priority mail shipping FOR EACH BOOK to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108. Remember—books come out in MAY, not before.

I've been living in Naples, Italy (Napoli) for the past three weeks. What an amazing, chaotic, filthy old mess of a city. The architecture is grander than in any other city I've seen—everything is fucking huge. People don't live in "apartment buildings," they live in "palazzi,"—which means "palaces" in Italian. Everywhere you look, there's a giant old church or museum, beautifully ornate and covered in 100 years worth of dirt. Napoli is the most densely populated metropolis in Europe—and second in the world to Beijing. The traffic is horrible—the public transportation system, which consists mostly of busses, is crippled by daily traffic jams; people rarely obey traffic signals (unless there are police nearby); noisy Vespas (which ironically in Italian means "wasp") buzz around and help to maintain the irritatingly high decibel level. The streets are full of litter, the sidewalks are encrusted with dogshit.

I've learned to deal with it all—I watch where I walk, to avoid planting my foot in a pile of dung, and I found the back streets where there is much less traffic. And despite less than ideal conditions, the people maintain a pretty vibrant life, both on the streets, and at home with family. I've learned to love it—I look forward to my walk each morning, with THE SAINTS or DRUNKHORSE blasting in my headphones, among hundreds of other people going their ways, through the historic center of Naples, to my school. I'm studying the Italian language at the "Centro Italiano" school for foreigners, in a 4-week intensive study program—for four hours per day, five days per week, I'm straining my brain trying to plant this language into my head. I'm sleeping in Walter's (aka Wapula from THE BRAINERS) kitchen, trying to learn to cook as good as he can, practicing the drums, and basically exploring the city in search of... something.

If you've been reading my columns, you've heard me bitching and complaining about the USA, how fucked up it is, and how much better life is in Europe. I'm here on this side of the Atlantic now to test my theory, to see how I like life here. Have I been living in a fantasy land, thinking that I'd be happier living here? Or am I going to find all those things that I've been missing living in Reno? Unfortunately, I think I picked the wrong place in which to test my theory. Because Naples is in anomaly even in *Italy* —compared to the rest of Europe, Southern Italy is another world. It's not multicultural like most of Europe's metropolitan cities, so you're not going to find Japanese, Thai, Indian, and Ethiopian restaurants. The punk scene is pretty quiet and not many bands from around the world come through on tour. It's completely chaotic—I would recommend Naples to any anarcho-punk living in a squeaky-clean, orderly place like Switzerland. But the people are probably the biggest difference—Neapolitans are famous for being open, friendly, and happy.

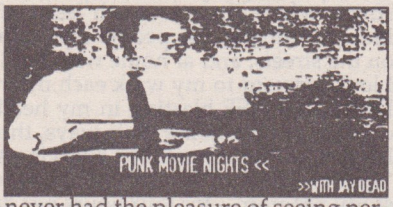
I'm happy with my life in Naples so far—it's the first big city I've ever lived in. Little things strike me: like being able to buy fresh fish or produce on my walk home from school every day, or knowing that I can always go to the piazza and find people to hang out with if I'm feeling sociable. I've already developed a sense of community, seeing the same faces of the people in my neighborhood every day—the shop owners, my neighbors, the street dogs. These things generally aren't possible living in a sprawling western American city, where everything is built around cars—which I have concluded inevitably lead to social isolation for most people, especially if they don't have one. It's not to say that this place doesn't have a huge problem with cars – because it does. Too many of the little fuckers, with no "smog checks" to keep the emissions down—and the Italians are crazy drivers. Luckily they're also really good drivers and even though they speed and don't slow down for nothing, I rarely see an accident, which might explain why many of the champion race car drivers come from Italy. Good things are happening, though, which is a lot more than I can say for Reno or most American towns: slowly, more and more streets are being closed to car traffic; a new subway system will open in three years; and every month there is a Carfree Day, during which it's forbidden to drive a car and there are parties in the street.

I plan to stay in Europe until mid-May, but I'm not sure what I'll do. My first goal is to learn to speak Italian. Second, I'm doing some work for the carfree.com website, forming a database and taking photos of the carfree places of the world. If you happen to know of a city, or a district within a city, that is carfree, please contact me and tell me where it is! Or if you're interested in the project, contact me and I'll send you information. I'm heading to Morocco next week to photograph Fes and Meknes, which reportedly have large carfree districts in the old part of the city. Then I'll be back to Italy to continue studying the language. After that I'm heading out on tour with two awesome

Dutch bands: DEXTER & LO-LITE. We're going to do Slovenia/Croatia, Italy, and hopefully some dates in Switzerland.

If you're interested further in my stupid life, check out www.stickerguy.com/diary. I've been putting up a new picture every day with some words of wisdom. As for the MRR record collection— it's a shame that they had to sell it off, but I'm just glad I finally got *Eternally Yours* on vinyl. Over and out.
pete@stickerguy.com / PO Box 204 / Reno, NV 89504 USA

Eighties Hardcore



I've recently obtained some master VHS copies of several hardcore shows from the Eighties. It's been such an educational experience to watch so many of the great bands from that time who I never had the pleasure of seeing perform live. It's also been a good way to make a few bucks to help pay off the record presser, but that's a different story entirely. One example of a band who's greatness I had no idea about were SNFU. I'd always seen the photos of their lead singer leaping through the air, and as cool as that looked, I could never reconcile how dramatic those photographs looked with how lackluster their records sounded to me. I always suspected that I was missing the point, and it turns out that I was. The video footage of SNFU playing a small Ohio club in the late Eighties is incredible, and the singer not only gets an incredible amount of air, but he is also in complete control of the audience. He even scolds those in attendance at one point for being too much of an audience, and forgetting the half of the punk rock equation where the audience plays as big a part in a shows success as the band does. A lesser front man would have been run out of town, but in this case just the opposite happens. Members of the crowd begin to move toward the stage at first, and then finally onto the stage where their previous lethargy turns into exuberant stage diving.

A couple of bands who are pretty well known and respected in the hardcore community for their recordings made a true believer out of me when I was able to watch them live via video tape. The first was NEGAZIONE, who were just so much more dynamic than anything I was listening to at the time this concert was shot that I'm almost ashamed of my previous musical ignorance. The other band are the SKEEZICKS who hailed from Germany, and who recently put out a CD discography on Max's 625 label. They were a powerhouse, and before they even reach the stage for their set, members of the audience can be heard chanting, "SKEEZICKS— SKEEZICKS!". The SKEEZICKS were quite a site when they played. Their lead singer looks like he could wrestle Jerry A from POISON IDEA in a strongman competition, but the coolest part are the all of the bandanas and lumberjack shirts. These guys should be much more known today than they are.

Long Life Potstickers and Iron Monkey

In the early days of Hong Kong Theater at the UC, Q and I used to make it a point to stop into Long Life Veggie House to stock up on potstickers and other delicacies for our Wednesday ritual of taking in the latest then-obscure martial arts flicks that would always replace the previous week's films as our favorites. I started to slack off when everyone got super serious and began to actually attend Kung Fu classes in Oakland, but I recently had a flashback of sorts while watching CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON in a sold out East Bay theater.

First of all, CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON is way more of a thrill for a novice viewer. Second of all, it wasn't completely terrible, but how much better could it have been if only I had been allowed to bring in an order of Long Life potstickers. Movie houses are really missing the mark when it comes to allowing outside food into their theaters. Nothing is better than watching martial arts flicks while enjoying some righteous veggie food from Long Life (which isn't as good as it once was, by the way. I now go to the Great Wall in Oakland), and just imagine the other various cuisines one could incorporate into his or her movie viewing experience. You could even take it one step further with a film like BARFLY. Think about it. Every time Mickey Rourke raises his drink to toast all of his friends, the audience could raise their drinks with him. And afterwards we could all go out into the alley and watch the lushes beat each other to a pulp.

Well obviously I'm hungry, and a bit thirsty, so let's move ahead with this installment of Punk Movie Nights.

MEGACITIES • Michael Glawogger

It's hard for some filmmakers to be real when they are so concerned that no one will care about who they are or what their work is about. It's a possibility that most of the people whose attention they may have hoped to capture are so consumed by their own reality that they often don't see any point in further piling on the misery. Just think about the type of films that are typically churned out one after another in Bombay, India. They tend to more closely resemble the films of Hollywood during the Great Depression than they do a work by Ken Loach.

There is a need and an audience for Ken Loach films, and his working class fiction that tends to be more real than any actual person or situation could literally be. Reality, as seen through a camera, can serve as a cathartic and educational experience that, if only for the moment, is capable of making an audience empathetic for their same fellow human beings that they may curse and blame for their own misfortune on a daily basis. But if you make a documentary about the urban poor in several different countries, will there be an audience for it? The braintrust behind MEGACITIES must have guessed that this wouldn't be the case, and they must have also reasoned that the reality of poverty in many parts of the world is so surreal that attempting any kind of artistic, original turn on the idea behind MEGACITIES would have proved too alienating for entirely different reasons, and hence just as unpopular with film goers.

That is exactly the reason why so many of the interesting artists of our generation, and those of the past, never even stop to consider the tastes of a mainstream audience. I wouldn't say that they all went as far as Frank Lloyd Wright, dismissing them as the uneducated, unenlightened "mob" whose opinions are to be ignored. There is a case to be made, however, for staying true to your work regardless of how unseen or unheard or misunderstood it could be when it's first shown, and often for many years to come. The filmmaker responsible for MEGACITIES takes a premise that could have produced work of significant importance, and turns it into fodder for the sensational tastes of an audience that prefers it's reality to be full of voyeuristic exploitation, and manipulated so as to not require an overabundance of critical thought.

MEGACITIES doesn't wait too long before revealing it'\s contrived nature to us. I was only twenty minutes or so into the film when I realized that there was a significant amount of staging and choreography used to achieve what were supposed to the most ironic moments the film had to offer. The transparent nature of every shot became more and more clear as the film progressed, until I found myself all but throwing my hands in the air to protest the low level of respect the filmmakers had for me, and everyone else in attendance on that particular night at the Roxie in San Francisco. It was then that I realized the newspaper article about MEGACITIES outside of the Roxie was brilliantly deceptive in the way that it referenced the filmmaker's previous work, pointing out how weird and unconventional his ideas were, and also mentioning how taken aback some audience members were. This would have been a bad bit of advertising if I'd come across it at any other movie theater, but at the Roxie it was as if a challenge were being issued. I took up the challenge, and after only a half of an hour I knew that what I had undertook was less of a challenge than it was test of my tolerance for mediocrity.

The darkest hour for MEGACITIES comes when a single mother from Mexico allows the filmmakers to follow her to her job as a dancer in a Mexican strip club. There is scene after scene of the woman being fondled, penetrated, spanked, and in probably the most gratuitous shot of the entire film we get to watch as the woman apparently has an orgasm while having cunnilingus performed on her by a male member of the audience. A most likely staged shot of the woman sitting alone in a dressing room is repeatedly shown as if to suggest that the woman and mother of two children is only doing what she has to do to survive, and this may in fact be the case, but the idea that this scene was staged on one particular day, and that the scenes from the

club were shot over at least a couple of days serves to only to present an inside look at the psyche of the filmmaker himself.

If you were so inclined, you could find past Punk Movie Night columns at www.wethepunx.com—and if you have an underground film/video that you'd like reviewed in the Punk Movie Night column, then send it to: Jay Dead, PMB #419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709, USA. By the way, the new TRAGEDY album is pretty fucking incredible.

1,800,000 and counting

A column by Prisoners.

"Only a man who has felt ultimate despair is capable of feeling ultimate bliss. It is necessary to have wished for death...in order to know how good it is to live.

Live, then, and be happy, beloved children of my heart, and never forget that...the sum of all human wisdom will be contained in these two words: Wait and Hope."

—The Count of Monte Cristo, by Alaxandre Dumas

Hey there, and welcome to the wonderful and exciting world of the US prison system. I am currently serving a nine month sentence at the lovely Hampshire County House of Corrections in scenic Northampton, MA. As far as jails go, this one ain't too bad. I consider myself pretty lucky, in fact, since I could've just as easily been locked up in one of last two residencies: Los Angeles and Boston. Not the greatest places to go to jail, ya know? Anyway...

My crime? Well, I stole some stuff from a house or two, a couple stores, and ((more than once) got busted for heroin, which is the real instigator behind all my other devious activities. Don't get me wrong, I own up to my crimes one hundred percent. I'm not gonna go on about how I'm some kinda victim in this mess, or that I'm somehow innocent of my crimes just because I'm a junkie. Yeah, I did break into houses, steal shit, and generally was a threat to myself and others. Gee, maybe that's why I got locked up, eh? The thing is, though, that I never would've done these things in the first place if it wasn't for the dope. That shit fucked me up but good.

No, this isn't gonna be some kinda "Just Say No" speech. I'm not gonna tell ya that drugs are bad or anything like that. On the other hand, I'm not gonna tell about the evils of prison life either. I think that's been overdone, both in this column and elsewhere. All I'm going to tell is what happened to me, and how I got to where I'm at right now. Take it for whatever it's worth.

So, heroin. Great stuff, eh? What's the deal with this drug and punk rock anyway?! What is it that attracts "our kind" to such a detrimental thing? Do we really crave self destruction that badly? Oddly enough, many of the junkies I've met are of above average intelligence. Same with punx. Why is it that people who are apparently so smart do such stupid shit?! I dunno about anyone else, but personally I feel as though drugs, heroin especially, have been lurking in the background of my life since long ago. Growing up, I admired and envied writers and musicians who used smack. Jim Carroll, William Burroughs, and Herbert Huncke told me their dope fiend tales, while the Ramones, Richard Hell, and the Velvet Underground sang me their sickness. So when the drug actually presented itself before me, I took to it like I did the books and music that introduced me to it...head fucking on.

Of course, it took me a while to really fuck it all up for myself. I struggled with school, jobs, bands, and girlfriends. Dope always took precedence. I tried moving to a new town. A new state. Across the fucking country I went, from New York to LA to Olympia to Vermont and back around again, only to find myself broke and dopesick in every port. Same shit with a different view. Found myself strung-out and homeless in Boston in the end. Hatin' life and accumulating warrants at a drastic rate. I tried detoxes, only to end up right back where I had been before. It got so that I figured it'd probably do myself, and the people who cared about me, more good if I was dead. At least then the agony would be over, for everyone.

Now, I don't know what it was that finally got me to this point, but it's in this state of despair that I did the best thing I've ever done for myself. I went to detox, and then turned myself in. Sound stupid? Maybe. I might be in jail right now, but it's better than being dead from an overdose, or even living as a junkie still, which ain't no life at all when ya get down to it. When I think of all the missed opportunities, lost time, and friends that dope took, it shows me that the past seven years was no kinda life. It was like walking dead.

And damn, I had some good opportunities. It was as if they were signs to just quit the smack, and here's a reward for it. Thinking back on it makes me sick sometimes. Jesus, just the musical opportunities alone are enough, never mind the jobs and all that. For instance, back in '94 I was in a band that later went on to become Festival of Dead Deer. We broke up 'cause of drugs, of course. Later, the next year I think, I was offered to be the singer for a band with ex-Descendent Tony Lombardo, but kept missing practice cuz I hadda cop, or was sick. Then, just this past year, I got to start a side project with Real Kid John Felice. This too fell apart due to my choice of drugs over music. Fuck! I mean, here I am, being able to work with dudes who wrote the music I live by, and I gotta fuck it up just to shoot some shitty drug in my arm! Teenage daydreams were almost a reality, and I couldn't get the message. I never thought I'd let anything take precedence over the music and scene I loved so dearly, and yet I traded it all in for some drug. The books and music I mentioned before made me view heroin and its lifestyle as somehow "cool," or romantic even. Believe me, there's nothing cool or romantic about selling out for a little bag of smack. It's actually just really fucking sad.

Now? I do my nine months. I stay clean for that nine months and work on clearing my head from seven years of drug induced fog. I read a lot. I write a lot. I try to laugh a lot. I get my body back in decent working order. When I get out, I slowly work at getting my life back in order as well. More opportunities will arise. Before, using dope and being a general shitbag, I had no hope for myself. If I actually got around to thinking past my next fix, the future looked pretty fucking pathetic. Today, even though I'm incarcerated and many of my freedoms are taken from me, I have more hope than ever before. So right now, all I can do is what the Count said: "Wait and Hope."

For anyone who wants to respond to this, or just get in touch with me, your best bet is to write me c/o my folks, since I'll be getting outta here around mid-May. Lastly, I'd just like to thank Dave Dictor for his bravery and inspiration. It's nice to know that someone else has felt the same as I do. Thank you.
Michael May. 18 Briggs St. Salem, MA. 01970

TECHNOLOGY REPORT

SAM MCPHEETERS

PERSONAL USE

A little bubble of creepiness broke free and floated to the surface of the legal system last week, as the Supreme Court finally agreed to take up the issue of virtual child porn. This is a grudge rematch resulting from the Child Protection Act, passed by Congress in 1996 to elevate fictional, computerized graphic images of child porn to the same legal pariah status of real child porn. The new rules are broad and somewhat foggy. Outlawed now is anything that "conveys the impression" of minors engaged in explicit acts. The law essentially forbids the viewing, trafficking in, or ownership of pornographic images which feature no real people. Opponents fear that the whole deal could undermine future digital imaging rights. Whatever your take on this sordid little issue (and I'm not sure what mine is except that, mercifully, I don't set policy, so I don't have to have an opinion), one thing's certain; it's a debate mired in futility.

The seeds of this futility exit today, bundled inside the devices currently known as Personal Video Recorders. Sears retails the things at $399. These are the new televisions that come with powerful hard drives. Users can pause and rewind in the middle of a regular broadcast. It's a creepy concept—like the

haunted radio in the attic that'll boot up the same Bing Crosby jingle granddad heard when he set out the door for Korea. But what really separates these televisions from all other sets produced in the last half century, what starts them down some strange new evolutionary path, is their ability to edit out commercials. PVR's are not so well known in the US, but 50 million are expected in this country just five years from now. Normal television took decades to reach that many homes. An ocean of soon-to-be-bypassed commercials— $18 billion by some counts—is already prompting advertisers to start hedging their bets with product placement inside network shows. By the logic of Madison Ave, if one's ads for the new Watermelon Sprite are being edited out of the new totally outrageous Tony Danza sitcom by some dude's PVR, then one has the right to at least place a few cans on a kitchen counter within the show itself. In the era of accelerated mergers, it's the ultimate in corporate synergy. Best of all, advertisers and networks no longer have to browbeat sit-com producers into physically placing products on their sets. All that can be done digitally, with a few pinkie toggles of a joystick in some darkened control room (Federal Express got the honors last year, with digitally placed FedEx packs on the desks of prominent NBC dramas). In a few years digital placement will be regional—a precocious child TV star can drink Mango Sprite for the Chicago market and Bananalicious Sprite in LA. A few years further down the road PVRs should be smart enough to start product placement according to our personal viewer demographics, just as on-line merchants do today. (Net Zero, the "free" Internet Service Provider, uses this trick—you fill out a questionnaire to sign up, then suffer the indignities of a permanent online banner ad tailored to your demographics. I used these jerks for most of last year and wished I'd had the brains to have registered as an aged widow.. instead I got the "young man" treatment; an endless parade of dancing credit cards and serial killer web site promos in my peripheral vision which, although good for a mild chuckle the first few days, eventually wormed its way into my cranial crannies so that I'd find myself doing the dishes hours later, numbly mumbling their short list of serial killers "Ted Bundy, Richard Ramirez, Ed Gein, ...").

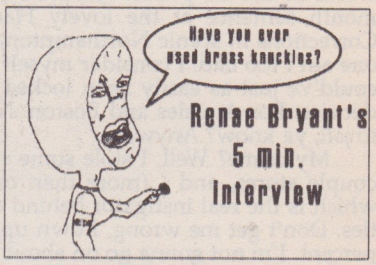
I remember being flabbergasted, in the summer of 1991, the first time I beheld the miracle of morphing on the big screen. By 1995 that shit was turning up in commercials for used car lots. These things evolve and trickle down quickly. The same cut-n-paste technology that made Fred Astaire's reanimated corpse gracefully prance about with a new Dirt Devil vacuum-broom a few years back will soon allow programmers to make Mr. Astaire do.... anything they want. It's mostly a matter of how fast memory rates drop. In 1988, one megabyte of disk drive storage space ran about $11.50. Last year it was down to two cents. Within the decade, personal PCs are expected that should be powerful enough to generate the digital 95% of the last Star Wars film. By 2010 you could be able to arrive home from a tough day at the office, kick off your shoes and start barking out orders to the television set to churn out the ugliest fantasies you've had a full day to ponder.

A television that can show us whatever we want, whenever we want, provides a lot of disturbing temptations. Odds are it'll do for kiddie porn what the internet did for regular porn (or that a properly distributed RU486 might someday do for first trimester abortions)...privatize the issue. Law enforcement types now talk of the "mainstreaming" of child porn. Arrests up are up 400% in the last five years. A private world of unspeakable, single-household TV shows will probably curb that crime rate, but who knows what it'll do to the fabric of polite society (Either way, probably the subject for another column).

That's the bad news. Good news is, this could spell the privatization of just about everything else. Whitney Houston's head on Henry Kissinger's body? Lars Ulrich and Bea Arthur doing Mexican cartwheels down the floor of the New York Stock Exchange? A can of hairspray reading the evening news? Hey; anything goes! If you don't like the way a particular Saturday night movie is going, tell the TV to digitally introduce a mammoth Abe Vagoda! Don't like the lofty tone of a particular PBS documentary? Hit that "Thug Life" button remote, and have the show "go urban"!

Of course there will be a strong push for V-chip type technology to protect the rights of celebrities, living and dead. Although it's hard to imagine any software with enough intuition to prevent people from savaging the famous from the comfort of their own TV sets (internet child filters, after all, have been around for seven years now, and they're still primarily used to prevent college seniors from accessing information about Beaver College in Pennsylvania). But say such protections are somehow developed, most celebs will still be protected only as far as their kindest descendants deem necessary. Honoring one's ancestors often takes a back seat to the lure of quick cash. If Ernest Hemingway's granddaughters sold off the rights to his unfinished and explicitly verboten novels, do you think the grandkids of John Candy are going to hesitate for an instant before selling his posthumous airspace? Hint; look for the phrase 'personal use'. As in, "Mr. Wayne's likeness will soon be available for personal use." The same ghostly John Wayne that's been pitching beer since the late '90s will soon be a personalized franchise, available to narrate graduation videos, or bite Hugh Grant's ears off, or stride into the back rooms of virtual gays bars with a red hankie dangling from his virtual back pocket.

Some mighty big political implications bundled in here as well. Most of us have never seen any of our elected representatives except on television, and the possibilities for subversion in this department are somewhat obvious. Of course, fully editable personal programming also means I'd be able to insert a box of saltwater taffy for the president's head. Either way, fuck it.



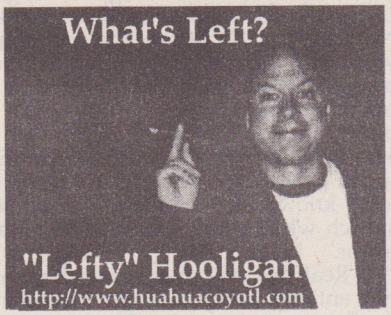
So, I'm going to turn thirty in May, 2001. Usually, women are expected to be secretive about their age, unless they are under 25. This is bullshit. When I was a young girl and teenager I hated being "young" and couldn't wait to be an "adult." (Most of the desire came from the lack of freedom I had as a child and teen.) I guess I'm supposed to have some sort of breakdown and mourn the loss of my twenties. Fuck that! When I was in my early and mid-twenties I used to read the words of "older" women. They always made these statements that their twenties were their learning period and their thirties were the years in which they practiced all that they learned. I have a feeling that this will hold true to myself also. I only wish I knew then, what I know now.

If I had a daughter, this is what I'd tell her on her twentieth birthday: 1) you are here to give something back to this world, find out what that is and do it with passion and conviction, 2) this life is short, so live like it, 3) karma exists, so do unto others..., 4) women are not your enemies, although society has convinced many of them that this statement is false, 5) live with honesty and integrity (even though others do not), 6) goal set, make lists and follow them—persistence is the key to success, 7) moderation can be helpful too, 8) try to be sober—I wasted a lot a time as a drunk, 9) don't do drugs unless you want to kiss your life's dream goodbye, 10) do not buy into the Disney fairytale, Prince/Princess Charming does not exist (no one can save you, except yourself), 11) never chase a man/woman, 12) if a man/woman says s/he's not good enough for you, believe him/her, 13) size does matter, 14) always carry condoms, if a man won't use them ask him to give you oral sex, if he refuses, put on your clothes and leave, or grab the book on your night stand and start reading, 15) learn martial arts, 16) join a gym, work out regularly, and eat for energy and vitamins, 17) educate yourself and read as much as you can make time for, read the newspaper, "act locally, think globally," 18) don't ignore your friends or your family; both will sustain you if ever times get bad, 19) buy a vibrator and keep a supply of batteries for emergencies, 20) if a man/woman is separated they are still married, 21) women are no better in the relationship department than men (lesbianism isn't the answer to that problem), 22) never say never, 23) don't ignore your spirit—nourish it in your own way, 24) make people earn your trust, 25) threesomes never work out the way you think they will, 26) do not mistake lust for love; you cannot truly love someone after one month (give it at least three), 27) don't ruin your credit—budget your money and be

creative, 28) if good genes gave you good looks, use them while they're still working in your favor, but never rely on them, 29) spend equal time on mental, physical, and spiritual aspects of your life, and 30) love yourself first, "to thine own self be true."

I'm sure I forgot some really important piece of advice, but those are the basics. I do not "feel" thirty and I always considered that to be "old." Age is relative concept, I suppose, especially now that I am a month away from 30. I am excited though, better orgasms and according to the vocal coach Sam Brown had on his radio show, my voice will also be in its peak. I have decided to apply to the Ph.D. program in Educational Administration in 2002. Punk rock and education, this has been my life's work, no need to change now. Hopefully, I'll still have relevant words to communicate when I'm 80, writing my 5 min. int. from the Senior Retirement Community.

Until then, you can still contact me at webmistress@ontherag.net and po box 251 Norco CA 92860-0251/www.ontherag.net.



Open the expensive bottle of champagne. Fill the glasses all around. Now toast to the demise of punk rock.

Punk's dead, not as a form of creative musical expression, but as a viable economic enterprise. Scott Soriano talked about the economic collapse of punk rock in *MRR* #211, using Mordam's move from the Bay Area to Sacramento in pursuit of lower wages and reduced overhead and Too Many Records' decision to fold due to lack of record sales in order to illustrate the sad state of punk rock economics. To this I gleefully add the failure of punk 'zines like *Shredding Paper* and *Hit List*. Former *MRR* columnist Mel Cheplowitz, and *MRR* co-founder and former columnist Jeff Bale made no secret of their desire to take down this 'zine, so I was delighted first when these two egomaniacs couldn't manage to work together on a single publication, and second when their two sorry 'zines finally went belly up. No doubt neither Cheplowitz nor Bale will admit that *rigor mortis* has set in, and given the irregularity with which most punk 'zines publish, a new issue or two of *Shredding Paper* or *Hit List* might belatedly appear. As direct competitors to *MRR* with the intent of driving a wooden stake through this 'zine's heart however, they're history.

This crippling contraction of the punk rock market means that folks on the scene can no longer become millionaires selling punk rock music to the kids. The DIY punk ethic had all the trappings of self-reliant "pull yourself up by your own bootstraps" American individualism, and it produced a handful of "rags to riches" punk Horatio Algers like Jello Biafra, Larry Livermore and Ruth Schwartz. These punk rock millionaires enjoy their wealth thanks to their exploitation of the punk community, and they should be reminded constantly that their affluent lifestyles are possible only through the commodification and commercialization of punk music. *MRR* was always critical of Jello Biafra's rock star whoring of the Dead Kennedys in particular and punk rock in general, but when Jello was denounced as a sellout and beaten up at Gilman Street in 1994, everyone deplored what happened to him. Jello of course tried to blame everything on *MRR*, claiming that we created the atmosphere that encouraged such violence, so many of Jello's critics felt vindicated when the rest of the members of the Dead Kennedys took Mr. Biafra to court and proved him to be the slimy capitalist motherfucker we all knew him to be in the first place. I'll go the next step and say that what happened to Jello Biafra at Gilman Street was a good thing. Whenever punk rock millionaires show up to a gig or other scene event, we should give them the "Jello treatment."

We need to terrorize these asswipes at every opportunity for ripping off punk rock. I'm being quite liberal when I say this. I should insist on one capitalist, one bullet.

April Fools!

I could have expanded on this vitriolic theme for a couple more pages, but I decided to declare the joke now. That's because certain folks simply don't get it. I wrote a column last April in which I ranted on and on about hating Germans. A seemingly intelligent person like Jeff Bale just couldn't get it through his thick skull that it was an April Fools column. Given that certain folks take me too literally I quote that cartoon character Foghorn Leghorn in saying: "It's a joke, son, I say it's a joke!" Other than noticing that both *Shredding Paper* and *Hit List* missed an issue or two I have no knowledge of either 'zine's status. Nor have I any desire to eradicate punk rock's petty *bourgeoisie*. At least not before the music industry *bourgeoisie* is exterminated.

The provocative opening is a way to introduce this column's subject, and a particularly vicious contradiction in "Lefty" Hooligan's politics to boot. Let's begin with that always lively topic, freedom of speech in particular and free expression in general. It's hard to find anyone associated with punk rock who doesn't champion free speech. Nor would it be too much to say that free expression is at the very essence of punk. What with Biafra's fight over the Giger poster in the *Frankenchrist* album and GG Allin's regular performance style, at the very least free expression is the scene's equivalent of flag, apple pie and mom to the patriot. In other words, it's a cardinal principle without which punk just wouldn't be punk.

Crass opportunists and former employers aside then, those who claim to uphold free speech/free expression in punk can be divided roughly into two basic types. First consider the free speech absolutists. Folks like Mykel Board in other words. One of the great debates in this subject is whether we should defend the right to free speech for individuals and groups who would use their free speech to overthrow the government, overturn the Constitution and establish a tyranny that would deny free speech to others. Free speech absolutists, as their label indicates, believe that freedom of speech is an unwavering principle to be maintained above all else, against not just government censorship but also against the censorship of society, social institutions and groups, corporations, even individuals. Whereas the ACLU merely defends the right of Nazis to demonstrate and speak in public against government restriction, Mykel once declared as a Jew he'd be on the front lines defending Skrewdriver's right to play concerts in New York against all those demonstrating pc leftist punks.

Those who see free speech and free expression as principles to be balanced with and sometimes superseded by other principles can be considered free speech pragmatists by contrast. In the debate whether to curtail free speech to individuals or groups who, once in power, would turn around and deny free speech to the rest of us, free speech pragmatists do not automatically defend freedom of speech. Jeff Bale, in *Hit List*, has commented that groups like the German-American Bund and the Communist Party-USA were not only willing to use their Constitutionally guaranteed freedoms to organize for the suppression of these freedoms for others, but that these organizations were agents of foreign powers bent on establishing tyrannical regimes in service of either Berlin or Moscow. National security interests thus outweighed free speech principles in these instances, and freedom of speech for members of these organizations needed to be severely limited. Unfortunately, Jeff Bale's free speech pragmatism doesn't stop there.

Jeff likes to claim that *Hit List* is so very open minded because he even allowed me, good ol' infantile commie "Lefty" Hooligan, to write for his 'zine. Bale lies by the convenient omission of certain facts. I wrote one book review for *Hit List* on Craig O'Hara's *The Philosophy of Punk* as a favor to my publisher, AK Press, under the pseudonym Nick Homicides. The idea was to give exposure to AK Press books in a brand new forum, but when I went to submit my second book review to Jeff Bale, he informed me that I could no longer write for *Hit List*. It seems that fellow *Hit List* honcho Mel Cheplowitz objected to me writing for the magazine because I was one of the people who helped purge Mel from *MRR* for throwing a fit at our coordinators. Mel gave Jeff an ultimatum; if "Lefty" Hooligan was permitted to write for *Hit List*, Mel would not. Jeff Bale's free speech pragmatism hit a new low when he knuckled to Mel's demand and censored my writing. I've been the editor of my own 'zine

before and I've faced the irate contributor who has said: "If so-and-so writes for you, I won't." My attitude has always been; tough shit, I won't censor one contributor simply because another one has a personal problem with the individual. In line with Jello Biafra's response to Tim Yo's efforts to narrow *MRR*'s definition of punk rock by refusing advertising and coverage of music Tim no longer considered punk, I should get t-shirts printed with the slogan: BANNED FROM HIT LIST!

Me, I'm actually a pragmatic absolutist when it comes to free speech and free expression. I don't believe that free speech is some inviolate principle to be valued above all else. Never mind fascists, I personally won't work with Leninists on the Left because, once in power, Leninists would not only deny socialists of my persuasion our basic freedoms, they'd no doubt throw people like me into their American version of a Soviet gulag. Yet, when it comes to the government suppressing the free speech rights of a slimy Leninist organization as odious as the Revolutionary Communist Party, I reluctantly become a free speech absolutist and come to the RCP's defense. Hell, I won't even support Leftist efforts to get KKK-style cross burning legally reclassified from symbolic speech to a hate crime so that it can be banned. My logic is that, once a precedent is set for the state banning freedom of speech on the extreme right, the government will immediately turn that precedent around to banning free speech on the Left. In order to guarantee free speech for the Left against the US government, which is notoriously anti-Leftist, we need to secure freedom of speech for even our worst enemies.

While I sympathize with those who would deny free speech to Nazis because the fascists would use their freedom of speech to gain political power and then abolish all free speech, I think actually doing so would be extremely short sighted. I like to illustrate this with the Communist Party's relationship to the Smith Act. During the Great Depression, the Stalinist CP-USA pursued a two track political policy. On the one hand, they organized workers, the unemployed and racial minorities into increasingly militant unions, demonstrations and actions against a diseased American capitalism, while on the other hand they infiltrated the Democratic Party, attempted to gain respectability by associating themselves with Roosevelt's New Deal reforms and lobbied for American support of the Soviet Union and its allies in their war against Nazi Germany. The much more radical, Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party challenged the CP's working class organizing with unequivocal opposition to the war, open domestic class warfare and calls for outright socialist revolution. When the American ruling class responded to the threat posed by the likes of the SWP with the 1940 Smith Act—which outlawed any form of expression that advocated the violent overthrow of the US government and criminalized resistance to military service during peacetime—the CP tacitly supported the use of the Smith Act to suppress the SWP. Eighteen SWP leaders were arrested by the FBI in 1941, and tried and convicted by 1943, effectively decimating the CP's ideological nemesis and chief competition on the US Left. Then under Truman's administration in 1949, with the second World War ended and the Soviet Union no longer our ally, eleven CP members were arrested, tried and convicted under the Smith Act.

This free speech pragmatic absolutism on my part is not the vicious contradiction I mentioned above however. You see, I've also got great sympathy for the old Industrial Workers of the World class war tactic of terrorizing the *bourgeoisie*. In the first couple of decades of the twentieth century, the American capitalist ruling class thought nothing of machine gunning striking workers and starving out their families. Workers carrying an IWW card thought it only appropriate that capitalists and their lackies occasionally got a taste of their own medicine, reminding themselves that their bosses had families too. While assassination attempts against capitalists, like Berkman's against Frick, were rare, acts of sabotage, like the felling of a tree that took out a particularly brutal foreman or a mine explosion that wacked an especially cruel pit boss, were not uncommon, especially in the west where IWW organizing was more free wheeling. And when Pinkerton guards were called out to suppress labor unrest, those hired thugs of the ruling class were often met with armed IWW workers willing to defend themselves.

In this, the IWW was simply carrying on in the grand tradition of the Mollie Maguires who, in the 1870's, dynamited coal mines, derailed trains, burned down coal "breakers," and threatened and shot company watchmen and officials during labor disputes. The idea was to make capitalists and their henchmen realize that their power and person were not secure so long as they continued to oppress and exploit their workers. Unfortunately, this honorable heritage of class terror was muzzled during the 1930's/'40's, in part due to CP influence in the militant union organizing efforts of the CIO and direct government suppression of the street fighting, SWP-led Teamsters Union in Minneapolis. Working class terror against the ruling class has all but disappeared or gone entirely underground since the second World War, like the US labor movement in general. And much as I'd like to have it otherwise, the current trend of disgruntled workers "going postal" and shooting up their workplaces is not a return to class terror in that the workers tend to shoot their fellow workers and not their bosses.

Still, this trend of armed "work rage" is making management and ownership much more leery of overtly fucking with workers and extremely cautious as to how they discipline or fire their employees. This is a good thing, despite the complete lack of class consciousness in those workers who do "go postal." Now, if we could just up the ante of intimidation and get angry workers to turn their guns on their supervisors, managers and bosses instead of against their fellow wage slaves. It should be obvious to everyone by now that there is a direct conflict between my desire to guarantee free speech even to my worst enemies and my advocacy of working class intimidation and terror against the *bourgeoisie* and its lackeys. As workers have long known, it's extremely difficult to exercise freedom of speech while being subjected to harassment, intimidation and terror.

Realizing my own contradictions and resolving them are two entirely different things. I honestly can't say I'm able to reconcile my sentiments on freedom of speech with my passion for class war. One thing's for certain, solving my contradiction by declaring working class terrorism obsolete is not an option. Those who would argue that such tactics might have been suitable for the first half of the twentieth century but are no longer appropriate in our more civil times haven't done much wage labor. To keep yourself and your family from starving, you have to give somebody else a minimum of eight hours a day, five days a week, for forty plus years of your life. Many individuals have more than one job and many families have more than one breadwinner just to survive. You're forced to sell your time, labor and what you produce with them for a wage that can't buy back any of the first two and only a small fraction of the last. The workplace itself is essentially a totalitarian environment that would make the old Soviet Union proud. You have none of your Constitutionally guaranteed freedoms of speech, press, assembly, etc. on the job, and indeed you can be legally fired for trying to exercise them. Your boss can regulate your time at work down to the finest details; telling you how to do your job, when you can eat lunch, even when you can go to the bathroom. Your boss can monitor the number of keystrokes you make, your telephone conversations, even your emails with impunity. Your boss can legally test you for drugs you might use when you're not at work, prevent you from exercising your free speech off the job by prohibiting you from revealing anything that happens while at work, even stipulate that anything you invent on the job belongs to the boss. Your boss can fire you for any major or minor, real or imagined violation of the above, for reporting on your boss's illegal activities, or for no reason at all.

Ignore what capitalism has done to politics and society. Working class harassment, intimidation and terror against the ruling class and its minions are fitting responses to this stultifying, fascistic workplace environment alone. So I'm stuck in my contradiction after all. There's bound to be inconsistencies as a consequence, but there's also a creative tension between conflicting positions that's likely to be fruitful in the long run. Truthfully confronting my contradictions permits me to sidestep accusations of hypocrisy as well. I'm genuinely interested in pursuing two different ideals that conflict in practice.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book. *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. I can be contacted at

hooligan@sirius.com.

"Come on," Jolly says to the cab driver with the turban on his head, "ya gotta have something."

I tell Jolly to shut his mouth as he and I wait in the cab for Holmstrom to buy some beer in the store on the corner of Worth and Broadway.

"But I gotta have something," whines Jolly, who used to be "The Resident Punk" at Punk Magazine, "anything at all!"

I calmly explain to Jolly that John Holmstrom, the editor of Punk Magazine, and our pal, is in the process of buying us beer so we can get more fucked up.

"I'm tired of beer," yells Jolly, "you just drink it and drink it and you get drunk and it's boring."

I look at him with his white-man afro right out of the Seventies, and wonder if there is any gray matter left beneath it.

"Man, I wanna get high!" says Jolly.

"Hi," says the cabbie to Jolly.

"Bro," says Jolly to the cabbie, "You gotta get me fucked up. You got any pot, Bro?"

The cabbie says nothing.

"Come on, Bro," says Jolly, "some marijuana. Weed. You know, pot!"

The cabbie either doesn't understand Jolly, or is ignoring him. I'd like to think it was the second.

"Dude," I say to The Resident Punk, "I can see Holmstrom in there now buying chips and shit to go along with the beer. Chill."

"But I wanna get high!" yells Jolly.

"Hi," repeats the cabbie, like a spice-soaked parrot.

"Buddah," Jolly says to the cabbie, "you got to have something. You have to enlighten us."

"Light?" the guys says from the front seat as he turns on the cab's interior lights.

"No," yells Jolly, "Something to fuck us up. Drugs."

"Yeah," I chime in, figuring the conversation couldn't get any stupider, and I was bored of waiting for Holmstrom.

"Drugs," repeats Jolly.

"Like Heroin," I say.

"Harem?" asks the driver, "I like harem. Girls. Yes."

Just then Holmstrom opened the back left door near Jolly, and slid in with a case of beer.

"Hey guys," he says to us, "I got the beer."

"I'm tired of beer," says Jolly, and then begins to ask the driver for pot all over again.

*

It was the night of the 25th anniversary of Punk Magazine party at CBGB, and just as with my wacky cab ride later that evening, the preceding events were both stupid, repetitive, and funny.

The party had started at six at the CBGB gallery, where artists like Roberta Bayley, Bob Gruen, Niagara, and John Holmstrom had hung their artwork for public display.

I, of course, missed the entire art opening as it's really not my thing. Besides, "Temptation Island" was on TV, as well as a really good Lifetime movie where this woman goes crazy and kills her cheating husband, and then gets put on trial and loses custody of her kid. Or was it the kid who killed the father and the mother covered it up? Maybe it was the mother's friend who had the affair with her husband then shot him? Cripes. I can't remember.

Anyway, like I said, art shows aren't my thing. I knew there would be lots of "punk celebrity" types there, and of course, as I later found out, there were. But those people drive me nuts.

And that's probably why I did what I did when my band Furious George played our set that night.

I arrived at CB's around 9:15. Just in time to catch the end of Charm School, one of my favorite local bands. Following them were Napalm Stars, which feature my friend, Tim Steigal, who, when he talks, which is 24/7, sounds like Tennessee Tuxedo and Jello Biafra on speed. He's really funny. For a glam rock pussy, that is.

Anyway, as his band gets on stage with some sissy from Hanoi Rocks, my bass player Stevie and I start to get really wasted. We drink a couple of shots of Jose Cuervo, and follow them up with a few bottles of Rolling Rock.

Sometime later I find myself in the basement of the club, which, in the last decade or so, has become it's own sort of swinging lounge. There I find Hilly Kristal, owner of CBGB World (the east side of Bowery, between First and Second Street). Hilly is talking to some hot chick who turns out to be Elda from The Stilettos. I tell her she was my teenage crush, which is true, and that she still looks the same. Which is also true.

Then I drink some more, go upstairs and see Holmstrom pied in the face by some ECW Wrestlers, and return to the basement where I proceed to get really wasted on some drugs some guys and girls give me.

As I'm getting more and more fucked up, I start running into a lot of punk rockers I recognize from "the old days". I mean, THE OLD DAYS. Like the Ramones third album days.

Anyway, these punk rockers all look, well, old. The men have beer bellies and are balding, and the women, well, look tired. And I bet they all live in the 'burbs and drive those ugly Jeep things.

So I start getting pissed. I mean, what happened? These people now look like the same old hippies we made fun of at Dead Boys shows.

A lot more bands play, including the all-mighty Thor and The Dictators, as well as Niagara, who, not just in my opinion, shoulda worn some MORE clothes. Then Furious George is up.

Stevie and I get on stage, and I actually wonder who is more fucked up. The kid did drink a lot, but I think I have him beat because of the drugs. But he does plug his bass into a guitar amp and yells and screams it doesn't sound right, so maybe he was higher. Then again, he is a bass player....

Michael, our drummer, borrows some drum shit from another band because I forgot to tell him to bring his cymbals and snare, and finally, we are ready to play.

"It's great to be here at the 25th Anniversary of Maximumrocknroll!" I say into the mic as the audience of old punk rockers just stare at us. I introduce our guest bass player for our first song, Sonic Reducer, and it is none other than Jeff Magnum from the Dead Boys. I put Evan, my old bass player on guitar, and I take off my shirt and sing.

The audience is not impressed. Even though I shaved my chest for the event. A few people clap, but most just choose to ignore us, and talk about how they were so "cool" back in the day.

We do our second and third songs with our regular line-up and a few more people clap, but no one really seems to be paying attention. Except the guy with the mohawk and his girlfriend up front. The guy looks to be a little older than twenty, and his chick, well, she's wearing leather pants and a leather shirt, and from the right angle (above her, which I was) I could see her breasts. Nice. How you doin'?

As we are about to start our next song, someone yells we suck. I say some smart ass remark back, and more people start yelling we suck.

And then I start to feel more at home. I hurl a few more insults out and hear Sticca, the stage manager, telling me to shut up and play.

"I'm not gonna shut-up and play," I say into the mic.

The audience tells me I should.

"Fuck you you bunch of fucking hippie pussies," I yell.

"Fuck You!", the audience yells back.

"Fuck me?" I yell, "Fuck you. I'm still up here playing. What are any of you doing? Driving your kids around to soccer practice in your Volvos? Getting drunk and watching golf?"

People start to spit at me and a few bottles are thrown. I'm hit in the leg and it hurts.

"You know something?" I ask, as I begin to feel the devil horns sprouting from my bleached white head, "back in the day, you know, when you were all 'oh-so-popular', none of you paid any attention to me. And certainly, none of you fucked me."

More bottles and spit.

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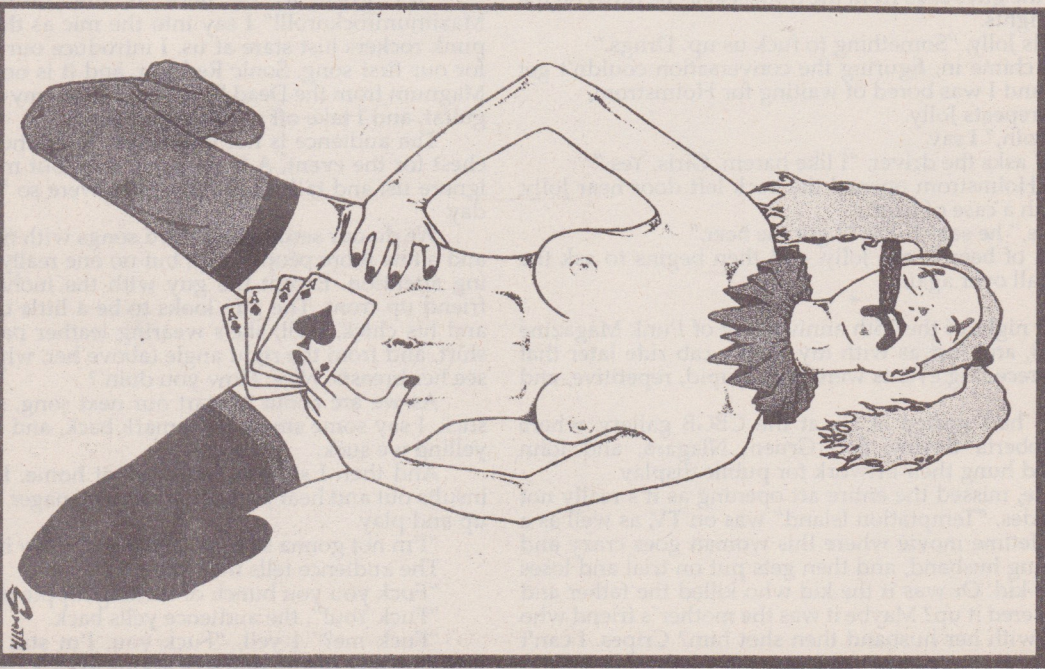

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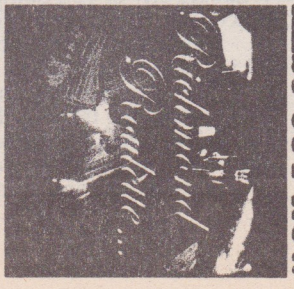

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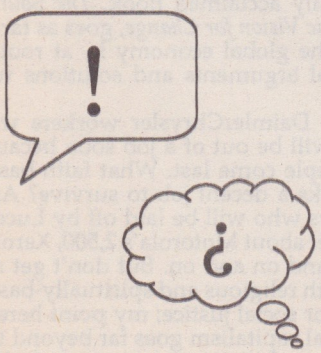

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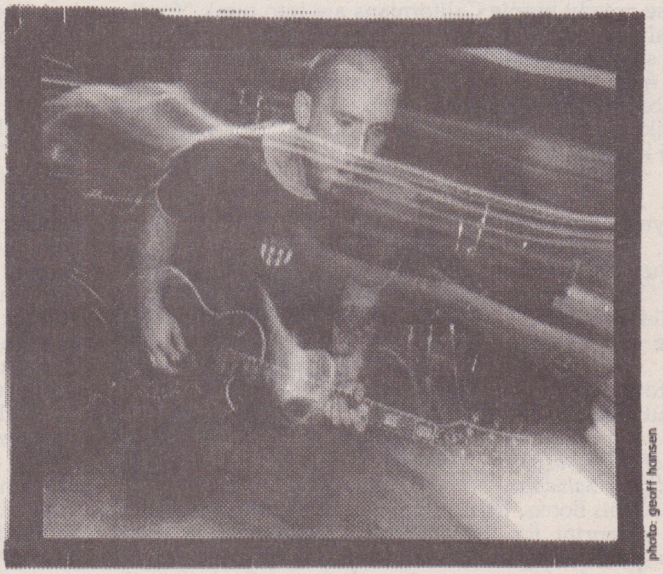

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I look over to Stevie and Michael, who just shrug their shoulders.

"And I'm glad you didn't fuck me," I continue, "because you were skanky then, and you're just as skanky now."

The booing starts, and the mohawked kid gets all offended, as does his girlfriend.

"Shut up," I tell the both of them, "you were just sperm when this was going on."

I then go on to tell the crowd that I was cute "back in the day" and that the girls should have fucked me, and the guys should have been nice to me instead of beating me up on a constant basis.

"But look at you now," I say to the audience, "your pussies all stink like cat vomit, your tits sag to your knees, and you guys couldn't even get it up with Viagra!"

The crowd turns from pleasantly not amused to downright hostile.

So we play a few more songs, and then I start in again.

"You know something?" I say to the men and women of the audience.

"What?" some people mutter back.

"I don't need your tired pussies, or your punk rock pity. I'm fucking your daughters."

"What did you just say?," yells some old punk rock chick with dyed black hair near the bar.

"I said I'm banging your kids. I'm eating up their nubile nectar, and taking them from behind better than their daddies ever could!"

At that point I think it all degenerated into hell. But I'm not sure. All I remember is after our last song, when we went to the back of the stage, Legs McNeil, The Resident Punk at Punk Magazine, before Jolly, gave me a look.

A look of stunned amusement and wonder.

Like that of a newborn baby.

He had once told me that punk rock was dead.

I think, maybe, just maybe, he changed his mind.

Endnotes:

1. Jolly's band, The Sun Demons, who have a self-released CD out now, rules.
2. Punk Magazine #0, The 25th Anniversary Edition is out now! Get it!
3. I just heard that MRR is selling Tim's record collection. What they shoulda done was record all the songs, turn them into MP3s, put them up on an MRR site, and made them free. But it figures those greedy hippie Californians are into punk "for the money." I always knew it, now I'm proven right! Smelly bastards. Take some showers, huh? And cripes, when you do get the money from poor 'ol dead Tim's records, why not find at LEAST a nice place for MRR. That creepy old squat that they are now in is like so gross. Rats, cobwebs, no water or electricity, and eek, no kitchen!

A few years ago I visited Peru. I traveled around, but I mostly stayed in the capital, Lima. While in Lima, I visited the progressive "liberation theology" church founded by Gustavo Gutierrez. In his canonical work, *A Theology of Liberation: History, Politics, Salvation* (Maryknoll: Orbis Books, 1973), Gutierrez put forth a theoretical and moral blueprint for the church's involvement in social movements (particularly in Central and Latin America). I have always been intrigued by progressive religious folks, especially those who claim to include a "Marxist analysis" and "Christian faith" in their organizing theories/practices for social justice. In the early stages of the Civil Rights Movement, many activists and ministers in the U.S. South also saw the church and all the social networks that came from it as a window of opportunity in the fight against Jim Crow segregation. Again, I read and learned about what these faith-based social movements were able to accomplish and on the one hand, feel inspired, and on the other, see these movements with much skepticism.

Recently, on the way, way, other side of faith-based movements has been good-old President George W. Bush and his "compassionate conservatism" efforts to "reinvent government" with the help of religious groups and organizations. On January 29th of this year, President Bush (el pendejo de los mas pendejos), signed two executive orders to give more money to community and faith-based organizations. As part of the one executive order, the Bush administration established the "White House Office of Faith-Based and Community Initiatives" to serve as a liaison to nonprofit groups and churches as a component in government programs for drug addicts, homeless, prisoners, unemployed people, gang-violence, and the mentally ill. "When we see social needs in America," Bush said in a press conference announcing his faith-based executive orders, "my administration will look first to faith-based programs and community groups, which have proven their power to change and save lives" (*New York Times* 1/31/01, A18).

How will the government determine who and how will the goodies get distributed? According to John J. DiIulio Jr., a University of Pennsylvania professor who will head Bush's theocracy, "We will work with what is effective," and went on to paraphrase the Bible, "And ye shall know this and us by our works" (*NYTimes* 1/31/01, A18).

But it's not just the religious right who wants us to believe that Bush's religious-based initiative is a good way to aid social work that is rooted in religion. In a recent Op-Ed, David Cole, a self-described "card-carrying liberal" who is a correspondent for *The Nation* and author of the excellent book, *No Equal Justice: Race and Class in the American Criminal Justice System*, argued that since faith-based social services give people the material things that they need to get by, why then critique Bush's initiative? In comparing Clinton's lock 'em-up-and-throw-away-the-key strategy of dealing with poor and homeless people, Cole encourages us to celebrate the Bush initiative. "We liberals should be glad that President Bush is starting off on a different foot," wrote Cole (*NY Times* 1/31/01, A25).

In the same week that the Bush administration announced the establishment of the White House Office of Faith-Based Initiatives, the Federal Reserve reported that the nation's economic health seemed to be heading for a recession similar to that of the early 1990s. The recent wave of corporate downsizing in the last few months by some of the nations biggest corporations has contributed to the real fear of an economic recession. One must wonder how convenient it is that, at a time of growing economic insecurity and increased polarization between the rich and the poor, religion and other faith-based groups are now highly promoted as the model for dealing with unemployment, homelessness, and the high-rate of imprisonment. "What the experts have shown is that crime is caused by the lack of moral training during the morally formative years," argued Charles W. Colson, Chairman of Prison Fellowship Ministries and a participant in Bush's initiative, "There has to be a moral solution, a transformation of the individual" (*Los Angeles Times* 1/31/01, A13, Op-Ed). On the left-liberal side, Jim Wallis in his 1994 critically acclaimed book, *The Soul of Politics: A Practical and Prophetic Vision for Change*, goes as far as to argue that the, "crisis of the global economy is, at root, a moral one; and mere political arguments and solutions will prove inadequate" (p. 72).

I think about the 26,000 DaimlerChrysler workers who were recently told that they will be out of a job soon because profits always come first, people come last. What faith-based movement will give these folks a decent job to survive? And what about the 16,000 workers who will be laid off by Lucent Technologies? And don't forget about Motorola's 2,500, Xerox's 4,000, Amazon.com's 1,300s, and on and on. But don't get me wrong, I have no problems with religious and spiritually-based social movements that fight for social justice; my point here is to stress that the crisis of global capitalism goes far beyond the "morality" (or "lack-of") in people (yes, even for people like Bush). Our analysis should take into consideration the many different social *structural* levels in which society is organized and is reproduced. Ideas do not exist in a vacuum. In hard times like these we must remember what our French comrades once declared: *"be realistic—demand the impossible."*

There's a fine line between shitty bar rock and full throttle punk. Lately, it's been crossed way too much. Really, where and when did muddled AC/DC and Metallica riffs become so prevalent? When are they gonna go away? Not soon enough...

I don't know when it came out and I can only guess it's on Radio Blast, but the MOORAT FINGERS' new(?) 7", *I Don't Know/I Hate To Love You* hits with a deadly one-two knockout. Both songs have awesome scorching guitars and absolutely vicious vocals that sound like the singer is eating you alive. They hit that spot between loud, hard and melodic that I can't get enough of. Moorat Fingers are a perfect example of how you can play fast without just ripping through generic hardcore riffs, how you can play loud without sounding like a wanky bar band and how you can come off as sounding dangerous without having to hit your head with barbed wire or sing about beating up girls. These guys do it right.

Jon Von (ex-MR. T EXPERIENCE, ex-RIP OFFS) has resurfaced on a single by LES DRAGUEURS, a French band. I wanted to like this record, but the choppy singing keeps the record from having a solid flow. That is, the vocals and instruments don't mesh together well. Instead of going through your veins smoothly, these two songs leave you jagged, staggering with a headache. I'm anxious to hear their next record. Maybe if they down a few more bottles of wine before they record, loosen up a bit, the songs would have more wild, spontaneous energy. (Wild Wild/BP 55 92123 Montrouge cedex/France)

Ken Rock (Fabriksgatan 39B/412 51 Goteborg/Sweden) has long ago established itself as a record label of quality. Continuing in that fine tradition, Ken Rock gives the world a split 7" with the GOLDEN GUINEAS and RANDY CAPTAIN DYNAMITE HORNROCKER AND HIS WORLD FAMOUS LOADED HOODS. In typical Ken Rock fashion, this is limited (to 500 copies). In typical Ken Rock fashion, this single is a steaming load of hot, trashy punk turds, complete with stink lines and flies. Randy Captain promises 100% bass player-free, no overdubs, what-you-see-is-what-you-get noise and deliver on their promise in spades. The Golden Guineas go more for the throat, jumping on you like a pack of pit bulls with loud as shit guitars. Another winner from Ken Rock!

I missed the HIVES 10" this month, but I did get my hands on their new 7" on Green Hell (von Steuben-Str. 17/D-48143 Münster/Germany / www.greenhell.de). I imagine they're pretty great to see live—choppy, strong songs that roll forward at a nearly unstoppable pace, snowballing two guitars into a rhythmic firestorm. They remind me of (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY, without the R&B influence, which gives them a distinctive sound. Now I gotta go find the 10" and anything else they've done.

Last month I wrote lovingly of the ultra-limited new DIRTBOMBS 7" on Solid Sex Lovie Doll. If you missed out on it, fear not! Hate Records is here to give you your fix of Mick Collins. Four songs of blustery guitars that sound like a blizzard covering Detroit potholed streets.

Well, only two songs really count—two of the songs on the *Brucia I Cavi* 7" are little more than short snips of fucking around in the studio. On "Temp," the Dirtbombs race through a song that sounds like a BAD BRAINS outtake, circa 1979. Then the title track is nothing but guitar interference and a drumbeat. Still, the two proper songs stand up to the high standards the Dirtbombs have established for themselves. You won't be disappointed.

Geez, I've been going off about the FLAKES for how long now, like three years? After all this time, the Bay Area boys have finally put out a 7"! This record, *Bip Bam Boom!*, (Just Add Water/PO Box 420661/San Francisco, CA 94142/www.justaddwaterrecords.com) catches the more DMZ/LYRES side of their sound and finally gives the rest of the world a taste (but just a very small taste) of the stormin' good time fun of the Flakes.

Also on the homefront, the ROCK AND ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS take you to an Oakland party on their debut 7". Three songs (same three songs on both sides), recorded live at what sounds like a party. The sound is thin, the songs are sloppy, the singing is totally out of key, it's beautiful! Three songs are all you need to know these kids are having a blast and the in-between raucous crowd cheering confirms the crowd is in on the good time. They do two covers, the TAMRONS' "Wildman" (from *Back From the Grave* 4) and the party pleasing "Twist and Shout." Their one original song, "She's a Dork and I Like Her," is super simple and a bit more poppy than their wild renditions of the above mentioned garage classics. Look for the proper review in the review section for the address...or email them at: rocknrolladventurekids@hotmail.com. Get it while it's HOT!!!

Once I saw LOST SOUNDS had a new 7" coming out on Empty, I was all over the Mordam updates, ready to pounce the second it was out. Well, it's out. All I've gotta say is Jay Reatards must have been listening to a lot of WIRE lately. The first song, "1+1 = Nothing" has all the lurking creepiness of a *Pink Flag*-era song. The flip side offers a harsher edge, but if you're looking for more REATARDS-like mayhem, look elsewhere, 'cause you're not getting it here. Supposedly there's an LP due out in the near future...?

Believe it or not, there's yet another GIZMOS CD coming out. After the double CD of every bit of Ken Highland's pre-Gizmos noodling put to tape, you're probably asking, "What else could there be?" Well, there could be the *Hoosier Hysteria* LP. But we aren't that lucky. This time Gulcher continues to test the limits of your Gizmos fandom by offering eight never before released songs recorded in 1981.

By this time, the band had relocated to New York and had stripped down to a four piece of unquestionably good musicianship. Gone were the days of goofball, cornfed humor. This is the version of the Gizmos led by Dale Lawrence (later of the VULGAR BOATMEN). This is the version of the Gizmos that gave us the wonderful song, "The Midwest Can Be Allright (sic)," which appeared on the also classic (and past due for reissue status) comp, *Red Snerts*. You can get all your Gulcher goodies (and lots more!) from an awesome new distro in Portland called Dave Hill Distribution:
(PO Box 25037/Portland, OR 97298-0037/http://www.figment.com/~jme/).

Last month I mentioned two new STOOGES bootlegs, a 7" and an LP. I tracked down a copy of the 7" at Red Devil Records in Petulama (a hidden treasure of a record store). It's the two songs not originally released with *Funhouse*, "Lost in the Future" and "Slide (Slidin' the Blues)." The single was pricey, but not as much as it'd cost you to get a copy of the now out-of-print box set. They've been selling on eBay for over $220. I'm sure the LP will surface soon. It's probably an alternate version of *Funhouse*, which is cool only if you know the original album inside and out (as you should).

The reissue gush has largely slowed down this month. SHOCK's 7", *This Generation's On Vacation* got the repo reissue treatment, but that's about it. Use this unusually quiet moment in the world of reissues to breathe.

Or use this quiet moment to catch up on some '60s reissues! Be sure to get the *East Side Sound, Volume* 2 album on Bacchus Archives. While this volume doesn't come near the mind-blowing amazingness of volume one (really, it's a fucking amazing album...get it...and be sure to get it on CD, you'll be treated to loads of extra tracks), it's still a load of fun. THEE ENCHANTERS stand out as the best band, sure to rock you with their song, "I'm In Love With Your Daughter, part 2."

If you get only one record this month, make sure it's the PLEASURE SEEKERS reissue 45 on Norton. The Pleasure Seekers, as you may or may not know, were Suzi Quatro's first band. "Who gives a fuck?" you say. Not me...but the title song on here, "What A Way To Die," is one of the absolute best songs *EVER!!!* Words don't do it justice...just go out, shell out the $3 or $4 it'll cost you, put it on your turntable, turn up the volume, crack open a Strohs or Pabst and marvel at the magnificence of this song.

Penniman Records (PO Box 32142/08080 Barcelona/Spain) also steps back to the '60s to bring you two big songs from the DOWNLINERS SECT.

"Cadillac" and "Roll Over Beethoven" were recorded as demos by these then-young lads back in the summer of 1963. Though these songs have become fairly standard today, the

dard today, the 'Sect's versions are worth checking out and a must for the next party you're asked to play a few records at.

If you're a schmuck stuck at your computer all day and have the freedom to listen to internet radio stations, I've got a few plugs here. Antenna Internet Radio (www.antennaradio.com) deserves another mention because not only do they have a great thing going, but they just added a new show, No Count Dance Party. As the name suggests, Jay Hinman brings you wild, raucous songs from the '50s and '60s. He plays a good mix of stuff, a lot of it culled from comps and reissues. The show gets updated weekly and I've yet to run into a lame mix. Also, be sure to check out Gift Wrapped Crap, the show focusing on a lot of the same stuff I write about in this column.

My second internet radio plug is for a station I programmed. For my day job, I work at an internet company (who in the Bay Area doesn't...well, a lot of people now that everybody's getting canned) called Listen.com (www.listen.com). It's not great, it's not horrible. It's a job. I get to write about music. I also get to program internet radio stations, including my own station, Feral. It's a mix of rock'n'roll from the '50s up to stuff that came out last week—kind of a cross between the No Count Dance Party and Gift Wrapped Crap. To listen to it you gotta have a PC (not Mac–which is totally fucking lame) and you gotta download their clunky player, which is also lame. But if you do check it out, let me know what you think.

The long-delayed Turbojugend mailorder has finally launched. Though I realized beforehand that it would just be a big marketing/merchandising/cashing in ploy, seeing it in action turned even my Turbo-hungry stomach. It's basically just a mailorder for everything imaginable emblazoned with the TURBONEGRO logo. Watches, t-shirts, sailor caps, patches, pins and, of course, denim jackets. You might pause after learning the denim jackets sell for about $125! There's talk of mouse pads (huh?) and hooded sweatshirts as well...me, I'm just waiting for the *Small Feces* LP.

That's it. I broke my wrist skating, so my replies will be slower than usual (if you can believe that was possible). As usual, you can check out my columns (and other great writing about music) at Blank Generation: www.blankgeneration.com. Until next month...keep your music loud!

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So, last month's column got stuck somewhere in the mess of our digital society and there wasn't one yet again. Here's what last month was supposed to say...

I've been coming to grips with the reality that this column has gotten pretty stale. Besides a five-month tour diary of a little-known band, written by someone who wasn't even in the band, most of my recent entries have been pretty dang boring. I've found that since I've had the opportunity to write about anything that comes to mind, I can't really seem to come with any subject matter that is focused, instead writing vaguely about vague concepts, and almost always within the last few days of the deadline (if not a few days past). In fairness to myself, the past two and half years have been pretty nuts—it's been non-stop go the whole time. But since the tour this summer, I've settled down in Madison, WI, and even though my life now is still about as crazy as ever, I'm pretty settled in and have the capability to write decent columns (or focused ones at least).

So I've decided to go back to the roots here and write again about our good friends in the corporate world. It will differ a bit from the old pick-a-company-and-slag-it format of my old "corporate know-who" columns. Instead, I'll be writing about issues pertaining to various aspects of the vast wasteland of the business (read: ruling class) world. Every now and then I might target a particular corporation or industry, but for the most part I want to try and focus on a range of up-to-date happenings in the corporate sector.

My motivations for this are many. Besides the conclusion of my old columns being boring, I feel that this magazine is deserving of something more interesting and relevant. There have been some fantastic changes coming from MRR HQ lately and I've been appreciating this magazine much more than I have in the past. The columns have gotten better, the news section has gotten better, the interviews have gotten better; I'm back to the point where I actually sit down and read an issue cover-to-cover. A big hurrah to current pilots of this vessel, for they have a damn good sense of direction.

Furthermore, corporations and globalization have become rather popular issues of protest in the past year and a half or so. The movement against big business has grown pretty big and strong of late and I'd like to think that we would want to stay on top of the current issues pertaining to it, since the battle against the money machines will probably last longer than a few days. I will gladly assist in exposing these rulers and their myths of freedom and democracy in whatever small way I can.

So, new subject matter, new column header, new address where you can reach me—all coming next month.

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In other news, my life in Madison is great. Aside from working way more than I need to, I've also become the "zine coordinator" (oh, the prestige) at a local radical bookstore (I've always hated that title; what exactly is so "radical" about critical thinking?). Anyhow, zine geeks take note!! Send me a copy of your zine and I'll gladly take a look-see at it and, assuming it's good (which doesn't mean it has to be "radical" or political or otherwise classifiable), I'll try to carry it in the store. If you do want to send one, please send some info on prices and how I can ahold of more. Directly from you is fine, but I will admit that distros make my life easier. Here's the address: Rainbow Bookstore Co-op, c/o Nathan Berg, 426 W. Gilman St., Madison, WI, 53703.

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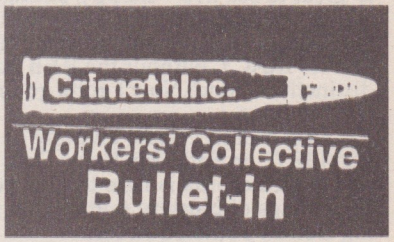
I was recently informed that MRR is going to be dumping off it's record collection in the name of financial burden. This bums me out as I've seen the collection in question a few times and, as cheesy as it might sound, it really is one of the coolest things I've ever seen. However, I'm sure that there'll be some purists who will gripe about MRR not being "punk" or caving in at the slightest hint of hard times (and twenty times as many who'll be glad to get a chance to get that obscure 7" they've been looking for since '82). I would just like to state that I am much more concerned with this rag's well-being and long-term stability than some collection of vinyl that rarely anyone gets to see anyhow. What's more important —our staying connected and informed about the wide world of punk or the storage of a really huge record collection? Think about it...



ON THE POSSIBILITIES OF STUDENT LIFE
CrimethInc. for College Students

CrimethInc. for college students?! I thought CrimethInc. was all about dropping out of school, quitting your job, and living on the street eating dumpstered bagels as you fought the cops with slingshots and spraypaint!

That sounds suspiciously like the kind of daydream you have when you aren't satisfied with what you're doing with your life, and can't imagine what you could really do differently; the problem with such daydreams is that they paint the desired life as something so different, so impossible, that it becomes an alibi for doing nothing. Revolutionary activity, exciting activity, fun activity is a lot closer than you may be ready to admit to yourself, even if you aren't an urban guerrilla.

Many of us are students. Let's be straight about this. Whether we want to drop out but aren't yet sure enough of ourselves, or we really think the degree will enable us to do the things we want (without cashing in our privilege to stomp on others), or we have other reasons, we're enrolled, and putting a lot of energy into being college students. So it's problematic that when we think of being revolutionary, all our examples are so

far from our own circumstances (beyond the middle class guilt of that old oxymoron, the "student activist"); after all, any image that makes us feel that "life is elsewhere" from where we are is ultimately our enemy. This little pamphlet is an attempt to offer some leads on revolutionary pursuits for the college student who doesn't just want to watch the revolution from afar while he completes his psychology homework.

Introductory Course

The first question is always how to get control of the resources around you, and the first one in question here is *yourself*. Lots of us in college are paralyzed by the fear of the unknown—whatever it is that awaits after college, which we can't quite imagine, which all the "responsible" people in our lives have never ceased telling us we have to be ready for, or else, and doing well in college is our one chance to "stay on track" for that. The alternative, of course, is unthinkable.

You know as well as I that this is a myth, but you have to get to a point where you can *feel* that knowledge, so you won't have to struggle with the constrictions of anxiety in your gut every time you want to do something that deviates even marginally from the aforementioned "track." Understand that even in the most generous light, college is nothing more than the place the bourgeoisie sends its sons and daughters to figure out what they want out of life; most of them don't, and so they continue to feel lost and miserable, degree and fancy job or not. You have something on those unfortunates—you *have* an idea of what you want to do, however vague, even if it's just a blurry sense of what you think is right and wrong. You can be as miserable as they will be with their trophy wives and mid-life crises, if you focus on "achievement" in the limited sense their parents goad them to; or you can do something good for yourself, for others, maybe even for them, by concentrating some energy on the things you *know* matter. Remember, whatever you do right now will lay the precedent and framework for what you'll be doing later—should it be things you believe in, or things you do out of fear?

Once you've internalized this idea, it should be a little easier to skip class to go to Critical Mass, or to read books that are inspiring when you're "supposed" to be doing your Symbolic Logic assignment. Now you're ready for the second step—identifying and utilizing the other resources around you. What's in the library besides obscure commentary on the Canterbury Tales? Probably radical history and theory, books like *Homage to Catalonia* and *The Monkeywrench Gang*, even collections of anarchist publications from the past ninety years—seriously! And add to that movies, internet access (for establishing communication with other groups), instructional manuals for making radio broadcasting equipment...

Take this one step further—how can you extend the opportunities being a student offers you to others in the community not so privileged? For example, the cafeteria—if you can get in there (and hell, you may even have a meal card that gives you admittance two or three times a day!), you can bring out a lot of food for people who have to work a lot harder otherwise to get it. In my experience a good backpack-load can feed a few people for a couple days or more. Imagine the energy you could free up in the lives of local radicals, and the goodwill you could earn with them—or the resources you could provide to Food Not Bombs—or the hungry people you could offer something to besides a condescending handful of change. Extend this model to other campus resources: Sneak poor graffiti artists into the art building to use the screen printing equipment. Become student director of the college radio station, and arrange to broadcast information that's not supposed to be on the airwaves—or extend the use of the sound equipment and record library to non-students.

Finally, the most valuable resource college life offers you is simply connection to the lives of others, especially people you would never interact with otherwise. College is one of the last places you'll be brushing shoulders with people with totally different backgrounds and interests. Remember, in grade school you were all together, even kids from different economic backgrounds. By high school some had dropped out, others had been sent to institutions or drug rehab or private schools. After this, you'll all be isolated in your various lines of work, even if yours is "activist" or adventurer. Take advantage of this chance to shake up the lives of people who wouldn't be thinking about sweatshops or sexism or passionate living otherwise. Don't be shy—see who you can meet in existing organizations, and, better, start your own dis-organizations. Get creative—during Rush, post fliers for a new sorority/fraternity... interrupt meetings of the Self-Knowledge Symposium to shout out more ambitious demands, then invite people to your own meetings, held around a campfire in the woods... set up a table in the center of campus to give out literature, Food Not Bombs bagels, and hang out with new friends.

Now you're ready to get serious.

Advanced Course

Chances are you're an upperclassman close to graduating and wishing you had been smarter freshman year, and by this time you've probably integrated yourself into a group or organization on campus like Students for Peace and Justice, or Sierra Club, or one of your own making. These groups are the perfect place to complete your "agenda." At the first meeting of the year/semester, try to convince as many freshmen and sophomores to run for student government as possible. You especially want to encourage them to run for positions like treasurer, where they would have access to institution funds. Also persuade them to get jobs on campus—like at the print shop, computer labs, libraries, book stores, cafeterias, or in campus media. These connections will make acquiring resources a much easier task.

Some colleges have groups of students that are responsible for picking the speakers that come to talk. Find out who those students are and how to get involved. Try to get as many of your friends on these committees as possible, and bring speakers who have something to say—you can even bring friends of yours from off-campus to speak, and this might be an excellent opportunity to funnel some student funds through their hands and into activist projects, etc. Along the same lines, most schools have a "common reading" for incoming freshmen. Find out how to get on that committee and show up to the first meeting with a list of "independent" readings. Not only will the committee be impressed that you showed interest but they will also note your motivation and initiative. Make them take you seriously.

Almost every school has some sort of undergraduate research program set up. Volunteer to do research with professors who support your ideas. Make a research project out of dumpstered art, or Food Not Bombs, or squatting, or even train-hopping or hitchhiking your spring break trip. Turn your lifestyle into something that can be taught. *Show* people the alternatives instead of just talking about them.

Honors Course

Here we graduate from the practical to the legendary. If you're embittered, remorseless, a good liar and hell-bent on wreaking havoc, you could cut to the chase: starting trouble. Arrive on campus the first day of classes dressed "nice" and acting as "normal" as possible. Go to the meetings of the Young Republicans, take advantage of how disinterested everyone else is, and get promoted to an important organizational position. In a few years you might be the one inside the Republican National Convention to cut the power out just as the new presidential candidate stands up to crow his acceptance speech. Or—try to get elected to student council, or, hell, student body president. Set everything up to orchestrate the perfect catastrophe, knowing that when the moment comes you will have no reservations about flipping the switch. Keep your intentions to yourself and your resolve pure and sharp, imagining your moment of triumph when the veil is thrown off. Have some "crazy" friends you visit sometimes to keep yourself centered and your plots integrated into a larger framework—lots of real student politician types do anyway (have crazy friends, that is!), it shouldn't arouse too much suspicion. When they think you've left the frat party for some social drinking with these friends, plot the total downfall of studies-as-usual, the university, capitalism itself. Hell, it *worked* in Strasbourg, the French university where the almost-successful revolution of May 1968 began*.

*[For those who don't know, a few students at Strasbourg took advantage of general apathy to get themselves elected to the Student Council, appropriated all student funds to publish an incendiary tract entitled *On the Poverty of Student Life*, which criticized the miserable role of the student in capitalist society, and distributed 10,000 of them on the first day of classes. The scan-

dal stopped classes, started riots, and when the State repression kicked in the popular response was almost enough to topple the government. A mere prototype, of course, for what you've got in store for us—right?]

January 16, 2001: My friend, Josh Reynolds, is flying into Sacramento from Seattle, the burg he calls home. His flight is courtesy of the Sacramento District Attorney's office. Josh was one of a few punks who witnessed a murder.

Walking home from a party, Josh and his pals saw a woman running down the street. Speeding behind her was a car. The woman got to the sidewalk. Unfortunately for her, so did the car. The driver not only ran over the woman, but, after one pass, turned around and slammed her again. The woman spent a few days in a hospital bed before she died.

Josh not only saw the ultra-vi but got a good look at the assailant. The woman was also conscious enough after her attack that she was able to identify the driver. Her attacker was her lover. The run-down was a lover's quarrel.

As with every marital spat, there is make-up time. So reasoned the crushed woman's partner. Without a second thought, the Demolition Girl (both assailant and victim were women) popped into her "lover's" hospital room to check on her sweetie. A nurse noticed that the new visitor looked like the picture on the recently printed up wanted poster. The cops were called and Ms Vroom-Vroom was tossed in jail.

Josh is a witness for the prosecution. I am to pick him up at the airport. On the way to Sacramento International Airport—which, by the way, has no international flights—I slap a Cheap Trick tape into my boom box. Just above the whine of my truck's engine, Robin Zander sings, "Buenos noches O Señor/Señorita see ya later/Buenos noches bye bye," one of the verses from the song "Auf Wiedersehen." "Auf Wiedersehen" is one of two suicide songs (if you count the album's ambiguous title track) on Heaven Tonight.

I pick Josh up and we cruise to my house, where, to kill time before my radio show, we drink mescal and catch up. The phone rings. It's Nic. He wants to go to the radio show but he might be at the State Capitol. He tells us the Capitol is on fire. Josh and I have a choice: Drink booze or watch the state house burn. We race down my stairs, jump in my truck and speed downtown.

We get to the Capitol. The place is swarming with firemen and cops. However, everything is disorganized, so we are able to walk to where the action is.

The action? Apparently, a crazy guy rammed his Mack truck into the south side of the Capitol building. The truck wedged itself between two pillars, taking off a couple fuel tanks, which promptly exploded on impact. The back of the truck was full of powdered milk, which also burst into flames. The driver was baked beyond recognition.

Whatever his head frame, the dude certainly ended his life with a little pizzazz. Unfortunately, most suicides are private affairs, nowhere nearly as dramatic as driving into the State Capitol in a semi going 70 mph. Pills, slit wrists, gunshot wounds are usual suicide fare. Every once in a while someone dives off a building. The Blues-minded sometimes lay their head on the railroad track, but killing yourself by train is rare.

Lately, it seems as though suicide by cop is the "new rage." Suicide by cop is creating a situation where you force a cop to shoot and kill you. The biggest problem with suicide by cop (other than the question of drawing someone else, cop or not, into your self-snuffing) is that if you are unsuccessful, you not only don't pass go, but you wind up in jail for a long, long time. A Bay Area, punk rock, suicidal failure is learning that lesson as I write this.

My rambling aside, suicide is not a morbid curiosity for me. I think it is a bit tragic, but not much. If someone wants to eat a bullet by their own hand, fine. Make the note short and don't whine about it. Better yet, take a clue from Mishima and do it with dignity and spunk.

What does concern me, though, is rock n roll. Lately, the kingdom of high-energy rock n roll has seen a fighting lack of suicide songs. I don't mean songs that sound like the band, Suicide. Nor do I am I referring to bands that turn out songs so mediocre and uninspired that the whole musical world passes into a cloud of depression so thick that slitting one's wrists seems to be the only solution. What I am longing for is a good old fashion suicide song, one that celebrates or advocates the taking of one's own life.

To counter the drought of self-termination tunes, perhaps the first step is to familiarize ourselves with the types of suicide songs, followed by a run through of classics in the genre.

Suicide songs can be broken down into four categories, all which can overlap. The first two are songs pertaining to the singer and those regarding someone else. Categories three and four are songs that are negative and tunes that are positive. Negative suicide songs are not to be confused with songs that preach against it. Negative tunes include spiteful, "I-show-you" suicide songs, as well as brooding, "I'm so sad, hand me the noose" sing-a-longs.

An example of a cross-category suicide song is Elvis Costello's "(The Angels Wanna Wear My) Red Shoes" which is in the first person, as well as negative (spiteful, vindictive). (It also shares with Mott the Hoople's "Death May Be Your Santa Claus" the best suicide song title). "Red Shoes" is, however, rare in that most negative suicide songs are brooding in Joy Division/Cure/Smiths self-involved way, a down that continues in modern day goth and sap like Lucinda Williams.

(To be fair, the Smiths never had a suicide song per se. However taken as a whole, the misery suffered by poor Morrissey is enough to send any lad to the brink. I should also note that only Joy Division's Ian Curtis had the conviction to grab the rope and turn his dire into The Deed. For better or worse, Bobby Smith, Ms. Williams and the pancake make-up crowd still walk among us.)

In this study I avoid anti-suicide songs. Why? Because they are not suicide songs. They are moral tracts totally lacking of humor, intended or otherwise, and are not worthy of consideration. Thus, Secret Hate's anti-suicide cup o' crap ("Suicide"), as well as the bleech issued after Kurt Cobain bathed in buckshot, will not be reviewed.

I also avoid "Go Die!" songs, as "Go Die" is not a specific enough order to be considered a call for suicide. And descriptions of a suicidal lifestyle, such as L7's "Death Wish" (She's got a death wish/in a self destructive bliss), don't quite make it.

Back to our subject.

The best suicide songs not only cross categories, but have some odd quirk or twist. Thus, one of the earliest suicide songs of note, the blues standard "Trouble in Mind," has the singer resting his head on the railroad tracks, a sure way to rid oneself of the blues (I'm gonna lay my head/down on some railroad line/I'm gonna let that big 18-hundred/satisfy that mind of mine). Lightnin' Hopkins does a great version of this 'un.

In 1958, Jody Reynolds had a top-ten hit with "Endless Sleep," an odd rockabilly song about the singer's girlfriend's attempt at drowning herself. Not only does the gal choose a somewhat unconventional way to die—walking into a body of water—but she is saved at the last minute by her beau, making "Endless Sleep" perhaps the only saved-from-suicide song. At number five on the Billboard charts, "Endless Sleep" is the most "successful" suicide song. (It can be argued that because of the monster sales of Pink Floyd's "The Wall," the song "Comfortably Numb" is actually the "biggest" suicide song of all time.)

The mid-60s brought us a couple really great sonic self-snuffers. Iowas Royal Flairs debuted with the excellent "Suicide." The song pounds its way into existence, a mournful harmonica wailing in the vocal breaks. "You lied to me/You cried with me/You died for me," and then the guitar sears into a rippin' solo. Back from the solo, the singer pines, "I want to come along." Excellent! Two for one! What a deal!

A bit more ambiguous is the Yardbirds' "Turn into Earth," a song that sounds eerie enough, with enough hints that death is cool to qualify as a suicide song. Similar is Jimi Hendrix's "I Don't Live Today," with its insinuation that yesterday sucked,

tomorrow will be better, but today its corpse-time. A bit less obscure (though not a very good song) is "Yes, The River Knows" by the Doors.

We stumble into 1972 with David Bowie's "Rock n' Roll Suicide," which might or might not be about suicide but is a great title; Mott the Hoople's "Death May Be Your Santa Claus;" and Roxy Music's "The Bitter End," an ambiguous effort, as is their "Thrill of It All."

Another possible suicide song is the Rolling Stones' "Silver Train," off "Goats Head Soup" (1973).

Iggy and the Stooges sing about Ig's "Death Trip" on the "Raw Power" LP (1973). One could argue that "Death Trip" is a song about a fucked up relationship; however, from the overall tone of the album, it would be easy to surmise that the song is about a suicide pact.

Nineteen Seventy-six ushers in the Golden age of Suicide Songs. That year we are blessed with the Electric Eels' "Sewercide," a song that is not only about dancing at the edge of life, but taking someone to the brink with you. The song ends with the singer looking to throw himself off a building.

Though it could be argued that many Electric Eels songs are a call for the listener to off himself, the first suicide song that I found to explicitly suggest that the listener of the song might be better off dead is "Kill Yourself" by the Lewd (1978), an excellent, raw, sludge punker.

"More Suicides Please" by Australia's Thought Criminals (1979) also advocates suicide, but as a spectator sport, entertainment for the whole family (Take your lunch/Take your kids) rather than an anti-social outburst. The duh-duh-duh at the beginning and the sppppllphhhtt on someone hitting the ground at the end boost "More Suicides..." into the genre's top ten.

Returning to self-loathing, Steve Treatment—buddy and coconspirator of the Swell Maps—suggests suicide as a cure for his "Negative Nights," a reverb-drenched, Marc Bolan-style slice of dementia. Across the dink, the original Black Flag buzzsaws a break with reality in "Nervous Breakdown," ending the song with "I just wanna...dieeeeeeeeeeeee!!!" (Both songs 1978.)

The following year, the Damned release their suicide classic, simply called "Suicide," memorable for the line "I'm gonna kill myself because of you" and a "psychedelic" bridge which tells us all is not right. Also released in '79 was "Potential Suicide" by the Wipers, the band Nirvana most modeled themselves after in more ways than one.

"I cannot live in a world this gay" screamed the Adolescents in '81's blistering teen snot anthem "No Way." Bad Religion gets awfully close to moralizing in "Drastic Actions." Fellow Southern Californians the Chiefs follow their garage pop/punk classic "The Lonelies," with the rudimentary but more desperate "Drowning," the first song since "Endless Sleep" have death in the deep blue as its theme (1982).

Also in '82 was "Suicide Trip" by Cleveland's Defnics. Though it could be argued that "Suicide Trip" is more a drug song than a suicide song, the lyrics' subject recognizes his action to be self-destructive and self-directed and on a path toward death, but fuck it. Even more important, "Suicide Trip" serves as the musical template for D.I.'s excellent "Richard Hung Himself."

The best of '82's hell-bound hits is the Church Police's "The Oven is My Friend," in which the singer attempts to kiss the oven's red hot coil over a muddy Flipper-esque dirge.

Another hit of the early '80s is the Freeze's "Sacrifice not Suicide," a song which suggests that churchgoers among us can kill themselves without worrying about sin, because in their case suicide is really sacrifice.

Such a survey would be nonsense if Suicidal Tendencies wasn't mentioned. Their name is a homage to the self-destructive urge, but their set contained the classic suicide songs "Suicide's an Alternative" and the very funny "Suicidal Failure," one of the best "Woe is me/I'm such a loser" songs ever.

Three bands brought 1983 some fine tunes: Malignant Growth from Louisville thrash out "Tired of Life," while New Jersey's Sand in the Face blasts the hilarious "I Wanna Be Dead." Hüsker Dü contributed to the suicide cannon with "Lifeline" (from "Metal Circus"). Hüsker Dü is also credited with a song called "Shut Up or Kill Yourself," a title resurrected in the late '90s by Ninja Death Squad.

New York's Nihilistics scored in '84 with the particularly spiteful, "Kill Yourself" ("This method is effective, tried and true/It's the only solution left for you").

The '80s also saw the emergence of G.G. Allin, a man dedicated to living life as hard as he could while walking on the edge of self-annihilation. Though G.G. never came through with his promise to kill himself on stage, he did leave us a couple ace suicide songs: "Commit Suicide" and "Abuse Myself, I Wanna Die."

At the end of the '80s, songs about suicide hit the mainstream news media thanks to the efforts of Born-again Christians and would-be music censors. The Christers' prime targets was Ozzy Osbourne's "Suicide Solution" and Judas Priest's "Beyond the Realms of Death." Typical of the bible babble is this from Terry Watkins' "It's Only Rock'n Roll ... But It Kills":

"The Bible in Ezekiel chapter 28 describes Satan before his rebellion and fall, verse 13, '...thou hast been in Eden the garden of God: every precious stone was thou covering... the workmanship of thy TABRETS and of thy PIPES was prepared in thee the day that thou wast created'

"Tabrets and pipes are musical instruments!

"Satan is connected with music and you'd better believe he knows the awesome power of music! Satan is using a powerful and subtle form of hypnosis to capture the mind. The key to hypnosis is repetition and the main ingredient of rock music is repetition. An overwhelming, repetitive, driving beat. That steady, repetitive beat can place the listener's mind into a dangerous state of suggestive hypnosis. And friend, that danger is frightening when you consider the words fed into that young impressionable mind!

"In October 1984, nineteen-year-old John McCollum shot himself in the head, while listening to Ozzy Osbourne sing 'Suicide Solution': 'Evil thoughts and evil doings/Cold, alone, you hang in ruins/Thought that you'd escape the reaper/You can't escape the Master Keeper/.../Where to hide, suicide is the only way out.'

"He was still wearing the stereo headphones when his body was found!"

Unfortunately, repeated listening of suicide songs by Christians such as Watkins has not resulted in the devil forcing them to kill themselves.

Religious zealots and ambitious family therapists continue to push the rock n'roll suicide scare into the '90s, attacking bands like Metallica, Nine Inch Nails, and Marilyn Manson, as well as hauling out old chestnuts such as the Dead Kennedys' "I Kill Children" in order to prove all rock n'roll is the devil's work.

Too bad the Christers were busy basking in the media light. They missed one of the top ten suicide songs: Pussy Galore's anthem, "Kill Yourself." Very few have said "Go die!" so bluntly and to a catchy, shoe-movin' beat. "When everything is so dark you can not see/You're wallowing in the mire of misery/The situation's hopeless, I know it's true/There's only one thing left for you to do/KILL YOURSELF!" The guitar's jaws open into a dark wah-wah solo.

A few early '90s self-snuff songs are the Manic Street Preachers' "Suicide Alley," in which the singer claims he's corkscrewing down the shitter; Unrest's "Teenage Suicide," with the fantastic chorus of "Teenage suicide/Don't do it/Teenage Suicide/Yes I can!;" and Metal Mike's "Kurt Cobain's Dead." Unfortunately, the ex-Angry Samoan seems to have been the only one to commit Cobain's suicide to vinyl, a missed opportunity if there ever was one.

Post-Cobain, the rock n'roll world seemed to shy away from suicide as a subject, that is except for the dreaded anti-suicide audio sermons. There are some noteworthy exceptions: the Quincy Punx revived the tradition of "Kill Yourself" songs with, you guessed it, "Kill Yourself."

The Cupid Car Club turned suicide into a band theme with their one and only 7". The cover of the ep has each of the four band members in frame by frame lessons on how to kill oneself (gun to head, pills, razor on wrists, noose). Atop the photos is the urging "JOIN OUR CLUB..." The back cover has obituaries for the bands. On the record, only one song is an out and out

death bop—"Vapor Rub Out," a nice Bo Diddley style rave.

Recent additions to our list are the Peeps' "Don't Care," with its excellent suicide after high school boyfriend eats it on his motorcycle verse, as well as the Dipshits' "Kill Yourself" and the Sex Offenders' "Suicide Girl."

Since the impulse to dust oneself (and make fun of those who do) is sure to survive in this ever darkening world, and given the universality of wishing enemies dead, there is no reason to believe that the suicide song is on its way out. The tradition is rich (though barely documented), can easily looted, and certainly has appeal. There is no reason for it not to continue. The only thing needed is two chords...and a bullet.

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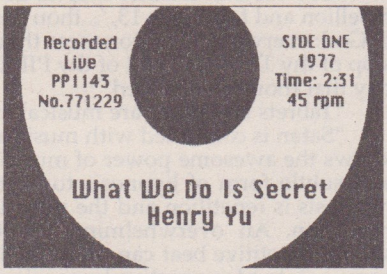
If you know of any suicide songs that I missed, please write me. Send a cassette, CD, or record of the song if you can. Thanks. Correspondence (no junk or spam) to: Scott Soriano/1114-21st Street/Sacramento, CA 95814 USA scotts@sl.net

Smooch smooch. Profuse apologies for last month's laughably bad column. A low point to be sure. This month we are honored with a coupla guests who fill the void with spankable spew.



DISTRO ALL MUSIC

While Mordam and Subterranean and Underground Medicine are longtime stalwarts in the distro scene, a young, tho rapidly aging lad has entered the fray and rolled his own. ***<dave hill distribution>*** *(oddly named cause his name ain't) is the spawn of a thuglet named Jesse Edelman. We at What We Do Is Secret caught up with him recently while he was eating cucumber sandwiches and hurling epithets at the yuppie scum.*

How did you get into punk rock?

I was about fourteen, just starting at Haslett high school in Michigan, and on weekends my dad would take my brother and me to a war gamer club (Dungeons & Dragons, etc.). There was this guy there who was pretty cool and he had a Dead Kennedys cassette and I asked him about it. He gave me a listen and I asked him to take me to where I could buy it, NOW! He sent me to Flat, Black & Circular in East Lansing and I bought the Dead Kennedys "Plastic Surgery Disasters" and Suicidal Tendencies "Suicidal Tendencies" LPs. It was all downhill from there…

How did you become a distro god?

First off, I do not consider myself a distro god, yet! (Jim at Underground Medicine is my "hero!" he has the near perfect distro, according to me...I still buy records from him quite often, too.)

I was living in Lansing, Michigan and was just never inspired while I was there. The scene was great in the beginning, there was a lot going on but I was young and only cared about being "a punk" and nothing more. As the years went on I began to want to do something to be more involved, give something back to the community but the scene was starting to die. I ended up going through a lot of phases after that where I would swing into and out of the scene for years until leaving Michigan for good.

I moved to Oregon in the spring 1997 and was given an opportunity to "redefine" myself. After a while, I was going to shows all the time and trying to support the bands and the community but it was hard 'cause I didn't know too many people in the beginning. To get more involved I started trying various things, "DIY" ya know. I tried my hand at screen-printing but that was very difficult in a one-room apartment, I tried starting a label but learned that you should never start with a friend's band.

In August of 2000 I decided that I wanted to start a distro so I started contacting record labels and see if I could buy their records direct and resell them through my own mail-order/distro. It started out as "Jack Assley Presents!" which was a very odd name but I wanted to be different. Transparent Records was first and it quickly snowballed from there. I only wanted to deal direct because my intention was (and still is) to sell records for less. "Punk rock" is not a business to me, I have a good job and I make all the money I need. I simply want to help out and not profit from someone else's hard work.

My original goal was to carry 10 labels by Jan. 1 2001. By the end of 2000 I carried over 20 from around the world and I am still adding more even today. Most recently, and because of your column, I added Hyped to Death(Chuck is THE nicest guy, ever!) and Game of the Arseholes (Stuart, also a really nice person with a very honorable label.Very cool indeed!). We've also recently become the exclusive distributor for Gulcher. I love adding new labels and I am constantly seeking out more but I do have to do it slowly as I am doing this entirely out of my own pocket and don't make a dime from this. My prices cover only my costs and nothing more, all "profit" goes right back into **<dhd>**. My hope is that someday I can constantly keep records moving in and out where the initial investment I made is what allows me to keep new labels and new records flowing, not next month's rent!

I recently decided to change the name to **<dave hill distribution>** because I wanted to branch out into wholesale, trying to get labels that don't normally get into record stores a chance to be heard.(you try telling a record store owner "Yeah, I'm from Jack Assley Presents!, sounds dopey!). I also changed the name to **<dave hill distribution>** to honor the most punk rock guy I knew growing up in East Lansing, Michigan: Dave Hill! (I don't know where he is now, but I would love to talk to him – anyone out there know where he is?).

This is my hobby and I do it because I love it, but I also treat it as a very serious business and put a lot of my time into it, because I love it!

Your website kicks ass. Tell us about that.

The website was actually the cheapest and easiest way for me to get started advertising my wares. I work in the "high-tech" industry and know a lot of nerds. A good friend of mine has a web server at home and offered me some free space on it, as much as I wanted actually. My previous job was maintaining an internal website at work so basic website design was not an issue for me. I decided to take it a step further, offering people a place to listen to Real Audio tracks of everything I have in stock. And not just those 30 second ones either, the full damn track!

It is a monster to maintain but it brings in orders from all over the world and gives me something constructive/productive to do during the week. I now have a huge song and picture library that other people use from me for their website...it's all about community and giving back for what I have gained, not profiting from others hard work!

Any advice you want to give to those considering distribution?

Running a distro can be depressing initially because you expect orders to come in by the truckload and after two months with no more than five orders you may want to throw in the towel. If you really want to make it happen you have to work your ass off! I have been working my ass off from the beginning and will continue to to do so until the very end because I am doing this not only for myself but also for everyone else out there who loves the music and the community that has developed from "punk rock."

Thanks for talking Jesse. Now go eat the rest of your sandwich.

Thanks for taking the time to talk to me, it really means a lot to me and thank you to every one else out there who has supported me so far. I'll be around to support you until the day I die, or you die, whichever come first!

The ***<dave hill distribution>*** *website can be found at (http://www.figment.com/~jme/). Or write for a free catalog: <dave hill distribution> P.O. Box 25037 Portland, OR 97298-0037 United States. If you're a label looking for distribution, contact jack.assley@figment.com. If you own a record store (in the Northwest only) get in touch for the cheapest wholesale prices around.*

HOOSIER HYSTERIA

Onetime PANIC and occasional rock writer Eric White reports on the PANICS/GIZMOS reunion show in Bloomington, Indiana last New Year's Eve.

On New Year's Eve, my old high school punk rock band, the PANICS got back together to play a reunion show with Bloomington legends the GIZMOS. This was to be the very last live show at the local alternative club Second Story, which has

vowed to switch to a disco format. Ironically, it was the GIZMOS who played the very first live show at that club back when it opened in 1978. It was a fitting way to close out the club, as well as the twentieth century, which we had all grown tired of decades ago.

The version of the GIZMOS that performed was the one Bloomington punk rockers know & love - the Dale Lawrence, Billy Nightshade,Tim Carroll & Shadow Meyers GIZMOS. Many readers may be more familiar with the earlier mid-70's GIZMOS headed by Tim Neimeic, who have recently reissued some material on Gulcher records. This later ('78-'81) version, who are also set to release material on Gulcher, had no members in common with the earlier one. You can imagine the confusion of historians of obscure Midwest punk rock bands.

The reunion show was possibly the most fun I've ever had at a live show, and definitely the most fun I'll ever have, given the demise of live music venues in Bloomington. The place was packed, with people dancing their guts out to both the PANICS & the GIZMOS. It was astonishing to me how many people in the audience knew the lyrics of songs from both bands, and sang along. A lot of people getting into the music must have been about three years old when we originally performed these songs. Actually, someone just pointed out a 19-year-old on the video - that would make her, let's see... negative one when the PANICS and GIZMOS broke up!

Everyone involved had a great time. It's more fun to play a reunion show in a band that no longer exists than to play in a real band. There's no pressure - fun is the only motivation & everyone, including the audience, knows that. There were also none of the negative elements that I remember always being there in the old days: frat boys pretending to be punk & "dancing" by just hitting & knocking people over, or those people who would always stand just at the perimeter of the dance pit, in defensive mode, waiting to shove people back in & wanting to fight with dancers who would accidentally get pushed into them. I think those people resented the dancers taking over the middle of the floor, and they would cede only what they had to & take a stand to defend the border between dancers & standers. Anyway, there was none of that—just an exhilarating sense of pure joy.

The GIZMOS played a long, phenomenal set. All of them are still involved in music, and talented enough to perform a near flawless set, after not playing together for 20 years, in just a day or two of rehearsals. The PANICS also recreated our sound pretty accurately.

Only in our case, it was easier, since we had to recreate the sound of a band of very little musical ability. We didn't quite achieve the same level of incompetence as in the old days, however, since some of us had acquired some musical skill over the years despite our best efforts to the contrary. Hilariously, the PANICS anthemic hit single "Best Band," about how great the PANICS are, fell completely apart, as all four members ended at different places in the song, or maybe playing four different songs. It was hard to tell. Guitarist Ian Brewer concluded the song by yelling into the mic, "Well, that pretty much proves it!"

So, you ask - where are the PANICS now? And, when will they go away for good? Well, guitarist Brewer & vocalist John Barge went on to play in a series of cool punk bands, culminating with the amazing WALKING RUINS ('87 - '97). Brewer has moved out to LA and Barge has been playing solo shows with an acoustic guitar. I was the PANICS' 2nd bass player, replacing Yara in 1981. In 1987, I organized a 3-day outdoor punk rock festival called Rock For No Reason. Editing the video footage from that show got me into video making, which I do now. Original bassist Yara Cluver has a baby girl! She hadn't played the bass in 20 years before the reunion show, but it was so much fun that she & I have been talking about starting a multi-bass band. One of us would play something other than bass... if we could. Drummer Mike Ost ("Spike Finger") played in Bloomington bands, then moved out to California where he does computer programming & raises a family.

Maybe I shouldn't be so pessimistic about the future of live music in Bloomington; things tend to move in cycles here. Right now, there are several really fun, energetic, kick-ass rock'n'roll bands, which makes me feel like there's more hope for the scene than there was a few years ago. Plus, whenever there have been a lack of official venues—something that has plagued Bloomington off & on over the decades—it has forced people to rely on each other to create a vibrant scene. So, maybe we're on the verge of some big new fun.

Miscellaneum

Shawn Abnoxious' Neus Subjex zine is mightily hep. It flaps in at just one page, but a motherfucker of one at that. It's richly filled with _ point type size droolings on punk past and present. Pass the reading glasses, ma ! (www.neussubjex.net)

A comp of Ray Pettibon's early booklets is out in hard and paperback. The artwork's reproduced to actual size, but being so damn thick leads to an awkward form factor. His shit's hotter than a pu pu platter – I saw a retrospective at the Philly Art Museum a coupla years ago, and noticed recently that his 11 x 17's are gouging for $3000 or so. Shoulda stockpiled those booklets instead of HUSKER DU bumper stickers during the SST mail order boom years.

For anal action you'd be hard pressed to find at your local adult vid store, check out the kbd punk collectors email newsgroup, which I finally joined. (kbd@egroups.com).

Gulcher raids the vault again as a 6 track from the (post-Kenne) GIZMOS is coming out, with a PANICS CD and AFRIKA KORPS double to follow. An EMBO's CD of vintage recordings is out on MyPalGod records (www.mypalgodrecords.com). The long sought-after LILLIPUT/KLEENEX 2xCD that came outta Switz in the early 90's is being reissued by Kill Rock Stars. Ryan "Toast" Richardson recently tracked down obscuro Fla bands CRITICAL MASS and ANTLER JOE, as chronicled on the Break My Face site (www.breakmyface.com)

I'm trying to put together a future column on high school bands (early punk, natch). Send tidbits or leads to specialcharge@yahoo.com. Or snail it to Henry Yu, c/o MRR.

Some Things Will Never Change

Here I am like de-ja vum sitting in the Dean Of Students Office, where I had been hauled in to sit some twenty-five years ago. Back then, the first time, I was hauled in for driving my red Volkswagen Bug in circle eights on the football field during that year's first major snowstorm. The students cheered me on from the classrooms facing the field. It was exhilarating to show off for everybody, fearless of the consequences. I kept it up for a good five minutes before tearing off the field and out the back gate. By the next day the authorities figured it out it was me. I was suspended for three days and not allowed on school grounds with my vehicle for the rest of the year. Both my parents worked so they never heard about it and I just parked my car on the street across from the high school—not so bad. The Vice Principal, Mr. Dicharia, winked at me from behind the Dean Of Students, the sullen ol' Dr. Reisert. It was the kind of prank Pete Dicharia might have done himself back in his day. Nobody was hurt and boys will be boys and all that rot.

The next year I made it back to that office and it wasn't a humdrum affair. I had been collecting signatures for a petition to legalize marijuana. This was not a good ol' boy thing to be doing. This was the mid-Seventies. I was a senior and quite accidentally a senior class officer, though I wasn't a big popular jock nor an overly handsome academic of any type. Till my senior year nothing special had ever happened. Then that September of my senior year, for no real reason, I started a one person campaign to do something in support of these domesticated ducks that the town I lived in had installed on the town's brand new golf course in the summer, and that now were being neglected in the fall after golf season had ended. My friends and I used the golf course to party on and we were confronted with the deteriorating conditions for these three ducks. I started a petition asking the town to address the problems of these ducks that I named Huey, Duey and Louie. I walked around the school for a week collecting names and sent a copy to the town's newspaper, The Record And Pilot.

A week later, the story was at the bottom of the front page

along with my junior year school picture explaining what I had done. As the story got around the school, people started treating me like a celebrity. Teachers smiled, pretty girls giggled and flirted, big jocks would high five me, and I was truly the hero to the stoners of my school, of which I considered myself one. The school colors of Glen Cove High were and are green and red. Hence these were the names of the two different mock political parties. The Green Party, for as long as anyone could remember, always beat the Red Party. The Green Party was always the hip jocks and debate team members, good looking people, and the Red Party was always much less glamorous types. They were presidents of the science or typing clubs. Always much nerdier with thick glasses and calculator cases threaded to their belts. That year was a little different. A girl I had known and always liked named Karen P. was gonna run for president for the Reds. She was our class genius and at the same time very likable to average students. She asked me right after my cause celebre if I wanted to run for class treasurer on her ticket and I accepted. Other people who were long time school politicos didn't think so much of the idea, but sure enough, I won the party primary. Anyway it was all very surreal. I continued my absurd expressionism promising to fight for ducks all over Long Island and not just red ducks, but gray and black and even green ducks. Without making one corny campaign poster or going to any of the campaign meetings, I won the election handing out little yellow rubber ducks. Immediately after winning the election with the whole red ticket, to at first the chagrin, and then to the relief of my fellow class officers, I managed to miss every one of their meetings. They were very busy planning candy sales to fund and organize the prom. I wanted nothing to do with it.

Time rolled along. I was goofing off, and then one day I went to school and decided to collect signatures for the legalization of marijuana. I sent a copy again to the town paper and this time they didn't run the story but called the school to be sure the administration knew what their stoner activist was up to. So there I sat that late morning waiting for all these adults involved with my high school education to gather to decide what to do with me. Mr. Reisert had his forever embedded dour expression on. Mr. Dicharia didn't wink at me but shook his head and muttered my name. The teachers and students that glanced in on me all looked at me like bad news. Finally the adults streamed into the room, told me my parents weren't home and my father was out of his office but they would follow up with a call in the evening. They announced to me that what I was up to was no joke and that I had gone way too far. They wanted the petition now. My suspension was to be discussed with my parents later. Then they left and I looked out the glass window door and there was my friend, the class president Karen Polk. She was talking with Mr. Reisert and I remember his face turning deeper shades of red, moment to moment. I could tell they didn't like what they were hearing. An hour later, Mr. Dicharia came into that room and told me to go back to my class. Later I was to learn that upon hearing of my troubles Karen had called the American Civil Liberties Union and the big Long Island newspaper Newsday. The school officials decided to drop the matter as long as I didn't collect signatures during school or on school grounds.

I'm remembering all this as I'm sitting in this same office, 25 years later, listening to the new Dean Of Students tell me that even though my son is a good student and has never gotten into any trouble that they were concerned about various essays he'd written for his English class concerning his deep disdain for his school, all the rules, his classmates whom he referred to as MTV drones, everybody's hypocrisy and phoniness. He thought of school as a big warehouse, the main goal of which was to crush everybody's spirit and individuality. He expressed that one day he could see himself exploding and that he was not sure what he might do. I breathed deep as the dean went on to tell me that Jesse was suspended until I could get a letter from a psychiatrist assuring them that Jesse was not a threat. We walked out together and when we got into our car my son said, "now what?" I said, "screw that fucking place Jesse, let's get the fuck out of here." So off we go—Jesse tells me he'd like to apply for a job at some comic book stores. I say I gotta finish school this semester and finish off teaching for the school year. Maybe we'll tour Brazil this summer and Jesse adds maybe we ought to just travel around together for a year. I say, "what the hell, sounds good to me, but let's see." My advice to you: hang in, hang on, and screw 'em. Mdcops@hotmail.com or freespeechorg./dead-cops or MDC pob #142, glencove, ny, 11542.

Happy ought-one motherfuckers! How was your New Year's? Mine was OK. I ended up at some club somewhere in London. There were all these chimney sweeps everywhere and I didn't get laid. But some Swedish girl kissed me so it was OK. So let's get the year started off right by making a list of the ten funniest drunken moments of the year 2000.

10. The time I almost stabbed my roommate Mike Joyce. So one night I'm over in West LA drinking with some friends and I get a parking ticket for not having my wheels turned to the curb on a street that isn't the slightest bit steep. So anyways I flip out because I'm drunk and I start screaming and breaking bottles. Meanwhile some big guy in his underwear comes out and starts staring at me. I don't like this so I start screaming at him and telling him how I'm going to kill him. Then I leave and get driven home. So I'm sitting in my living room being angry at 2am and there's a knock on my door. I answer it and it's this really, really annoying guy who came in off the street into a party we were having a week before. I mean the guy starts coming up to everyone and blabbing about art. Then at the end of the night him and his friend wouldn't leave until I started shouting "Get the fuck out of my house!" So for starters I already hate him then he shows up at my door at 2am which is a weird thing to do even to your friends. So I open the door and say, "Look, I'm having a really shitty night and you should just go away." Then I close the door. A few minutes later there's another knock. It's him again. "Let me explain," he says and I yell "Get the fuck out of here!" and slam the door and lock it. Five minutes later I hear someone coming up the stairs. So I grab a knife and stand in front of the door then it opens and instead of being the annoying guy it's Mike and some girl he just met. So I'm standing there with a knife in my hand and my mouth open. Then I say hi and go back to watching TV. (Later on, the girl and I have sex. It isn't until the next day that I find out that John was prepared to stab both of us! —Mike)

9. John Becker and I go nuts at the Kibbitz Room (by John Ringhoff). Kibbitz Room is a bar on the side of the restaurant Canters in LA. Once a week they have terrible, terrible DJs who we love to heckle. So this one night we show up drunk off our tits wearing matching Members Only Jackets. As soon as we hit the dance floor we immediately run up to a trash can in the corner, pick it up, parade it around the room freaking it from both ends and chanting, "Go trash can! It's your birthday!" Then for some reason two girls ask us to dance. We don't care about girls. When the two Johns go out we don't want to hang out with anyone else. But we say yes and the girls are dancing normally but we're just thrusting our crotches and yelling "Nobody rocks this place like we do!" Then John politely asked one of the girls if he could freak her. Then they left.

8. Vegas trip. This was the time I was drunk for three days straight. My friends said at the end of every night I looked like an old man all fucked up and hunched over puffing on a cigarette and grumbling "I need to go to bed." When we were in the Venetian I bought fake poo and showed it to whoever I walked by. Then we ate at the Paris buffet where I sat eating prime rib with my hands and telling John Becker over and over again that he wasn't nothing but a white piece of shit and not to let anyone put their lips on his asshole (which was a phrase some lady came over and said to Mike Joyce in Oakland when he was in line trying to get on welfare).

7. First Rawhide Kidz Show at Friar Tuck's. (by Mike Joyce) We were seriously the greatest band ever. We played six shows over the course of the summer, most of them at house parties and bars. We didn't practice once, and instead of writing songs we just wrote song titles and ad-libbed the rest. We played two shows at a bar called "Friar Tuck's," a bar shaped like a castle in Claremont, California. Our first show there was amazing. For whatever reason it was a bunch of melodic post hardcore bands and us. The bar was selling pitchers of beer for $2.75 a pop, so we all got our own individual pitchers and drank straight from

them as if they were giant plastic beer steins. So of course we were outrageously drunk by the time we went on. We performed our smash hit singles "Mona can't fuck Mike Joyce" and "I can't believe I made you a mix tape (you stupid bitch)." Instead of getting up and leaving, the audience sat there the whole time, and they even clapped for us. Which was strange, because we had "written" a bunch of songs designed to provoke them and make them attack us, songs like "Calvin pisses on your G.E.D." and "I went to college therefore I'm better than you" (many of the people in attendance were blue collar workers from the surrounding towns). But nobody did. They didn't even get mad when I jumped up on their tables and drank their beer. Mid set I poured a pitcher on John, then put it on his head while he was playing bass. Some white trash lady tried to grab his ass the whole time. At one point John was trying to show David how the next song was gonna go but then David says, "That's too hard. Let's just do Wild Thing." At the end of the show, David Drugs got up on his amp and played the theme from Top Gun over and over until someone came over and unplugged him. Afterwards, when I was urinating in the bathroom, a guy came up to me and said "you guys rocked."

6. Second Rawhide Kidz show at Friar Tuck's. So David Drugs, our guitar "player" decided that the Rawhide Kidz needed to play a show that night. So he called up the booking whore (trust me she's a dirty dirty whore) at the place and asked if the Rawhide Kidz could play that night. I think the other band that was playing was a bunch of 40 year olds playing blues-rock. She said no. Immediately David called back and said he was the manager of a foreign rock band that was only playing in America for one night and they wanted to play there. She asked the band's name. "The Rawhide Kidz" David told her, and she agreed. So we all showed up in super hero costumes at around 8:30 and started drinking. We didn't have any equipment of course; we don't operate like that. So we sat there drinking and waiting for the other band to show up to let them know we were borrowing their stuff. The booking lady and her husband, who owned the bar, kept on staring at us and muttering to themselves. For some stupid reason they were mad at us. She said something about being finished playing by 9:00 and we were like wait, what? She tried to tell us that the other band would be playing from 9pm through 2am which was one of the most ridiculous lies I had heard in a long time. The owner also called us all faggots, and said that Friar Tuck's was definitely not a faggot bar. Then they caught Joey Valentine, our trumpet player, drinking from a flask and they kicked us all out. We had only been there for a half an hour. So we went across the street to the highbrow, a much better bar, and finished drinking there. They confiscated my pitcher of beer from Friar Tuck's at the door however, so I had to buy more. A little later on David called the police to report the owners of Friar Tuck's because they were letting people smoke inside and their policy on checking IDs was to not check them at all. Rawhide Kidz: 2, Friar Tuck's: 0. A few weeks later Rich the drummer quit the band because he was offended by the song we did titled, "all girls own the Grease soundtrack because girls are gay."

5. Simon Chung at the Rawhide Kidz. Simon had a kidney stone and didn't drink for a few months. Then at the show we played at Friar Tuck's (see above) he had 2 1/2 beers and went nuts. He started running around the parking lot yelling about how he wished Drinky Drunky Brett was there because he would punch him right in his Drinky Drunky dick. Then he threw some fake punches at the imaginary Drinky Drunky Brett's dick that apparently was standing right in front of him. When our friend Brett gets drunk, he undergoes a magical transformation from regular Brettford Q. Shults to Drinky Drunky Brett. We call him the girl magician because whenever there are young ladies around D.D.Brett makes them disappear with his obnoxious behavior. This was the first time I (Mike Joyce) saw Drinky Drunky Simon and I was quite impressed. On the car ride home Simon puked out the window a whole bunch of times. After that he swore off drinking for a few months. To this day I have yet to see Drinky Drunky Simon and Drinky Drunky Brett in the same room. But I certainly hope to see it one day.

4. Joe goes insane at Bang! Basically Joe was really drunk at a club and the bouncer wouldn't let him onto the smoking patio. Then they started arguing and the guy dragged Joe outside. Then he sat handcuffed out front screaming "You can't do this! I'm an American citizen! I demand you uncuff me!" On a side note a few weeks ago Joe did the same thing only he left on his own and tried to walk home. Along the way he got in some situation with drug dealer guys and a big fat prostitute and the only way they'd let him go was if he kissed her. Then he decided the fastest way to get home would be by running on the side of the 101 freeway. Amazingly, Joe is still alive.

3. Heckling indie rock bands at Spaceland. Every Monday night at Spaceland they have indie rock shows for free. They also have beer in these giant mugs. So a bunch of us sat in the back of the room mercilessly heckling them while John Becker danced around everyone in the room doing a little jig dance. "Play some more mediocre indie rock songs!" "That was INTENSE! Oh wait, no it wasn't, BOOO!!!!" This one band had lamps all over the stage which prompted "I'm lampin' I'm lampin' I'm cold cold lampin'!" and "More rock, less lamps!" and of course the brilliant, "You guys are stupid." The bands had great reactions. They were fed up but were pussies and also couldn't think of any witty comebacks. One guy in the band sighed and said, "God, could you guys knock it off?" which got the quick response, "SHUT UP! HAHAHAHAHA!" Then one band said, "Is Don Rickles here tonight?" which prompted us to call him a Dummy for the rest of the set. After one band someone in the crowd walked over and said in a pissy voice, "You guys ruined it for everyone!" ha ha ha. After the lamp band played some guy came over to me and got in my face. Our conversation went like this (oh and keep in mind this guy was yelling and I had a giant grin on my face the whole time):

Guy: So you think heckling is pretty funny huh?
Me: Yes I do! I think it's hilarious.
Guy: Well let me ask you something. Are you in a band?
Me: Yes.
Guy: What band?
Me: The Meat Shits.
Guy: I'm in a band too. Well what do you think when people heckle you?
Me: I'm disappointed if I don't get heckled.
Guy: Well I think it's fucked up
Me: I don't care what you think. Nice fucking jacket.

This went on for a while until he finally realized he couldn't win. Another guy standing next to him gave us a flyer for his own band's show; apparently he wanted us to come and heckle them.

2. Shades McCool's triumphant night of macking on sluts was a definite highlight of the year 2000. By day he is mild mannered Mike Joyce, filing clerk. By night he he's the notorious pussy hound Shades McCool, and he likes pussy! So one night we all went to a party in Claremont and hung out with David Tuohy and Rich Caperton and the rest of the boys, and I had my shades on and I started using the most awesome lines on this one girl from out of town like, "Hey baby, ever made it with a cool dude?" She kept on saying things like "where do you get these lines from? Did you write them down before you came?" And I replied "no baby, they are straight from my heart. You are my muse. My SEXUAL muse." She just rolled her eyes and laughed. Later on she made out with me. Booyah!

1. Oh fuck it. I don't have enough room to finish this article. Check back next month. Oh and a shout out to Nora Brackenbury for writing me a nice letter from the Oregon State Hospital. She'll be in for a treat when she finds out that a personal friend of mine, Michael Jackson, just might stop by to pay her a little visit! Send more letters!

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This spring marks the fifteen-year anniversary of my zine, Slug & Lettuce. That is half my life that I have been at it, which in some ways is almost hard to believe. And yet it's also why it's become such a part of me. At this point, I can impress even myself with thoughts of having started it at 15 and contin-

uing on for half my life.

Only now, for the first time, I have come up against an obstacle. The US Post Office. With this year's rate increase—they have all but put me "out of business" with the international community. The domestic rates have gone up—yeah, but not to a problematic level. The international rates, however, have been restructured and increased by something like 300%. Effectively they have made it impossible for me (and everyone else as best as I can imagine) to send parcels overseas. For years now I've known the inner workings of the postal system—the odd categories with which I can use to get the best rates (surface book, surface printed matter, M-Bags)—and I've been sending packages to countries all over the world—Malaysia, Bulgaria, Chile, Singapore, Turkey—often packages sent by a category to a country that the postal worker hasn't even heard of. And in effect—I've sort of prided myself on knowing more about the postal system than half the people who work there. I've joked about how it's my job to come in and test them, and I've even sort of dreamed of working there (sic). Sadly, they usually haven't got a clue.

So when I heard that the rates were increasing—the first thing I did was ask in the post office what categories were going to be affected. I was told only first class and priority mail. They had these printed sheets with the most common rates and I was repeatedly told that those were the only rates being affected. I figured that since last summer the surface book rates went up, it was pretty reasonable to assume they wouldn't be going up again. How wrong I would be.

The worst part about it is that I inquired so many times—with so many different people working in all departments of the post office—they all told me that the categories I was asking about were not to be affected. Even the 1-800 hotline for postal information told me that the surface book rate would not be changing.

So imagine my surprise when I go to send out packages that second week in January and suddenly there is no small packet rate—only a letter rate (letter rates have always been about double the small packet rate) and I realized that I was in trouble. I went directly to the "business mail office"—the place that I have been directed for every inquiry, and asked for the new international price charts. They said they didn't have them yet. I think that I seriously stared at the woman for about five minutes with my mouth hanging open before I could compose myself and my words enough to say something to the effect of, "don,t you think that is a bit absurd?" It was just impossible for me to believe that the post office not only had no knowledge of the rate increases, but that two weeks into the new rate usage, had no idea what the rates were. All they could tell me was that indeed the entire classification had been changed and all the rates were affected. It was like pulling teeth trying to get any information, and worst of all to understand how I was expected to "go about my business" of mailing out several thousand copies of my zine.

The dark irony came when after I pitched such a fit, I was finally told to check the website. She told me that was how they got their information and rates (but no they wouldn't show me the printouts that they made). Needless to say, that made me just about shoot through the roof. I'm already completely nuts when it comes to the internet taking over (and if you've read any of my columns before, then you understand what I mean). And here I am being told that the only way I could get any information on the postal rates was to check the website. I freaked and raged for awhile and calmly submitted and gave it. I tried the website. My computer is so slow that it is essentially unusable for websites—the USPS website wouldn't do anything on my slow computer. So tried Erik's. I spent a total of two hours the first night and I didn't find the surface book rates. In fact I didn't find any rates. I sent inquires to the "help line" and got directions to do what I had already done. Clearly no one knew a damn thing about surface book rates or any of the other international rates which I've come to be so fond of, and my frustration continued to grow. I persisted for several days—many wasted hours —on a mission to get the answers I was after, all the while finding it hard to think that I was the only person on this quest. When I finally did get somewhere, I realized why it had been so hard. Surface book rate and all the other classifications I use no longer exist, and the rates that are listed for a five-pound package to be send via surface rate is somewhere around $25!! No wonder I didn't even pay attention to that chart—'cause it was a chart that simply didn't apply. This new system made the 40% increase of last year look like nothing.

Consider it this way. Before last summer I could send out ten copies anywhere in the world for $1.56—to Canada it was only $1.37. And I could send a 5 lb. (50 copies) package for $5.64. Last summer that went up to $2.24 and $8.11. I thought that was a major increase and it threw a wrench in my system. But I ate shit and dealt with it. But now, ten copies to Canada is $2.70, to Europe $3.80, to Mexico $4.35 (I still can not figure out why Mexico has the highest rates of all the world!) to the rest of the world $4.95. For just ten copies!! That same 50 copy package would be $15.25 to Canada and $23 (or slightly more) to the rest of the world. That is fucking absurd!! And all for a free newspaper!!

So here I am getting all self-absorbed, thinking about my free zine and how it affects me. And then I come to realize that this is very seriously going to affect everyone—the punk community as a whole. All distros, all zines, all record labels and all kids the world over. I can,t see ordering a record or a book that costs say $10 and then paying $25 in postage for the surface rate. And so I'm looking at this and saying, okay, how are we going to deal with this?

It seems ironic at a time when the world trade lines are opening up and the global borders are supposed to be breaking down that a simple move like this all but shuts down the possibilities of exchange of merchandise and even to a large degree—ideas—for the average person. Granted, the internet opens it up in a big way. But I come back to the old argument that not everyone has access to the internet. I'm really not sure how the different powers that be are working these kinks out— except that it is fairly obvious the interest of open trade and borders and all that is applicable only to large corporations and there is no interest in regular people. But then again—we already knew that. I can't help but feel that I personally am being targeted—that they are after the whole of the punk community. That it's another step in silencing the anarchists—all as a part of this new wave of right-wing silencing of all dissent. Divide and conquer, knock them down and keep them from plotting and working together., It really freaks me out in a way that my current rage can't quite express. I feel as though we are having the door closed on us, that we are being silenced and censored. That may seem slightly melodramatic, but putting such a hefty price tag on the simple exchange of information is scary. Okay, in all reality, I doubt that they are really so directly raising the rates to get to "us," but my paranoia grows nonetheless.

At this point in time, I haven't figured out how I am going to proceed. I'm not going to stop publishing my zine. However, I will probably be forced to stop sending them overseas. Or rather, I should say, I will be forced to stop sending them overseas in such great amounts. I'm really curious how other people who use the postal system to the limits are going to deal with this—and if anyone has some tricks or inside postal charts that I have somehow overlooked, please enlighten me.

In the meantime, I am seriously considering the big step of getting Slug & Lettuce on the internet via a website. I didn't think I'd ever say that, but I feel that it's possibly the only way in which I can continue to reach people in foreign lands. In order to do that I need some help. So if anyone has the abilities and interest in helping me to take Slug & Lettuce on the web, get in touch. I am essentially looking for someone who has the ability and the experience to create and maintain a web site for Slug & Lettuce—someone who is already familiar with the zine and the general outlook and attitude. I fear that I am opening a doorway that may well flood my whole universe, but it's a step that I at least willing to consider.

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I woke up two mornings ago to the news that we had bombed Iraq again. Today there was hardly anything on the news about it all. Surprising? No. I guess it really is to be expected when we have a new president that has

probably been waiting to wield that much destructive power since the first time he signed someone's death warrant. But then again, Bush is just mirroring policies that have been in place since day one of this country. Americans have seemingly always had this disgusting air of moral and ethical superiority about themselves. "The shining city on the hill" founded on the so-called "puritan work ethic" of hard work and self determination. A mythology based on fairy tales of rugged individualism (don't step too far outside the lines, though!) and Christian heritage. Servitude to to God and country. American ideas above all. What does all this random babbling have to do with the bombings, you ask? Supposedly they were simply defensive in nature and a reaction to a threat— never mind that it is a threat we have created by enforcing the inane "no-fly" zones. How can we be acting in self-defense when we are flying military patrols over foreign soil? What is more disgusting to me, however, is that while the media now turns its attention back the spectacle that is the ongoing Clinton saga, it ignores the millions of lives destroyed by the U.S. enforced trade restrictions on Iraq. Thousands of acres of Iraqi soil irradiated beyond use by American weapons using depleted uranium shells, yet what do we hear about on the news? These bombing missions are nothing new, the only reason, perhaps, that they receive any attention is because of their proximity to Baghdad, and that they are the first use of force by our new president. They've been going on almost weekly since the Gulf War ended, and are without justification. Over and over again the mundane and almost stupid sounding phrase of "weapons of mass destruction" is uttered over the airwaves when there is any sort of discussion of U.S. policy towards Iraq. What right do we have? Are we any less of a "rogue terrorist" state? We fear nuclear weapons proliferation, but we are still the only nation to ever have detonated such a device. Where do we find our moral superiority in that? We freely and frequently use military force in foreign affairs. In the past century the U.S. trained death squads, brought down foreign governments and set up puppet regimes. We supported oppressive dictatorships, and aided in their suppression of pro-democracy movements. We created Saddam Hussein, we supplied him with weapons, and supported his war with Iran, but when the puppet's strings became too worn, we turned on him and created another evil empire for us to demonize, and justify our exorbitant military budget. Our "peacetime" budget which is about to go up yet again with the trigger happy Bush at the helm. So tonight on the news there is little mention of the bombings. By the time you see this, it'll probably all be a distant memory. That's the way they want it, it's up to us to not let it be that way.

In more somber news, as you may have heard around the circuit, we sold the *Maximum Rock and Roll* record collection. It was only a matter time, you know? We burned all the records onto CDs and sold the whole collection as one set to an undisclosed buyer for the bargain basement price of $250,000. To be honest with you, we got ripped off; we should have sold the whole thing piece by piece, but it would have just taken way too long and we needed the money now, as being a stick to your guns and ethics punk rock magazine doesn't pay off in this day and age of booking agents, promo guys and "punk" public relations firms. Don't you worry though, you too can have a chance to buy a piece of punk rock history, as the mystery buyer is planning on selling off the records one by one, and has agreed to leave the infamous green tape on the records, so that way you can prove to your friends that you really do own a chunk of the MRR record collection. You better save your pennies though, as I'm sure these puppies are going to go for a bundle. Get a hold of them via igotdarecords@yahoo.com and inquire about your favorite punk rock treats.

No babbling on and on about records this month kids— sorry, too many other things on my mind, mostly thoughts on how George Bush II is trying his damnedest to be the second coming of Reagan. Compassionate conservative? Somehow I don't buy it from a man who mocked the pleas of a woman damned for execution in his state that even Pat Robertson (remember him? Christian Coalition ring a bell?) said should been given clemency. Mocked her "whimpering" on national TV (Larry King's little thing he does on CNN). Fucking bastard. Write me c/o MRR or via the tool of the beast: mikethorn@mindspring.com.

So...I've finally made it home after another night where my main identity was the affectionate title of "shit-worker." Times like this will hopefully stop...soon? I left my "dot.com" job—which I am in contention of losing any day—arrived at the MRR house with the grueling task of burning records on to CDs. Life is shitty right now: my fingers are hurting (placing your finger into 113—the amount of CDs I burned this evening—centers of a CD creates chafing, soreness, irritation, etc., etc.), my eyes burn from the extensive reading all the damn matrix numbers (Mike makes me read the inscribe of the record, replicate any witty lines, words , symbols, or numbers...boring!), and the whole idea of ethics continuously returns to my mind—is what I am doing right?

Of course, we can argue the last question all damn night, screaming, bickering, yelling till we are blue in the face, and starting over the next morning—especially now that MRR lets people sleep on the floor at their place ("thanks guys" say Scabies and Herpes from Portland). What is right versus wrong belongs inside books labeled Philosophy 101, and should be dominated by the Socratic debate; however, helping the "upper crust" of the MRR punk rock world sell the record collection— one of the most expansive in the world, may I add—and replace them with technological friendly discs so we can cherish the music that has meant so much to all of us for so many years, is another question.

I became a "shitworker" a few years ago when I first moved to San Francisco, coming over to hang out with Arwen and Sean, collecting the mail on Thursdays and Sundays (every other), and helping out where I could. Before my migration to San Francisco, I lived in a small town where the scene was dominated by friendly white-separatists, and assholes of every imaginable kind.

Receiving the magazine once a month became ritualistic as I sat on my couch, read cover to cover, and placed my life and future on hold. With print stained fingers, I would lie awake at night dreaming of far off places like "Gilman St.," "ABC NO RIO," "CBGB's," and "Telegraph Avenue." I would think about all those wondrous, amazing places, and dream of squatting, puking, peeing, and relieving myself wherever I damn well pleased. The dreams, my friends, the dreams.

But times have changed! Rarely do I pick up the magazine—mostly because I have outgrown it, and partly due to what I believe an uncanny resemblance to *Flipside*. It is not that once strong part of me, something that I used to dream and think about, as I would stare wide-eyed, nightly, at the anarchy symbol and "Bauhaus-Bela Lugosi Is Dead" posters hovering above my bed. All those dreams, so close to touch, so far away... Yet, I sit here, reflecting, questioning my sanity, and wonder, wonder, wonder, wondering...am I doing the right thing?

Should I be helping the latest coordinators of MRR sell a nostalgic representation of our subculture? Even though our standings in the punk rock world are only considered "new school," do we have this right? Should we be able to replace the beloved, collected vinyl of yesterday, with the discs of tomorrow...? Yes.

Yes, I do believe we have this right. I think that it was pure ingenuity on Arwen and Mike's part...raising money, allowing them to quit their jobs and work full time on the magazine, buy a new dishwasher, and have a large sum of money to tide them over for years to come. From here out, reviews will only need to be sent via CD, saving people postage, and the "shitworkers" the time and energy of filing. No longer will it be an armful of LPs, but now, a small handful of CDs!

Hopefully, the honest and hard working habits of the past "shitworkers" will be remembered as we cart this vast collection off to the cleaners. In the meantime, I will continue to diligently burn CDs, compiling 7"s, LPs, compilations; photocopying lyric sheets, transcribing matrix digits and witty anecdotes; sacrificing myself for the punk rock contingency.

I hope you understand, we are only monkeys in this game...if death does not count, does life?

In the midst of walking through the filth, I've procrastinated on writing this column till the very last minute, literally. This is really ridiculous, I'm driving the zine to Sacramento in 30 minutes. Arwen asked me if I could fill two-thirds of a page...uh sure no problem. Sleep deprived insanity. If this all sounds a bit crazy that's because I'm going on two hours of sleep and riding on a no-longer existent caffeine buzz. In fact, you might as well move on to reading something else in this zine because everything I've written below is in code and will make absolutely no sense to most people.

•

I must mention how stoked I am to have gotten a copy of the RAIN LP. It's a record that I've been looking for over ten years. Lo and behold it was sitting in the record library here at MRR. I never bothered to look. I always figured it was too "emo" for MRR. I know people peg me as a "rock n roll" guy, but I'll have you know I've got a pretty heavy DC circa 85 musical foundation. I grew up listening to SOUL SIDE, JAWBOX, IGNITION, GRAY MATTER, and a slew of other bands pegged as "emo" nowadays (ie. a lot of bands deemed unpunk by MRR). What does and does not make the punk cut around here is quite a curious subject. For example, why is there an EMBRACE record in the collection and not a single RITES OF SPRING 7"? EMBRACE is less emo than RITES OF SPRING on the emo scale? It's really beyond me. The only explanation I've come up with is the collection is made up of records/bands that Tim Yo liked, emo or not. It's kind of sad if you ask me, entirely rejecting that side of punk rock seems to discredit a large part of the music's recent (last 15 years) history. To an outsider it might seem that MRR has no room for the natural evolution that an art form takes after 30 years (good thing that outsider isn't me!). There sure was a lot of un-punk music coming out in 1970 that would hardly pass as anything but art/indie rock these days (fuck, the word punk didn't even exist in 1970). Velvet Underground punk rock? I don't know about that, but there's a shit load of people that credit them as being the first punk band. Like it or not punk is an art form. People cringe when they hear the word "art" because they associate it with fucking rich condiscending fucks with berets and wine glasses. Understandable...but it doesn't have to be that way. It's all about the words you use to describe events. (Jesus, I sound like a rambling lunatic. I could go stand on the street corner talking to myself and passers by about why Lou Reed was or wasn't punk). Putting up a bunch of old flyers and photographs up on a wall in a warehouse for 40 toting punks could be called an art gallery or opening, but what makes it punk and not "art" is the DIY aspect of it. Like wise, I think most DIY projects should be noted as a contribution to this punk rock mecca, even if they are emo. In fact I'm working on an all "berets" theme issue! It's gonna be so sick!

Punk is just a word after all. It means you're a person who is taken advantage of/fucked in the ass in prison. Not exactly the context in which the word is used within these pages, yet still a literal definition that has evolved behind prison walls. The word evolved in NYC in an entirely different context, still both literal meanings right? So what's my point, I DONT KNOW! Actually, I was wondering if people in prison order PUNK PLANET like they do *MRR*. With the above definition taken into consideration, it might look kind of funny sitting on an inmates bed. Arwen says "probably not, cuz they never had GG on the cover." Have I managed to offend anyone yet? Oh well, I figure it's only a matter of time before that happens. I'm going insane, I have no brain...la la la! You can't hold crazy people accountable for saying shit like this.

•

On other notes, it's about time *MRR* sold all of those antiquated vinyl LPs and 45s—come on, CDRs are the way of the future! 2001 Space Odessy...maybe you've heard of it hmmm? Besides, we needed new stuff at the *MRR* squat , things like shotguns and canned foods. You sure can't shoot records at varmints! The rest of the staff doesn't know it yet, but we're relocating to the country of Montana to start a real *MRR* compound. Oh yes Montana, a place where we can grow beards, eat marmits, and somewhat peacefully secede from the Union. Hell, with the way things are going with that fascist Thatcher in office and all, we might have a lot of followers, that's ok, I reckon we'll eat them too. It will be total fuckin peace and vegetable rights, free from the oppressors! It'll also be nice in Montana, because that drunk Mike Thorn will make plenty of moonshine for us all. We like moonshine, how happy we will be. Yeah off the hiz-ooook!

10-4 good buddy.

Send all hate mail and punk shitz to: Andrew Scott, PO Box 170247, SF, CA. 94117 or *andrew.scott@mindspring.com*. hi-tech viewing: www.sobstory.net

This month we had to make perhaps the most painful decision in my time at *MRR*. To dispel rumors before they start, the coordinators, board of directors, and reluctantly, the shitworkers too, have decided to sell the famous greentaped record library (aka "Tim's Records") to keep up the cash flow here at *Maximum*.

There's a consensus that when we settled for $250,000 for the whole thing we got a shabby deal, but the appeal of immediate cash relief overwhelmed our anxieties. One of the other coordinators is under the impression that the purchasing collector—who shall remain nameless per our agreement—is eager to sell off less essential items at their website set up for that purpose: igotdarecords@yahoo.com. It is my opinion, on the other hand, that the collector in fact intends to keep the collection as a whole unit, and offered to sell pieces of it to further draw us into making the deal. We were reluctant to give up the entire archive—especially with the proliferation of corporate investment schemes specifically designed to exploit the degenerate and shameless nature of "serious" record collectors. The goal of these companies—to gather and wholesale, at lofty prices—rare records to the buying public, is the very essence of corporte greed.

To avoid becoming a pawn in such a capitalist scheme, we obtained an oral agreement with said collector here at MRRHQ, with several wandering shitworkers as witnesses, so we feel confident that Collector X's budget is entirely wholesome. Still, as a sign of good faith, we asked that the community be allowed access, via the website, to more information, and the chance to grap a piece of the green duct tape pie.

Yes, please continue to send us two copies of your vinyl for review. It may seem a sentimental stab in the dark, but I think it made us all feel a little better to start over with the collection. Sure, we might miss one or two big names, but with hard work, I think we can nurture a respectably-sized collection on vinyl. Also, don't think we were silly enough to pack up the records without recording them, one by one, onto CDRs. My heartfelt thanks to those shitworkers who helped in this grueling task: you know who you are. No thanks to those couple who called me and the other coordinators PC fascists and walked out—especially not to the one ex-shitworker who sent a copy of her PO box key to Nick Fitt, "with blessings". Creep.

•••••

In the columns section of last month's *MRR* (#214), we learned that:

1. Women who front punk bands are guaranteed the support of the female "half"of the scene.
2. Women are "doomed to eternal subservience" to men because of their desire to be dominated and taken care of by men. They also like to be treated badly by men.

(We also learned that feminists (and other "PC" types) have no sense of humor. Usually when people use this phrase, it is

code for something else, but that's a topic for another day. Suffice it to say, when Paul accuses me of having no sense of humor, I remind him that I'm not laughing because he's not funny. See? So I won't mess around with that one today.)

As for the others, I made no attempt to censor or alter these bits of wisdom when they appeared. It was a useful opportunity, in fact, that these opinions were written in plain English—they are common enough assumptions about women which in our circles rarely make it out of the subtext. I'll neatly sidestep our rule—preventing columnists from writing about each other—by saying: I don't want to argue with the columnists who wrote them. I'll rebuke these ideas—so rampant that I consider them open ground for debate—rather than their bearers.

The first of these ideas is fairly harmless. It is a product of rigid thinking, through which the writer attempts to relate to the experience of another human being without adequately performing the exercise recommended by Atticus Finch in *To Kill A Mockingbird*—to walk around in their shoes awhile first. The results sound hopelessly naive:

a. Women make up half of the punk scene.
b. Bands fronted by women have the automatic support and admiration of this female "half" of the scene. The gender of a frontperson thus overrides other considerations, like the music.
c. In contrast, the male half of the scene bases its support of a band on factors like sound, style, politics, etc.

These careless and flawed observations are in the same league as, "women are so lucky that they can use affirmative action to get ahead," and the ever-popular, "if I had tits, I'd just sit around all day fondling myself." An unspoken corollary is that women are incapable of sexist behavior towards other women, which is certainly not true. The real failure here is a limited imagination. All the statements above show difficulty envisioning a truly different set of circumstances, complicated by factors outside of the writer's experience. In the case of rocking out with a band, these can include competition and awkwardness between women working together and with men, the barriers a woman must overcome before climbing on stage, and how outnumbered, intimidated, or pissed she can feel in her less than 20 percent of "the scene." In other words, when you look around and wonder why there aren't more girls in punk bands, or about any mysterious behavior by someone different than yourself, you should wonder watchfully.

The second opinion about women we printed last month, that their claim to desire equal treatment is a sham masking a real inner yearning to be lorded over by tough guys, is, I'll venture to say, an almost ubiquitous myth of our culture, hence it pops up frequently in our inner speeches. It is a rare person who hasn't brooded over power games in male/female relationships (or any relationships, in fact). What could be more human than obsessing about power? But this is a far cry from buying the ugliest of the sexist myths—that women, despite all their yammering about equal rights—secretly want to be brutalized.

This is so obviously simpleminded, not to mention classically vengeful, that it barely warrants an argument. Responding to heartbreak, as our writer did, with nasty, sweeping generalizations about half of the human race lacks creativity—also courage.

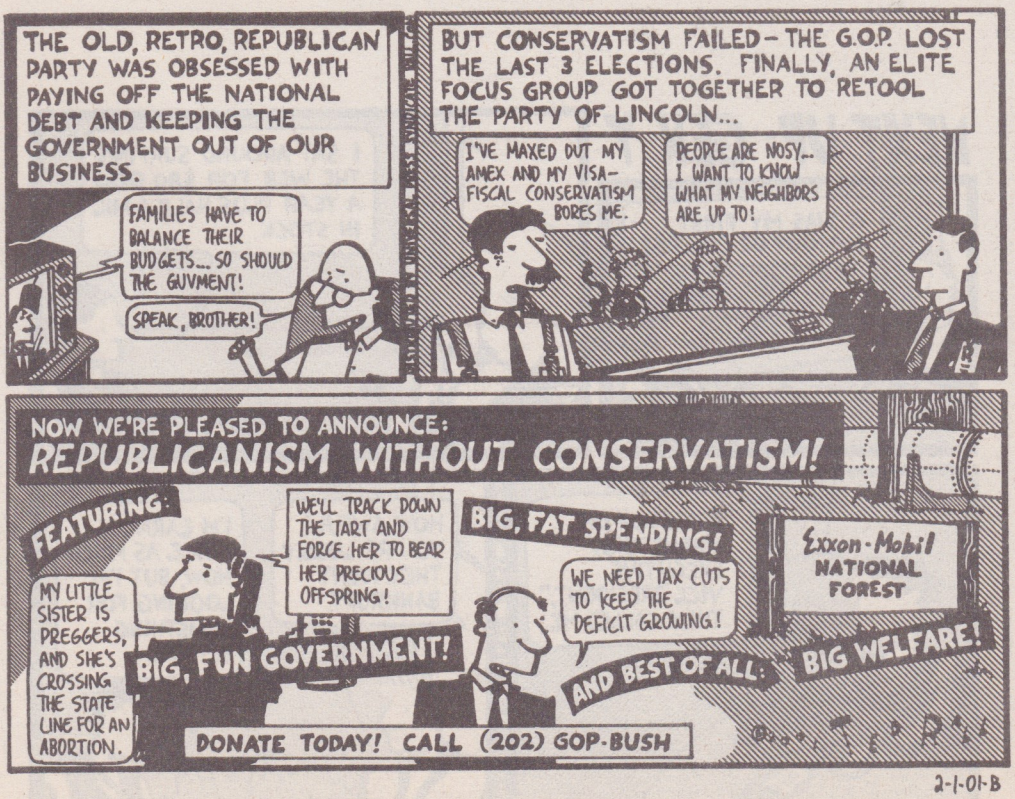
The relationships between men and women are more interesting than this, whether they are brutal or redemptive. And differences between men and women exist, and are interesting also. In that sore time after being dumped, our writer, like many men, was not brave enough to ponder what went wrong in his power relations with some woman, and instead, in a kind of colorless fit, scapegoated our entire sex. "He's entitled to his opinion," said another shitworker, as I marvelled over this. Yes. How well will he accept my entitlement to mine?

• • • • •

I think it is likely that the great desires, anxieties, strengths and weaknesses of men and women are very similar, and that our capacities for honesty, intelligence, hard work, and so on, are identical—if not in every detail, then in degree. In a monogamous relationship, the greatest of these desires—or the definition of being loved—is to be understood, firstly as a human being with idiosyncracies, history, and a unique inner life, secondly, as a member of your gender (whatever that might be). With only the first criterion, your mother can understand and love you. With only the second, you can have a good screw. But a good lover must understand you in both ways.

• • • • •

I like waking up in Paul's new room, which faces the center of the city block rather than the street like the old one did. The



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Victorian bedroom has fine cracks in the plaster and comforts me by being shaped like, and smelling like, the San Francisco rooms in my imagination, only there is no smell of drying paint. Two stories down sit unexpected large and green gardens where swarthy white neighbors practice Tai Chi and play with their vicious dogs.

Hills slope on all sides of the block, causing uncertainty about the ground level: how can a garden border the second story roof of a movie theater? The patchwork of roofs is connected by iron ladders and little alleys. It is a secret life, replete with stories, only for our ears: we who no longer sleep on the street side.

Paul is up and gone and I listen to his records and enjoy the sparseness of his room. I admire how he organizes things—in a way that is utilitarian and flexible. He always finds the perfect bookshelf, and it's blue already, not orange, so he doesn't have to paint it. When he no longer needs it, he gets rid of it without compunction. In contrast, it seems that once I have acquired something useful, it binds itself to me like a memory. When attempting to organize my room, I consider all the pieces of the puzzle and how I will adapt them to fit the necessary function. So this file box with a broken clasp, no longer sturdy enough to hold papers, now has to hold something else, and what should that be? If the permutations are off, the whole equation can befuddle me for days. I like to feel that I am resourceful. But when I am balancing the wooden crates of records so that the most broken one sits on top, I envy Paul's sturdy metal shelves and find that my resourcefulness has cut me off at the pass.

He comes home while I am getting dressed. As we're talking he tells me that a married but split up couple we know might be getting back together.

"When I saw her at the show, she said there was no way in hell they would get back together, but they're both very fragile people, so I'm not surprised, " he says.

I find this interesting, because I've never heard him use this word to describe someone we know.

"Am I fragile?" I ask, to gauge his meaning.

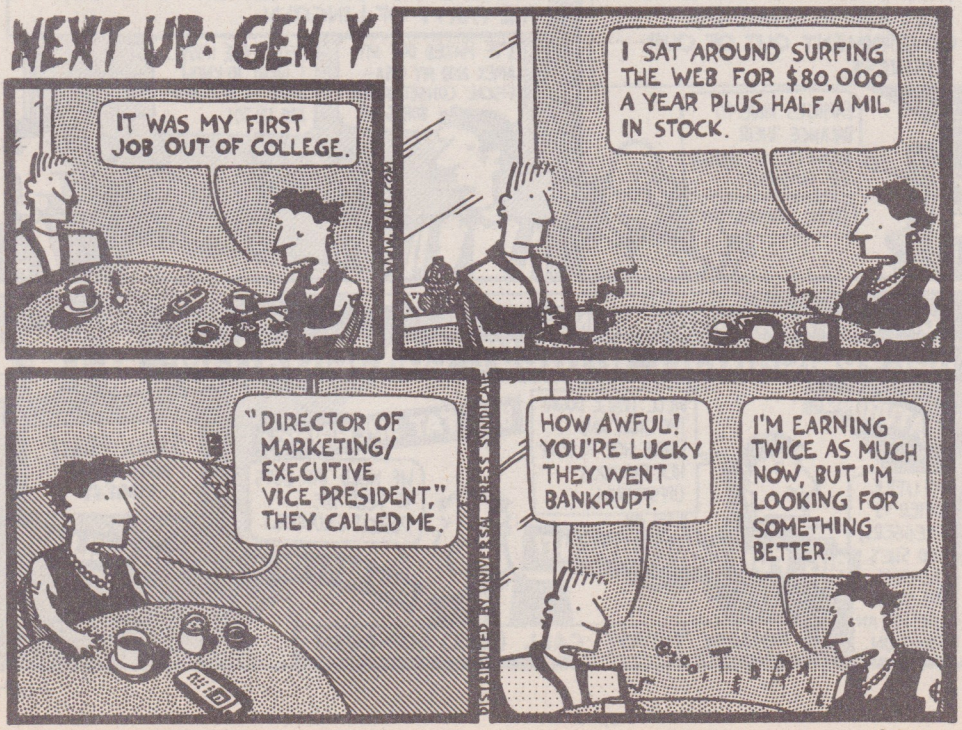
"Sometimes. Other times, you're as hard as rocks."

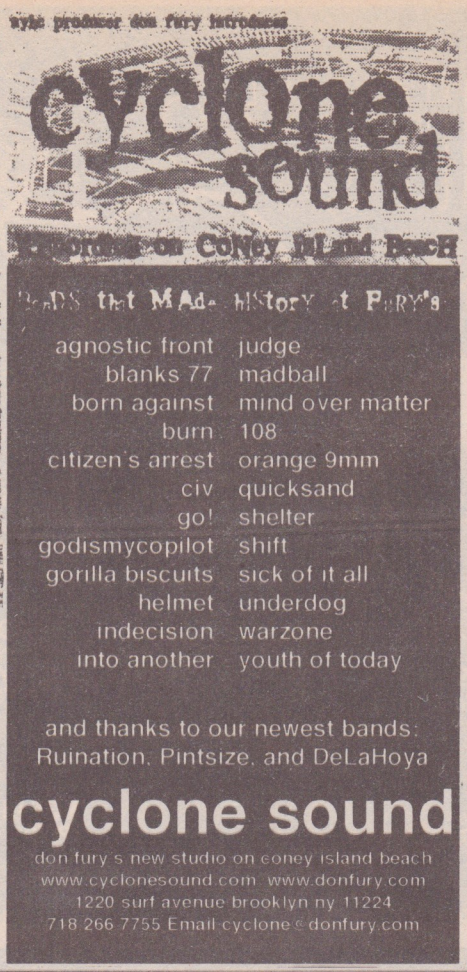
We are hurrying out the door, so the conversation doesn't continue this way, but I am touched. Not because I am flattered, but because I have been deeply watched.

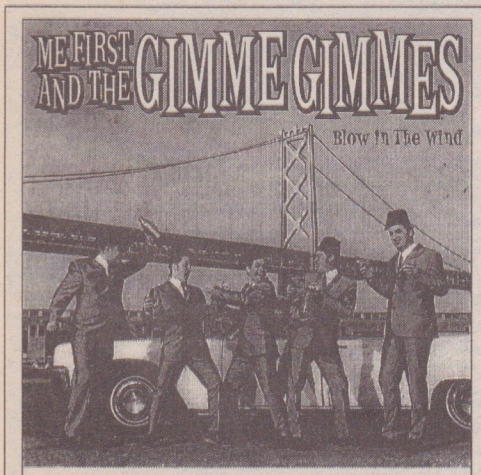
contact me: arwenc@mindspring.com.

Summary Report
1/1/00 Through 12/31/00

Category	1/1/00-1/1/01
Inflows	
Ads	75,959.60
Dist	92,424.09
Subs	7,464.48
Inflows - Other	982.98
Total Inflows	**176,831.15**
Outflows	
Bad Debt	365.00
Bankcharge	479.51
Cal Fran Ta	1,802.42
Car	2,348.82
Dues&pubs	52.00
Equip	1,153.66
Insur Exp	665.00
L&P Fees	1,246.00
Misc	0.00
Office	0.00
Post	16,393.91
Print	85,314.52
Rec	4,185.53
refund	25.00
Rent	47,990.00
Repairs	83.91
Supplies	358.42
Taxes	670.00
Travel	2,616.10
Utilities	6,322.59
Zineprod	1,515.66
Outflows - Other	0.00
Total Outflows	**173,588.05**
Overall Total	**3,243.10**







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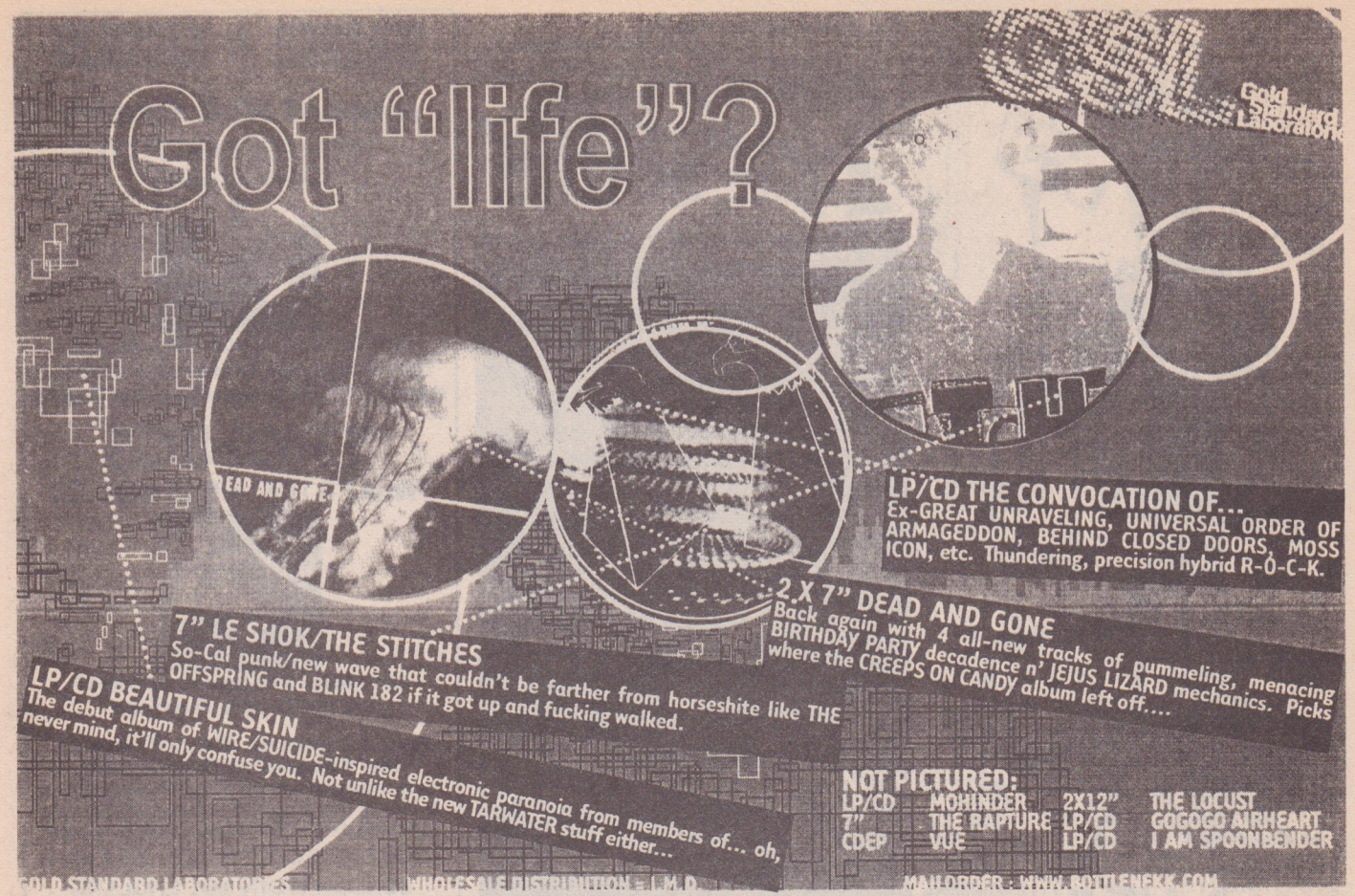

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F 30 Boston, MA * house show
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M 02 Philadelphia, PA * Castle Greyskull
T 03 Richmond, VA
W 04 Greensboro, NC * "T"
H 05 Asheville, NC * "T"
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T 10 Peoria, IL
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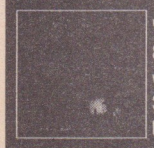

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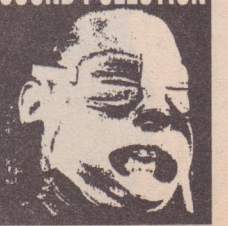

BETWEEN THE LINES

We Don't Know if He Can Find It on A Map, But Bush Sure Liked Bombing Iraq

by Jason Vest

A few months ago, Kathy Kelly and some colleagues from Voices in the Wilderness, a Chicago-based group which holds that sanctions on Iraq are both inhumane and counterproductive, visited a school in northern Iraq. Located squarely in the illicit "no fly zone" dominated by US and UK warplanes, the school and its children are no strangers to the sounds of fighter jets and their exploding ordnance—-lethal airborne packages meant for the Iraqi military, but, despite their vaunted "precision" guidance systems, often go wide of the mark, terrorizing or killing the very civilians the US is ostensibly protecting from Saddam Hussein.

Kelly and her companions discovered that far from endearing the US to the Iraqi people, the small-scale airstrikes that have become a staple of existence in northern and southern Iraq are now enough to literally send people running for cover when told an American—-not an American airplane, but an individual American—-is in the house, as the schoolchildren did when their teachers revealed that Kelly was from the United States. For several years now, Kelly and other visitors to Iraq have returned to their native shores with similar reports: Saddam and his cronies remain comfortably ensconced in power, while the sanctions regime—-which almost every other concerned country in the world, save the US and UK, wants to dispense with—-and repeated aerial bombardments do little except adversely affect Iraqi civilians, and engender ill will towards the US throughout the Arab world. So what to do if you're George W. Bush? Perpetuate the same flawed policy, of course, counting on the groveling Washington press corps and would-be pundits to back you up.

But it's the "no fly zones" bit that's especially surreal, given that they're illegal. Not only were they never included, explicitly or implicitly, in the UN resolutions that ended the Gulf War, but the UN resolutions specifically reaffirmed Iraq's territorial integrity. Saying a country can't use 2/3 of its own airspace seems, to many international law experts, a clear violation of sovereignty.

But this is par for course when it comes to how the US regards the United Nations and its resolutions: as instruments to be employed when convenient, and disregarded when inconvenient.

We knew it was only a matter of time before Bush the Younger would emulate—-in whatever smaller-scale way—-both his father, and his predecessor, on Iraq. The day finally came on Friday, February 16, when the linguistically-challenged chief executive revealed that he had personally authorized an attack on radar facilities located near Baghdad and just outside one of the two infamous "no fly zones" that the US claims are part of a necessary strategy to "contain" Saddam Hussein.

This destructive jaunt over the Iraqi capital, the Voice of Establishment Authority (aka The New York Times) told its readers, was a brilliant "timely signal," telegraphing to Saddam that the US "will not shy away from using force to contain any new Iraqi military threat." Over in the news pages of the Times, reporters Frank Bruni and David Sanger took an almost paternal pride in painting Bush as a li'l fellow all growed up: The bombing was proof that Bush "had arrived on the world stage, and that despite his inexperience, he was a player". Besides, they added, this was really all on Saddam's head, as he had "tested United States resolve" by trying to build a better mousetrap for the US and UK warplanes that routinely scream through Iraqi airspace.

Over on the op-ed pages, things were even more histrionic and bizarre: Despite strident con-

demnations of the bombing from Saudi Arabia and Jordan and just about every other Arab state, Anthony Cordesman of the Center for Strategic and International Studies had both countries trembling at the thought of Saddam, and arguing that the existing "containment" strategy should be employed for as long as it takes to bring Saddam down—-even if we're talking decades. Elsewhere, some analysts and pundits actually held that bombing Iraq on the eve of Secretary of State Colin Powell's Middle East swing was somehow good for US diplomacy in the region.

There's a serious through-the-looking-glass quality to all of this that seems infinite; we need to apply the defining strategy of a decades-long cold war against a huge country and its satellites to a small, increasingly-impoverished nation? (What the hell, we've done the same with Cuba.) But it's the "no fly zones" bit that's especially surreal, given that they're illegal. Not only were they never included, explicitly or implicitly, in the UN resolutions that ended the Gulf War, but the UN resolutions specifically reaffirmed Iraq's territorial integrity.

Saying a country can't use 2/3 of its own airspace seems, to many international law experts, a clear violation of sovereignty. But this is par for course when it comes to how the US regards the United Nations and its resolutions: as instruments to be employed when convenient, and disregarded when inconvenient. Bush senior made much of the fact that the UN had sanctioned a multinational "coalition" effort against Iraq a decade ago. But when the UN resolved that sanctions against Iraq would only be tied to disarmament, weapons inspections, reparations, and cessation of internal repression—-and not Saddam's absenting himself from power—-the US declared, through then Secretary of State James Baker, that there would be no end to sanctions "as long as Saddam Hussein is in power." The Clinton Administration stuck to the same line.

One would hope that the media in a democracy might at least point this out, if not harp on it repeatedly. Though hope springs eternal, in this case, it's rarely realized. Take, for example, the following bit from Linda Wertheimer's February 17 National Public Radio report:

WERTHEIMER: President Bush, who's in Mexico today to meet with President Vicente Fox, said Saddam Hussein has to understand that the US expects him to abide by the agreements he signed after the Gulf War.
PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH: We will enforce the no-fly zone, both south and north. Our intention is to make sure that the world is as peaceful as possible. And we're going to watch very carefully as to whether or not he develops weapons of mass destruction. And if we catch him doing so, we'll take the appropriate action.

The construction of the above segment raises a disturbing question: Has Bush actually read the UN documents, or, like so many readers and listeners, does he believe, courtesy the media, that the no-fly zones are actually enshrined in the UN resolutions? But let's face it, even if he was confronted with the fact, Bush wouldn't be likely to do anything differently, except carry on with the policy-that-really-isn't (bomb and embargo), which seems only to succeed in pissing off the rest of the world. His blustering does little but invite laughter: "And if we catch him doing so, we'll take the appropriate action." Like what, and to what end? The missile strikes Clinton authorized in 1998 (an offense more easily and appropriately impeachable, as Democratic Rep. David Skaggs publicly noted at the time) after the UN's Richard Butler reported Saddam was hiding nasty weapons didn't do much to Saddam. And enough with the "weapons of mass destruction" red herring already. The only reason Saddam ever used chemical weapons (on the Kurds, and in the Iran-Iraq war) was because the US didn't care, as its interests weren't directly threatened. Saddam's not an idiot; he knows full well that launching a WMD attack on the US or an ally would bring a fierce response from which he'd have no political or military cover. And clinging to the notion that the only problem with the sanctions regime is that it needs to be "toughened up" is even more ridiculous. Nations that don't have official diplomatic or commercial communications with Iraq are quietly pursuing them anyway, and no small about of consumer goods are coming in across the borders. The only continuous success the sanctions seem to have is to assure the miserable state of Iraqi public health stays constant or slowly worsens, as the lack of key medical sup-

"our behavior in the world, no matter who is president, is out of control. We waste billions and spend lives, and almost always our interventions work out badly. We ruin the countries we go to help– destroying the very values we intervene to secure– and we corrupt ourselves in the process."

-jonathan kwinty-

plies ensures the vulnerable young and elderly die more quickly and painfully. Even Pope John Paul II, who's Catholic Church isn't exactly friendly to Muslims with territorial ambitions, gets this; he's characterized the sanctions regime as a "pitiless embargo against the weak and innocent who cannot pay for mistakes for which they are not responsible". So much for W's "compassionate conservatism".

When I made a round of calls to Pentagon and intelligence community sources the day of the bombing, I was hardly surprised to find some in a state of ecstasy and smug self-satisfaction: "We reminded him who's boss today," one officer crowed over the phone to me. But who's the boss of who here? Whatever power the US may be able to project on Iraq or anywhere else in the Middle East, it has no real influence, as, say, the British did in the Persian Gulf of the 19th century, when they could change whole regimes without bloodying anyone. Imperialism is bad enough as is, but when the only tool in it's box is force, it just makes a bad situation worse, and damned if the US hasn't done that with Iraq. In lieu of diplomatic relations, what we have instead is a sick symbiotic relationship where constant military violence ensures the political survival of leadership in both Washington and Baghdad.

This is hardly something to be proud of.. Because we've created a situation where Saddam has no incentive to give up power. Those in Baghdad who would like to see him go find him preferable to sanctions. And those outside who would like to see him go (those the US is giving $29 million to piss away in attempts to covertly overthrow him that, if history is any indicator, will fail) are not only inept but are largely Sunni, who the majority Shia want little to do with. You can't look to a viable future for Iraq without the Shia, but as the Shia tilt towards Iran, they're not particularly enamored of the US or anyone taking aid from the US.

In some corners of the national security establishment, bona fide diplomatic solutions have been quietly kicked around: start a genuine rapproachment with Iran, work with the Iraqi Shias independently and through Iran, and work towards the day when both Iran and Iraq are friendly Islamic democracies. Some who think along these lines do so with considerable idealism; as one veteran intelligence analyst once told me, "Given that we engineered the coup that eventually brought Saddam to power, given that we enabled and used him as we saw fit, and given that this hasn't been great for the Iraqi people, not only do I think we sort of owe the Iraqi people, but we could actually engender a lot of genuine good will."

But the real and protracted diplomatic challenges to pursuing this notion virtually assure its impossiblity; not only would it mean actually working to engender a real Iraqi democracy (as opposed to fostering a coup and installing a US-friendly strongman), but the level of constant diplomacy required seems far beyond the intellectual capacity of anyone at the State Department. Though it's not like the State Department actually does diplomacy anymore; it already appears that Colin Powell is being outflanked by Donald Rumsfeld and considered a second-stringer by our new prime minister, Dick Cheney.

In 1984, the late Jonathan Kwitny—-one of the most incisive investigative reporters to ever grace the pages of the Wall Street Journal— wrote of the US that "our behavior in the world, no matter who is president, is out of control. We waste billions and spend lives, and almost always our interventions work out badly. We ruin the countries we go to help—-destroying the very values we intervene to secure—-and we corrupt ourselves in the process." There was nothing to write about Iraq then, but if Kwitny were still alive to do a updated edition of the book those words appeared in, a chapter on the US's tortured relationship with Saddam—-which my colleague Christopher Hitchens once incisively described as "The United States will intrigue against him when he is weak, and will grovel before him when he is strong"—-would be only too appropriate, as our approach to Iraq echoes the title of Kwitny's book: *Endless Enemies: The Making of an Unfriendly World.*

Washington-based investigative reporter Jason Vest is a contributing editor to In These Times and writes on foreign affairs for The American Prospect. Winner of a 2000 Project Censored award, he also co-hosts, with Charlie Cray, the provisionally-titled "Washington Warp-Up" on the Washington, DC Independent Media Center's web site.

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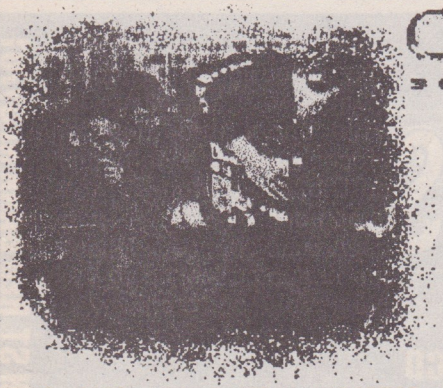

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MRR NEWS

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April 2001
compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

Canada: North American Peacekeeper or Arms Dealer to the U.S.?

"Canada is a peacekeeping nation." - Popular Canadian myth
"Canada the 19th Largest Pentagon Contractor, Fiscal Year 2000" - U.S. War Dept.

The following is the first in a series of research articles produced by the Toronto chapter of Homes not Bombs, which believes Canada Should Build Homes, not Blow Them Up. Homes not Bombs is developing a Campaign to Demilitarize Canada, one major part of which is attempting to expose the many tentacles in the Canadian arms production and export process. We encourage research submissions on what's going on in your neck of the woods (and there's plenty of it going on across Canada that needs exposure to the public light.)

There seems no stopping the Big Lie. Canada continues to promote the big lie of "peacekeeping nation," evidenced lately by glowing encomiums to former Secretary of State for External Affairs Lloyd Axworthy, who, among his many crimes, oversaw millions of dollars in arms shipments to the regime in Indonesia, supported Canadian armed enforcement of sanctions against the Iraqi people, and cheered loudly the bombing of the Balkans. Axworthy also made several desperate visits to the U.S. to ensure that American "security concerns" would not interfere with Canada's $5 billion weapons production industry.

It is hard to square Canada's self-proclaimed reputation as international good guy, however, with the factual record. And this week's news provides yet another piece of the true puzzle of Canadian policy: that as far as military production and export are concerned, death is indeed a Canadian business, and by all accounts, business is good.

Each year, the U.S. War Dept., known as the Pentagon, releases a list of its top 100 weapons contractors. For the year 2000, the list contains most of the usual suspects (most of which have Canadian subsidiaries), including Lockheed Martin, Boeing, Raytheon, Litton, General Dynamics, General Electric and Honeywell.

Making the top 20 for the year 2000 is an entity described as "Government of Canada." Yes, right there at #19 in the top 100 is the peacemaking nation Canada, which, through the benign front of the Canadian Commercial Corporation (CCC), raked in $676,881,000 in contracts to help the world's most vicious military power construct even more ingenious ways of liquidating whole populations.

It's instructive to visit the website of the friendly CCC (www.ccc.ca) to see how, exactly, Canada acts as a channel for arms manufacturers north of the U.S. border. Essentially, this government export sales agency, wholly funded by you and me, is mandated to promote trade between Canada and whoever is willing to buy our stuff (more than 100 countries, according to the CCC). Staff at the CCC help with the bidding on contracts for weapons systems, acting in essence as prime contractor.

"CCC is a security blanket for us and our bankers, and it gives us credibility with foreign buyers," explains Henriette Martinitz, CEO of Parry Sound-based Pro-Safe Fire Training Systems Inc. With CCC's assistance, that company generated multi-million-dollar sales to the U.S. Navy and Air Force, helping those institutions do their dirty work around the globe.

So, if you've got a big gun, or the key component for the use of that new weapons system, CCC will use our tax dollars to find a market for it. "CCC, as Prime Contractor, will enter into a contract with your U.S. government buyer and take a legal risk position in the deal. Our governmental status to sign contracts on behalf of Canadian exporters puts the power of Canada behind the export sale-guaranteeing its full and satisfactory completion." So much for the glory of the free market, eh? Plus, this service is provided to Canadian weaponsmakers at no charge. Hell, if you've got cash flow problems, CCC will even provide, at NO CHARGE, accelerated payment of project invoices.

One of the golden opportunities for Canadian companies now, according to the CCC, is participation in the Joint Strike Fighter, a $300 billion program to build the next generation of fighter aircraft. Missions to seek out contract opportunities for the fighter jets are also supported by the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade, Industry Canada, and Technology Partnerships Canada.

Nowhere on the CCC site or related sites can one readily find information on the creation of true non-violent intervention and peace building programs, the building of social justice and civil society, or the cost-free consultations that the government should be providing for such initiatives.

Meanwhile, don't let concerns about human rights interfere with cutting a good deal. If you want to sell to a country with blemishes like torture, summary executions, massacres and the like, the CCC lists Canadian representatives who can help peddle your wares in a variety of Amnesty International repeat offenders, including, but not at all limited to, China, Indonesia, Turkey, Colombia, Guatemala, Mexico, Algeria, Iran, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and Israel.

In addition to European (NATO) opportunities, the CCC actively encourages "market opportunities" for weapons firms in East Asia ("the financial crisis in Asia should cause only a temporary downturn in defence [sic] sales in the region"), Latin America (which "presents important opportunities in the aerospace and defence electronics markets for Canadian firms, particularly in countries such as Chile, Argentina, Mexico and Peru), and, of course, the Middle East, which is "expected to absorb over $150 billion in offshore defence purchases" in the near future.

So the next time Molson's Joe Canadian gets up to talk about what makes us what we are, don't forget about Canada's proud ranking as the 19th biggest weapons contractor for the Pentagon in year 2000.

Next up: Canada is not in the process of deciding whether to be involved in Star Wars, because Canada is already involved, what with contracts at a facility called DREO, Defence Research Establishment Ottawa, where research is proceeding apace on ways to improve the deadly "National Missile Defence" program.

Homes not Bombs is a provincial network of non-violent activists located across Ontario. For more information, drop us a line at tasc@web.ca or write us at PO Box 73620, 509 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto, ON M6C 1C0.

Bush Attempts to Prove He's Got Balls – Bombs Away in Iraq

U.S. and British air strikes targeted and destroyed Iraqi radar sites Friday, February 16. Iraqi media reported two persons dead and another eleven injured in the attack; furthermore, that some 300 people have been killed and more than 800 injured by allied strikes since Iraq began challenging the no-fly patrols in December 1998.

The no-fly zones were established in northern and southern Iraq after the Gulf War. The United States said the attack targeted air defense installations in order to damage Iraq's capabilities to threaten allied plans patrolling a no-fly zone in Southern Iraq. Of course, destroying those installations also cripples Iraq against further air strikes by the United States and Great Britain, if those nations chose to escalate the last ten years' worth of low-intensity warfare, including the sanctions which many human rights organizations argue have only starved and devastated the Iraqi population.

France, which took part in setting up the zones but has since stopped participating in the patrols, said it had "often expressed our incomprehension and our discomfort in regards to repeated air strikes carried out by American and British aviation."

"In addition to the victims they create among the civilian population, these operations maintain a tension that is damaging the implementation of a mutually agreed-upon solution to the Iraq problem, in conformity with the goals of the Security Council, the French Foreign Ministry said.

Russia and China were also quick to condemn the strikes. "What the American militarists are doing at the start of the new administration's activity is a challenge to international security and the entire world community," said Col. Gen. Leonid Ivashov, chief of the Russian Defense Ministry's international cooperation department, as quoted by news agency Interfax.

In Beijing, Foreign Ministry spokesman Zhu Bangzao said, "We condemn the air attacks launched by the United States and Britain against Iraq, and express deep regret over the deaths and injuries of innocent civilians resulting from the action."

Charges Against Pinochet Reinstated

On January 29, 2001, charges were reinstated against former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet. The defendant, charged with kidnaping and murder by investigating judge Juan Guzman, now faces arrest, fingerprinting, and other police procedures.

Pinochet's lawyers are expected to challenge the charges before the summer panel of the Santiago Appeals Court. They have been pressing for the case to be closed because of Pinochet's medical condition (the general, who is 85, suffers from ailments including diabetes and the after-effects of minor strokes). Pinochet underwent medical tests from January 10-12, which reportedly found that he suffered from a degree of mental impairment. Under Chilean law, however, a defendant must be found insane to escape prosecution.

Judge Juan Guzman had previously charged Pinochet with murder and kidnapping on December 1, 2000. The Santiago Appeals Court threw out the charges on the grounds that the judge had failed to question Pinochet, a requirement under Chilean law before a person may be charged with a criminal offense, and the Supreme Court confirmed the ruling. Judge Guzman pressed on with the case, finally questioning Pinochet at his Santiago home on January 23.

The Chilean courts have had to overcome numerous obstacles left in place by the military government to ensure that it would never be held responsible for human rights atrocities committed after the 1973 coup. In January 1998, when Judge Guzman opened his investigation, few observers gave him any chance of success as, among other things, an amnesty law prevented prosecutions for crimes committed between 1973 and 1978.

In 1999 however, the courts ruled "disappearances" must be considered ongoing crimes and were therefore not subject to the law. The Chilean Supreme Court's August 2000 decision confirming the removal of Pinochet's parliamentary immunity gave further support to this doctrine.

US Imperialism in Colombia under Guise of Drug War

U.S. government leaders portray Plan Colombia, the $1.3 billion United States military aid package to the South American country of Colombia, as essential to winning the "War on Drugs." To eliminate the supply of drugs, they contend, the U.S. military must support the Colombian army so it may increase attacks in the regions under control of the FARC rebels – eliminating the rebel forces to "stabilize" Colombia and make it "safe for democracy" -- and it must also

con't. next page

'Freedom through football' is the slogan of the anarchic English football team which went to play Zapatista rebels

When the Bristol amateur football team, Easton Cowboys, first discussed the possibility of organizing a soccer tournament in a war zone in southern Mexico, the fear of a stray bullet proved less daunting than the prospect of strict dry laws imposed inside rebel villages. "It became known as the Betty Ford tour," quipped Roger, an original Cowboy, speaking last Saturday in Morelia, a small Chiapas village where the oddest football squad in the world squared up against rebellious peasant farmers in the Lacandon jungle.

This strange encounter was made possible by the January 1994 Zapatista uprising, when thousands of armed rebels declared war on the Mexican government, renewing a struggle for land and autonomy rights which dates back five centuries.

The uprising struck a chord with the Easton Cowboys, an anarchist football team based in Easton, a working-class area of Bristol. The area has a large population of Asians, Jamaicans and Somalians, alongside a blow-in army of punks and squatters.

Training sessions are conducted largely from the safety of bar stools in the Plough, the team's beloved local pub, where strenuous pint-pulling strengthens muscles and loosens tongues. The players' distrust of authority has left them without a captain or a manager, or even a consistent line-up. However, the club's 200 members manage to field three local league teams, plus an under-12 selection, while the children have formed their own social sub-committee called FECK, (the Friends of Easton Cowboys Kid's Club).

Somehow, they made it to Mexico, thousands of miles from home, barely a word of Spanish between them, defying tropical heat, dengue-carrying mosquitos, Montezuma's revenge and Mexico's vigilant migration officers.

On the day the squad arrived in Chiapas, a front-page story in Mexico's main daily paper denounced the presence of "guerrilla tourists" in the region, "shrouded in a veil of revolutionary romanticism." The Mexican law which prohibits foreigners from getting involved in political affairs has been strictly enforced in recent years, resulting in more than 200 expulsion orders.

The Mexican army set up camps next to rebel villages in 1995. The villagers in turn invited hundreds of foreign observers to set up makeshift camps alongside them, to monitor persistent harassment of besieged communities.

In Morelia, the English squad faced one team called the Three Martyrs of January 7th, recalling three villagers tortured and disappeared by the Mexican army in 1994, in revenge for the uprising. The situation has improved slightly since Mexican President Vicente Fox took office last December, ending 71 years of one-party rule. Fox has made peace in Chiapas, the benchmark of his promise to transform Mexico into a tolerant, multi-ethnic democracy.

Last week, however, pressure from business leaders forced him to backtrack on measures aimed at reopening dialogue with the rebel leadership, which is a major setback to peace hopes.

The Easton Cowboys found a loophole in the migration law, which excludes sporting events from travel regulations. As members of the Gloucester Football Association, the Cowboys obtained a letter from FIFA, the governing world football body, which accredited them as legitimate sportspeople on an authorized mission.

The team members work as carpenters, roadies, stress managers, chefs and other jobs, all paying their own way to Mexico. Ben, a self-styled "guerrilla gardener," who applies his expertise in permaculture methods to British highways and shopping centers, was inadvertently financed by Bristol's police force, after a Bristol court awarded Ben damages for wrongful arrest arising from a direct action protest.

When the team lined up in Morelia for the first game of the tournament, play was delayed by an unburied water pipe on the pitch, as the village's supply line ran across the football field. It was an appropriate coincidence, as the visiting team raised several thousand pounds to pay for the installation of the community water system.

The first game took off at a frantic pace under a cruel sun: the Zapatistas relying on stamina rather than technique, running like crazy after the ball and wearing down the enemy. The locals faced a terrific imbalance in the air, as the members of the English team stood at least a foot taller than them. The first game saw an easy victory for the visiting team, who won two games and lost one, thus qualifying for the final.

The Cowboys' tour kicked off in La Realidad, the location of Zapatista army headquarters, where the visiting team found 12 teams waiting for them, twice the number expected. In addition, the village unearthed a microphone and recruited Esteban, the Zapatistas' answer to Eamon Dunphy, to perform a running commentary. It proved an integral part of the show.

One squad walked six hours through the jungle to play a game, sacrificing a valuable day's work in the cornfield. "Once people heard the Ingleses (English) were coming, they trained like mad," said one local.

The Cowboys suffered a remarkable range of injuries, from cracked ribs to scratched necks, bruised shins and sunstroke, as friendly games took on the air of a World Cup qualifying fixture, with five players forced to abandon play along the way.

The first casualty of the trip occurred 100 miles from the nearest football pitch, at the beach resort of Tulum, en route to Chiapas. After a night on the town, one player returned to his

hotel room and was surprised to find it locked. He kicked in the door only to find a naked couple cowering beside their bed, one of them brandishing a large knife, ready for mortal combat with the intruder.

That was the end of his trip to Mexico.

"We try to sort out problems between ourselves," said Roger, who described the team as "an extended family," willing to lend a hand in tough times. Back home, the Cowboys sheltered a Mozambique refugee for two years while on another occasion, a woman facing eviction was saved from the street thanks to money raised on her behalf.

The team slogan is: "Join the Cowboys, make friends, find a partner, a job and a baby." Paul, a single parent with custody of Hannah, bears out the prophecy. Born in Cork, Hannah, aged 8, teaches games to the local children, fashioning broomsticks from local trees and running on to the pitch at half-time, to distribute oranges to the players.

Her father, who has a master's degree in Soviet Studies, was initially skeptical about visiting another socialist country. "It seems to work though," he said, pointing to Morelia's co-operative shops, collective crops and joint decision-making process, conducted through regular village assemblies.

The footballers left their mark wherever they went, thanks to the artistic skill of Robin Banks, awarded Artist of the Year by Britain's Face magazine. "Freedom Through Football," the Cowboy's slogan, now adorns the walls in several communities.

Earlier this month, Mexico's Foreign Minister, Jorge Castaneda, called the nation's entire diplomatic corps together and instructed them to "make Mexico fashionable" after six years of negative publicity. The diplomats could do worse than study the history of the Zapatista movement, which has skillfully connected with everyone from Oliver Stone and Bianca Jagger to Nobel Prize winners José Saramago and Rigoberta Menchu, and US rockers, Rage Against the Machine. The marketing manager of Benetton once stopped by, asking permission to use images of masked rebels in a publicity campaign. He was refused.

The Cowboys won the final 2-1, and finished the tour exhausted but inspired, promising to return next year. The communities returned to their cornfields, turning their attention back to the low intensity warfare which marks the passage of each day.

THE COWBOY STORY

The Easton Cowboys began life in the early 1990s as a group of punks playing football in St Paul's Estate in Bristol, fighting an uphill battle to join a local league. "Ever tried getting punks and hippies up early on a Sunday morning?" asked Roger, a former British Aerospace worker, who made contact with neighboring Asian and Jamaican teams.

The turning point for the team came in 1993, when the Easton Cowboys were invited to a football festival in the Swabian Mountains, near Stuttgart in Germany. "That opened our eyes," said Jasper, another player, who discovered soccer's answer to the Glastonbury festival. Organizers erected a stage, hired generators, put on bands and a puppet shows for the kids. "They did it all themselves, without professional help," explained Jasper.

By 1998, the team felt confident enough to host an Alternative World Cup, a non-profit event with teams from France, Germany, Ireland, Poland, Belgium and Norway. The team raised £10,000 to bring a team from Soweto, South Africa, who walked away with the trophy. "After that, we felt like we could do anything" said Roger, little imagining the challenge that lay halfway across the world. The team members knew little about the Zapatista movement, but their curiosity was awoken by reports from returned visitors. "It seemed that their effort to win back control of their lives mirrored our struggle to stay independent within the global economic order," said Jasper.

Anti-Choice Intimidation Tactics Ruled Unacceptable: Plaintiffs in Puerto Rico Clinic Violence Case Awarded Damages

In a victory for women in Puerto Rico who faced harassment from anti-choice protestors, U.S. District Court Judge Jose Antonio Fuste awarded damages to plaintiffs on Friday, February 9, in the amount of $350,000 including a $100,000 punitive award. Judge Fuste based the decision on the contention that women suffer a substantial burden on their constitutional right to an abortion as a result of anti-choice blockades.

Judge Fuste said in the decision, "A woman who is unable to keep her appointment for an abortion because of a blockade suffers tremendous physical and emotional harm." He also noted, "The blockades and demonstrations by the conspirators hindered the patients' plans to terminate their pregnancies. The women who were unable to obtain timely medical care due to Defendants' activities are entitled to compensation for their injuries."

The U.S. District Court of Puerto Rico held a hearing on January 12 to determine damages to be awarded to plaintiffs from Carlos Sánchez, the defendant in the case Libertad v. Sánchez. CRLP filed action in 1993 against Sánchez and others to seek relief from violent and disruptive blockades and demonstrations that defendants conducted at women's health care facilities in Puerto Rico. In 1999, the district court entered a judgment against Sánchez but would not grant damages. The U.S. Court of Appeals for the First Circuit ordered the lower court in June 2000 to award attorneys' fees and damages.

embark upon massive chemical and biological warfare campaigns such as spraying with a Monsanto herbicide glyphosate, "Roundup," and fumigation with the potentially devastating fungus Fusarium Oxysporum to eradicate any crops that could be made into illegal drugs.

Critics contend the Plan has little, if anything, to do with eliminating the supply of drugs. Rather, they accuse the Plan of ravaging the Colombian population while bolstering the nation's elite, keeping Colombia's politicians under U.S. control so they will continue to give U.S. corporations easy access to Colombian natural resources. The Plan also supports corporations like United Technologies, Sikorsky and Rockwell that produce the high tech weapons, such as forty-two Huey and eighteen Blackhawk helicopters the Plan will require.

According to Doug Morris, co-director of the David Anderson Center for Peace and Justice, "Drugs are not the problem in Columbia. The problem is poverty, inequality, insufficient land reform, corruption and violence, much of it rooted in longstanding U.S. economic, political and military policies." *(Excerpted from Indymedia.org, February 11, 2001)*

Indigenous Activists Confront Ecuadorian Government

A confrontation in Ecuador between the government of President Gustavo Noboa and indigenous groups in the South American nation has escalated into the nation's most powerful protests since January 2000, when a popular uprising inspired by the Council of Indigenous Nations of Ecuador (CONAIE) forced then-president Jamil Mahaud to relinquish power.

Ecuador has experienced great unrest over the last year, as Noboa's government and the International Monetary Fund, preparing the country for a US$304 million loan that could lead to almost US$2 billion in additional funding, have imposed "economic adjustments," including the dollarisation of the Ecuadorian economy, wage restraint, the removal of subsidies and widespread privatization.

According to Ecuadorian trade unions, churches, indigenous activists, students, women's organizations, and other social action organizations, these adjustments have led to increased economic hardship for the Ecuadorian people.

In June, tens of thousands of Ecuadorians participated in a general strike. Said Wilson Alverez, president of the Workers United Front: "We're going to take to the streets to reject the economic package, reject the miserable increases in salaries and the hikes in fuel and electricity costs."

In Quito, riot police met protesters who tried to march on the government palace during the strike with tear gas. *(Excerpted from Indymedia.org, February 3, 2001)*

Virginia "Regrets" Sterilizations, but Doesn't Apologize for Racist Eugenics Program

The Virginia General Assembly has refused to apologize to the more than 7,400 other Virginians sterilized under the state's eugenics program between 1924 and 1979. Instead, the state Senate voted Wednesday, February 14, to express an "profound regret" for the General Assembly's action 77 years ago that led to forced sterilizations to preserve the 'white race."

Although eugenics eventually was discredited as a political agenda of racism, classism and related prejudice rather than scientific fact, neither Virginia nor any of the 29 other states that conducted eugenical sterilizations has ever compensated or apologized to the more than 60,000 victims.

The Virginia law was upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1927. That ruling, which still stands, led a federal judge in 1984 to throw out a class-action lawsuit filed by eugenics victims of the state.

Virginia's Southern aristocracy, acting under a eugenics law that served as a model for the rest of the nation–and for Adolph Hitler–tried to purify the white race from 1924 to as late as 1979. Not surprisingly, the U.S. outrage inspired by Nazi genocide does not extend itself to a recognition of genocidal practices in the history of the United States, beginning with the indigenous populations. Targeted during state's eugenics programs was virtually any human shortcoming believed to be a hereditary disease that could be stamped out by surgical sterilization, such as mental illness, mental retardation, epilepsy, criminal behavior, alcoholism and immorality.

The United States also forcibly sterilized thousands of Native American, Puerto Rican, and African American women in the same period.

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Israeli court paroles murderer, rejects U.N. human rights team

A Jewish settler who fired nine bullets into a bound and blindfolded Palestinian man walked free Sunday, February 18, after Israel's supreme court reduced the life sentence he was serving for murder.

Yoram Skolnick was freed on parole after serving eight years of his term. He owes his release in part to the former Israeli president Ezer Weizman, who intervened twice to get his sentence reduced.

The 4-3 ruling overturned a petition brought by the Committee against Terror, which sought to cancel the parole board's decision to free Skolnick for good behavior.

Skolnick was convicted of murdering Moussa Abu Sabha, 21, in 1993. Minutes before the killing Abu Sabha was overpowered and tied up by two Jewish settlers, one of whom he had stabbed. Skolnick, who arrived at the scene after hearing of the attack on a two-way radio, stood over him and opened fire with a machine-gun.

The decision is bound to increase criticism that Israel's entire judicial apparatus, from the police to the attorney general's office, is discriminatory. Last month another Jewish settler was sentenced to six months community service and fined nearly several thousand dollars after clubbing to death an 11-year-old Palestinian who had been throwing stones.

"The message is almost a green light to hurt Palestinians," said Tomer Feffer, a spokesman for B'Tselem, an Israeli organisation which investigates human rights abuses in the occupied territories.

Meanwhile Israel said it would not cooperate with a U.N. human rights mission that arrived in early February for a fact-finding tour of Palestinian areas. The mission was appointed in October by the U.N. Human Rights commission, which adopted a resolution accusing Israel of "widespread, systematic and gross violations of human rights."

Beatings, Other Abuses Cited at Samoan Apparel Plant

Workers at a factory in American Samoa that made apparel for the J. C. Penney Company and other retailers were often beaten and were provided food so inadequate that some were "walking skeletons," a Labor Department investigation has found.

The plant, which was closed in January, belonged to Daewoosa, a small Korean-owed clothing manufacturer. The inquiry found an extraordinary variety of abuses there, ranging from frequent violation of the Samoan minimum wage to the beating of workers who returned to the factory compound after evening curfew.

The Daewoosa plant in American Samoa, a Pacific territory of the United States where most federal labor standards are supposed to apply, had about 300 workers, most of them women brought from their native Vietnam.

The factory, the report noted, was at one point cited by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration for an extremely rare violation: withholding food from workers. "The diet, consisting primarily of a watery broth of rice and cabbage, is of a type and quantity that may lead to malnutrition." the report said.

"Management admits that they withhold meals from employees as a form of punishment when workers complain about food." In 1999, the report noted, three workers sought refuge at a Christian missionary center after not being fed for two days.

One federal investigator likened the factory compound to a prison, saying workers had lived 36 to a room, had received bare-bones meals, had not been free to come and go and had often been forbidden to have visitors. They often slept two to a 36-inch-wide bed. Women employed there, the report added, accused managers of routinely entering their barracks to watch them shower and dress.

"This was one of the worst sweatshop cases I've seen in the 15 years I've been investigating sweatshops," said Charles Kernaghan, president of the National Labor Committee, a labor rights group based in New York.

Tim Lyons, a spokesman for J. C. Penney, said that in December, immediately after learning about problems at the factory, Penney executives stopped selling apparel obtained from it and canceled contracts with a supplier that was getting goods there.

In a trial taking place in Samoa this spring, workers from the factory are suing Daewoosa for hundreds of thousands of dollars, accusing the company of nonpayment of wages and of violating a contractual promise to provide them free room and board. The workers earned about $400 a month but were forced to pay $150 to $200 a month for food and rent, bringing net pay to just over $1 an hour.

A judge in American Samoa placed the factory in receivership after it failed to pay $600,000 in back wages and penalties that had been ordered by the Labor Department as a result of the investigation. The department found that the factory had sometimes not paid workers for months at a time and had often paid them less than Samoa's $2.60-an-hour minimum wage.

Congressional investigators are looking into whether Daewoosa and several travel companies kept the workers in debt bondage and violated a federal law that bars trafficking in humans. With many deductions taken from their pay, some workers made little headway in repaying the $2,000 to $7,000 that many had borrowed to acquire their jobs and to fly from Vietnam to Samoa.

Peter Le, an engineer in North Carolina who went to American Samoa last fall to do charity work, said he was appalled by what he heard from the Daewoosa workers.

"Some of them were really very, very skinny," said Mr. Le, who speaks fluent Vietnamese and was a translator for federal investigators. "The women had to be back by the 10 p.m. curfew, or else they got hit, slapped or kicked by the guards."

Vietnamese workers maintained the Samoan police were reluctant to investigate their complaints of being beaten by the factory's guards and managers, who were most often native Samoans.

Among the instances of violence cited by the department's investigators was one last November in which a worker lost an eye after having been beaten with a pipe by factory security. "Investigators have documented numerous incidents that indicate a trend of institutionalized workplace violence and corporal punishment by the owner," the report said.

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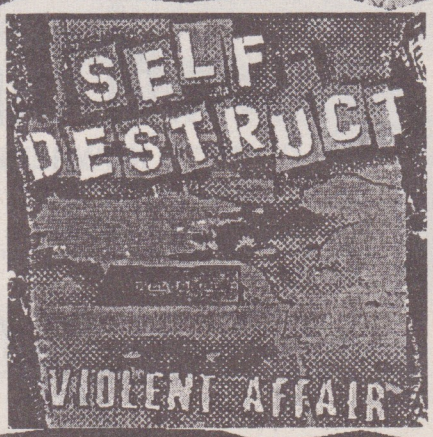

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SCENES

ICELAND - SCENE REPORT

To begin with you should know that the whole nation of Iceland only counts 280.000 people still we do have all the elements of a nation fucked up by capitalism.

First, some historical facts: In the 1980's there was a big explosion of punk/underground activity here, many bands were formed, labels releasing records and importing music from abroad plus concerts all over. Punk bands like UTANGARDSMENN, PURRKUR PILLNIKK, Q4U, FRAEBBBLARNIR, TAPPI TÍKARRASS, KUKL and many more were around. This activity slowed down through the years, with labels collapsing and musicians turning to other interests but the spirit has never totally gone.

Around 1991 there was a wave of Death Metal in the Icelandic underground scene. Almost every kid forming a band let his hair grow, bought a T-shirt with a favorite band and tried to imitate it. Not that it was all bad, there were a few good bands around like SORORICIDE who managed to release one LP and few songs on two split CD´s, CRANIUM who released a demo, STRIGASKÓR NR.42 who called it quits in '95 after releasing a great full length CD, IN MEMORIAM and CONDEMNED to name some. All of these bands have now split.

Today the spirit of Hardcore and punk with the musical elements of both genres plus various types of metal is creating bands and making kids jump around. Hardcore bands around, to name some, are MÍNUS (krummiminus@hotmail.com, PO Box 520, 220 HAFNARFJÖRDUR) who have released two CD albums with their special brand of noisecore, their second release, "Jesus Christ Bobby," wich they created in coalition with electronic noise artist Bibbi, is on BadTaste (www.badtaste.dk/POBox 710, 121 REYKJAVÍK). VÍGSPÁ (prophecy of a kill) are more metallic in their approach to hardcore and have three CD demos out on Hardkjarni records. (Hardkjarni releases are available for $10 incl. p+p from valli@dordingull.com - valli/BALDURSGATA 25b/101 REYKJAVÍK). KLINK (small change), the power violence band of the scene have a CD demo out on MSK rec. and are planning their first album. SNAFU (snafu@dordingull.com) is a "pure" hardcore band, very brutal and heavy sounding, which has a CD album,"Anger is not Enough," out on Hardkjarni records. ELIXÍR, playing tribal hardcore with gruffy vocals are about to release their first album, also on Hardkjarni records. SQUIRT (helvitiz@hotmail.com) are more of a metal band with a CD demo out. Also the metalcore band BETREFI (betrefi@cannabismail.com) have released two CD demos. The second one "the flop syndrome" has nine songs and is available from hardkjarni rec. Another metal approach is from CHANGER who has one CD release out on Hardkjarni records as a one man band but are working on their second release with added members. The youthful brutality and intensity of MOLESTING MR. BOB and MANNAMÚLL keeps the spirit up at shows while ANDLÁT (passing away) break it down with their deathhatesludgecore. Get the seven song CD demo of ANDLÁT, "Salt," for $10 from SIGGI T. BUGDUTANGI 32, 270 MOSFELLSBAER (stt@simnet.is) or from Hardkjarni rec. MANNAMÚLL (mannamull@hotmail.com) also recently released a six song CD demo called "Aliens from Iceland" and MOLESTING MR. BOB released a CD demo on MSK records wich is run by members of the band Mínus. MSK (short for Mannaskítur, which means human feces) released a comp. CD of Icelandic hardcore/metal bands which is very interesting for newcomers to the Icelandic underground (PO Box 520, 220 HAFNARFJÖRDUR).

SAKTMÓ_IGUR is a punk rock band, wich has released one cassette, two 10"and two full length CD's. Another dirty punk band is ÖRKUML (physical breakdown) who have a EP out and now a CD with a more punk'n'roll approach. Also on their label the rocking punk band KUSA (cow) has a CD album. A historical release on Örkuml records is the "Pönki_ er dautt" (the pönk is dead) CD, which compiles all the bands who participated in the PÖNK festivals these guys used to organize from '96-'99. The diversity of the bands included describes quite well the overall spirit of the underground scene in Iceland (send them $10 incl. p+p for each of the aforementioned releases. (Write to ÓLI/LANGABREKKA 5, 200 KÓPAVOGUR, www.isholf.is/orkuml, some of their releases are also available from Bad Taste). HEIDA is a one woman band who last year released herself a CD album recorded by her and a band of friends. HEIDA used to play guitar and do vocals for pop-punk band UNUN (rip) and this album has music ranging from electronics, to rock, jazz and folk to punk, everything sung by Heida herself (contact at ragnhei@hi.is, get her CD from badtaste.dk). STJÖRNUKISI (starcat) is a spaced rock band with quite a few diverse releases behind them (stjornukisi.com) and stoner rockers BRAIN POLICE have one album out on Geimsteinn records (SKÓLAVEGUR 12, 230 KEFLAVÍK/www.geimsteinn.is). There is also a whole lot going on in the underground activity, in Akureyri and Húsavík, wich are the biggest towns in the north of Iceland. At least from there come the skatepunks INNVORTIS (innards), who in the spring of '98 released a

full length CD, and hardcoremetals TOY MACHINE.

The grindcore band FORGAR_UR HELVÍTIS (Hell's front yard) (PO BOX 51, 800 SELFOSS / www.helviti.com) is the only band still around from the ones who started during the Death Metal wave ten years ago. They released a split EP w/DEVIATE from S-Africa on View Beyond rec. (P.O. Box 35, 349 01 Stríbro, Czech Republic / vbeyond@atlas.cz) plus many compilation songs and now they have put together a CD with all of their recordings (29 songs in 33 minutes) wich is available from the band for $10. The Viking Metal band SÓLSTAFIR (PO BOX 8892, 128 REYKJAVÍK/www.drink.to/solstafir) released two demos and have released a mini-CD on View Beyond rec. They are currently finishing their first album for a German metal label. MÚSPELL is a brutal death metal band with members of F.H. and POTENTIAM, who have two albums out on Wounded Love/Avantgarde music in Italy, and MICTIAN (thewaytomictian@hotmail, one evil CD out) play black metal. In early '97 there was released a compilation CD with F.H., SÓLSTAFIR plus MIND AS MINE, THULE, ÁMSVARTNIR and FIELDS OF THE FILTHY which all touch on different sides of Metal. ($ 16 from Videosafnarinn, PO box 3212, IS-123 Reykjavík)

Elixír

The first punk band in Iceland was FRAEBBBLARNIR, they re-recorded and re-released most of their old, short, poppy, punk tunes on CD and have now released a CD with new (similar) material. Q4U and PURRKUR PILLNIKK have also re-released their old material on CD (possibly find these re-releases at Bad Taste) and the KUKL albums are available through southern rec. (www.southern.com). There are many other bands around who are playing shows and releasing on plastic and vinyl but I won't mention them all since not all af them have yet proved themselves to be so active or interesting.

Even though the scene is small the bands play very diverse styles, that's the good thing about having a small scene; no two bands can play the same style because everyone would notice instantly. All the bands I have mentioned play shows together no matter the diversity in styles. We slam dance to everything mixed and girls kick ass in the pit too tough almost no girls are active in bands.

Forgardur Helvítis

There is a lot going on in the artworld of young people in Iceland; theater, performances, poetry etc. The "Hitt Húsi_" ("the other house", by Ingólfstorg) is a center for youth cultural activity, including organizing underground shows.

Usually shows are in clubs (that's 18-20+), youth centers or schools (all ages) and in the summertime they can also be held outside. Foreign bands come here occasionally, f. ex. Fugazi and Sick of it all. Decent record shops are hardly any except for Hljómalind on the main shopping street, Laugavegur and staff in the mainstream shop Japis on Laugavegur do sell underground releases without adding to the price. The September distro sell CD's at gigs and from their homes.

There are two zines; one is the webzine hardkjarni at www.dordingull.com where you will find links to all the Icelandic band homepages, photographs from live shows, discussion groups, hardkjarni records, MSK records and more. You will have fun searching through it since it is all in Icelandic (band links are under "hljómsveitir"). Moldvarpan (the mole) is a new, small music zine, also in Icelandic (c/o Birkir, HRAUNBAER 56, 110 REYKJAVÍK / birkiras@yahoo.com). This guy also runs the September distro and one of the two weekly hardcore radio shows. This one reaches the whole country but the other one reaches the Reykjavík area (where half the nation lives) and is taken care of by the guys in Minus and MSK records.

Travelling punks: There are 90 cafés and clubs located around the center of Reykjavík. Punks/scenesters don't hang out in anywhere special of those so if you want to meet people who are active in the scene, make friends before coming. If you are here in the summertime, you can meet people, punks and drunks at the grassy field of Austurvöllur in front of the parliament. You should be warned that Iceland is a horrendously expensive country so bring a tent or make friends in Iceland to crash at before flying in and drunk punks should be warned to stay sober while here because of devastating prices on alcohol. Still, you will notice that half the nation gets pouring drunk every weekend. Cheap eats (also vegan/vegetarian) are f.ex. the Kebab house in Austurstraeti, The noodle house in Barónsstígur, the vegetarian restaurant Graent og gómsaett in Skólavördustígur or the local Subway chain. Bónus is the cheapest chain shop to buy groceries and we do have 10-11 in every town. Also we do have McMurder and other multinational chains and some fundamentalist christian groups who detest us punks, Iceland is quite Americanized in many ways.

The government is a right wing democratically elected useless piece of shit who is constantly cutting down on education and health care and putting money into aluminum plants and other money making machines that are bad for our treeless rock made nature. Most people are quite well off financially but minority groups like single parents, invalid individuals and some of the elderly suffer financially from state policies.

Underground political activity is some, mostly by radical socialist youth and a handful of anarchists. There has also been some distribution of the Icelandic version of the "What's wrong with McDonald's" pamphlet. No skinheads exist in Iceland, be they fascist or not, but racism rears it's ugly head here as among most nations. One organized racist group is airing it's propaganda. Straight edge as a movement does not exist, but this generation of underground freaks is not as keen on alcohol and drugs as the "normal" Icelandic youth. Veganism is almost unheard of but there are some vegetarians in Iceland.Write me only if you must, sometimes I do get too much mail. SIGGI, GRETTISGATA 6, 101 REYKJAVÍK, ICELAND nursepunk@hotmail.com. All photos by Gudn_, gudny@dordingull.com.

PÖNKI_ ER DAUTT comp CD

This is a compilation of all the bands that took part in the annual PÖNK festivals that the guys from Örkuml were organising from '96-'98. The recordings are from various places and the bands play various styles but are still united in the punk spirit.

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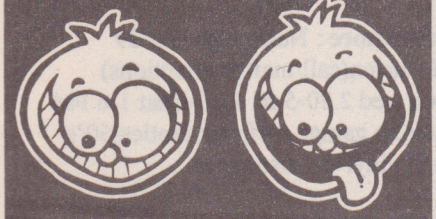

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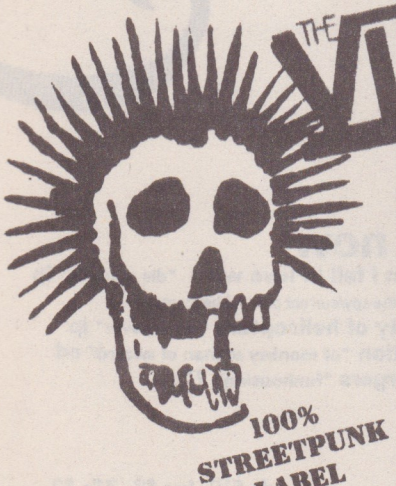

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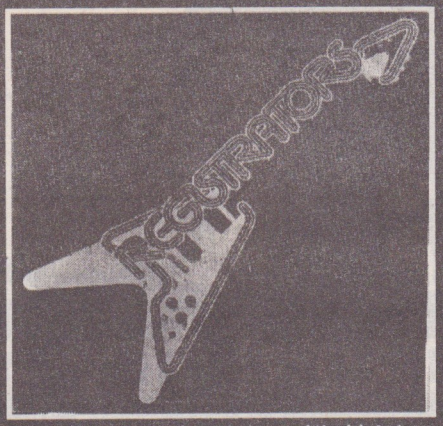

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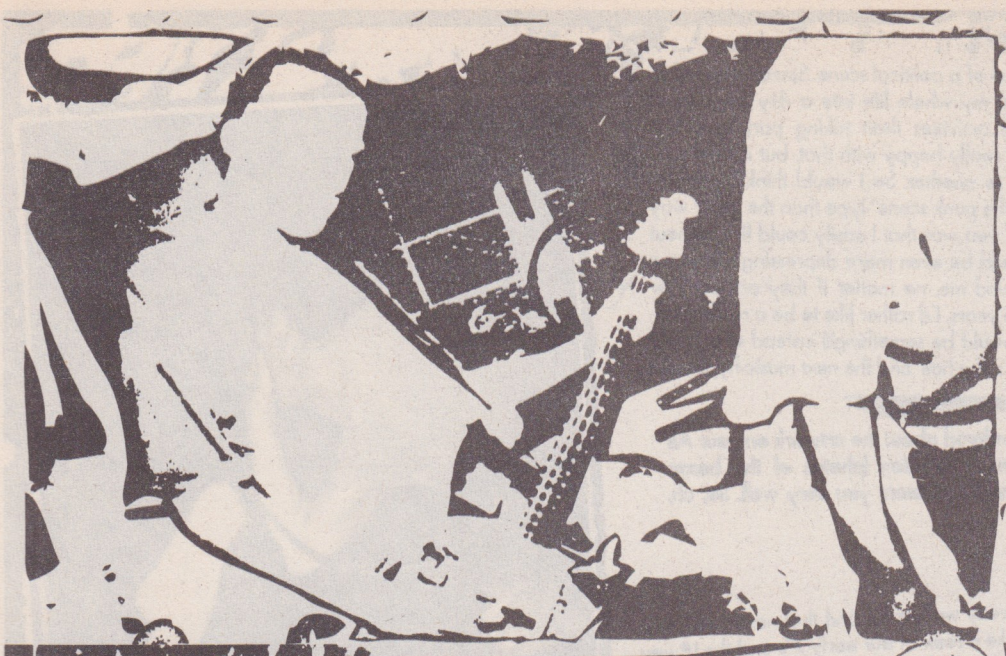
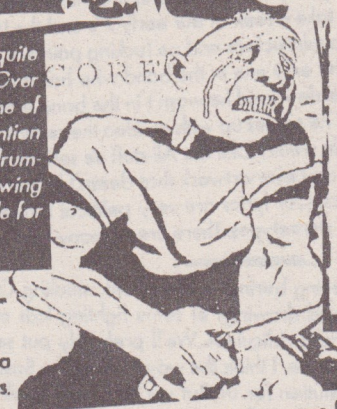


Y

I have had the good fortune to have seen Y several times and spend quite a lot of time with the 4 German bears and their friends in my travels. Over the last 3 years they have become one of my favorite bands and some of my closest overseas pals. Fortunately they are finally getting the attention they deserve with releases on some notable US labels. Their blasting drumming, intricate heavy thrash, and crushing vocals are no longer wallowing in obscurity. Henrik, the singer and Thomas, the bassist are responsible for the answers, Kim Bae for the questioning and the photos.



MRR: Y formed sometime in the early 90's right?

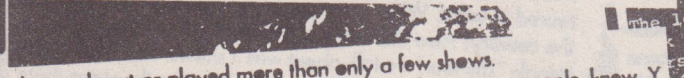
Thomas: Yes we formed in the summer of '94...it was more planned to be a project. We wanted to record a tape and maybe play 1 or 2 local shows. At the beginning we really didn't think about putting out records or going on tour. At that point I couldn't imagine that this would be possible anyway. I didn't have contact with any d.i.y. labels or bookers (except for some local squatters that booked shows in Potsdam or somewhere in the area around Berlin). We all played in bands before already but fortunately none of them had records out or played more than only a few shows.

Henrik: I'm in the band since '96 & it was when some people knew Y already & I became a star.

Thomas: Yes, a local here in Jerchel, the 30 inhabitants village where we were practising-

MRR: What was the political climate like in Berlin and eastern Germany like back then with the "falling" of the Berlin Wall? Was that around the time that all the squats in Berlin were being evicted?

Thomas: '89 when the Wall was coming down I was living in a small east German town. I didn't have any contacts with any punks or political people outside the local area. The main problem we had to deal with was a growing nazi movement everywhere in eastern Germany. That was also my first contact with left-wing politics- it was all based on antifa-stuff. We didn't have contact with the Berlin squatters or antifas at that time so we had a really bad time, cause almost every kid there was a nazi-skin (and it's still the same in the small east German villages and towns). So in the first 3 years they were beating the shit out of us every weekend. Only from '92 a few militant antifascist groups were formed in that area and that gave us the chance to fight back. But for sure '89-'94 were the worst years of my life...What was going on in (east) Berlin and Potsdam at that time was that there were hundreds of empty buildings and people from east and west started to squat them. But also the nazis were squatting the buildings of a whole street in Berlin/Lichtenberg less then 15 minutes away from the anarchosquats. When I moved to Berlin in '94 most of the squats had been evicted already...the last squats were evicted in Berlin in '96 and it's impossible to squat houses here nowadays. But there are a bunch of legalized places left, but most of them are still in trouble.



Henrik: '89 I was with Stelle & Leffi (my friends you met in Potsdam) in this sporting school & all I knew about politics was that communism is good & capitalism is evil. The first time I went to the west part of Berlin I bought a BON JOVI tape - just to know what kind of person I was. When I heard first about the squats in Berlin most of them were already evicted. When I lived in Potsdam we went to shows in squats sometimes but I didn't have contact with the people there. I started to get in touch with them when Leffi moved to the BOUMANN's (squat in Potsdam that was evicted last summer).

MRR: Thomas - you said once that you felt you were more part of the punk side of a political scene than a political part of the punk scene. Does everyone else feel the same way? Did Y intentionally start out that way?

Thomas: I don't think I'm really a part of a political scene..Since I decided to put all my time, energy and almost my whole life into a d.i.y. punk label there's no time for more political activities than taking part in a few dementstrations every year..I'm not really happy with that, but it's not possible to change this from one day to another. So I would think I'm representing rather the "political part of the punk scene"-type than the other way around. I think what I wanted to tell you was that I easily could live without 98% of the punk scene, but life would be even more depressing without a bunch of political active folks around me, no matter if they are punk or whatever. If I imagine myself in 10-15 years, I'd rather like to be a radical left-wing thrashmetalhead (yeah..that would be something!!) instead of a stupid fashion punk who's interested in his spiky hair and the next music-hype only.

MRR: A lot of people have wondered about the artwork on your Ali Bembaye LP and CD on Sound Pollution (photos of the boxer Muhammed Ali) saying it doesn't represent you very well. So, uh, what's up with that?

Thomas: Oh, I think it represents us pretty well as a band that never was able to do any tolerable artwork..If you take a look at our early 7"s and the LP you'll knew that Y are just a bunch of punk rockers and no fucking painters! To be honest, that sucks. I think Henrik is the only one in the band who has a feel for visual aesthetics, but he's always too slow (and he wasn't in the band when we put out the early 7"s)..usually before he comes up with an idea the record is out already. I didn't think that the people would take the Ali-stuff so serious..it was just a joke. I think it was my idea to do cover-artwork that doesn't fit too much to the music and especially the lyrics. Our lyrics are very political I think and there's nothing that I hate more than stereotypes. There are so many bands that use politics for an image only..playing boring anarchopunk, stealing Crass or Discharge lyrics and putting bad drawings of some fighting kids on a barricade on the record cover.That's ridiculous..We'll probably put some molotov cocktails on the next cover..no, I think the way Man Is The Bastard did their art would be the best solution for us. But we have one goal: we wanna put out at least one record with really awesome artwork, and I think the art is getting better with every release..just give us some more time.Henrik: I think our problem is that the only active person in Y is also the person with a lack of taste in general. That's why the Ali-cover exists.

MRR: You now have this CD discography and new LP on Sound Pollution.

Given all the discussions we've had about the attitude of the US punk scene toward foreign scenes, how do you feel about having releases on a US label?

Thomas: We have the CD including the oldies on Sound Pollution and we have a new 7" on DropDead Deven's label Exelsior. Our new LP/CD on Sound Pollution should be out soon. I think it's a good chance to make our stuff and maybe European stuff in general more popular in the US..and when Ken and Deven were asking us to do records on their labels, that's exactly what I miss from most of the other US labelowners, distributers, fanziners: These two guys are interested in what's going on on the other side of the Atlantic and they are putting out records of us and I'm sure this stuff will be much harder to sell than other stuff they have released before. That's the idealism I miss from most of US punk activists..they always use the same pre-tex. Thomas: "It's not us who are ignorant, it's the kids here that won't buy European stuff." But only a very few people in the States give it a try to release records with European bands (and I think it sells also in the States if it's on an US label), setting up tours, or just doing interviews..How can a 15 year old US kid knew about European HC if it's not available and if he/she will never get the chance to see the bands live? That's why I'm very thankful that there are a handful of people who are supporting us over there..maybe it's a start to put Euro HC back on the map in the US.

Henrik: But lately we're not the only European band on a US label & I think this is becoming more and more a normal thing. When I went to the Chicago fest last year & INTENSITY didn't show up I think many people were very disappointed - but they are from Sweden . . .

MRR: You're the only band I knew of besides Cede 13 that has toured in Israel. What were your impressions of the tour and the country? How did that come about?

Henrik: "The tour" we talk about was 3 shows: TEL AVIV; HAIFA & JERUSALEM. It was very interesting because the scene there is very small & very different compared to Europe. There are just a few people doing political stuff , animal rights activities & other common things & they also try to organize shows. There are maybe 20 active people around Federice & BIR YASSIN: Most of them are very young. I think it's hard for them because of the army they all have to go to & it's really hard to avoid. The concerts were just amazing! The people were wild & crazy even though they didn't knew us before. Not many bands go to tour Israel, maybe that's why this one punk came to me right after the Show in TEL AVIV & said that we sound like EXTREME NOISE TERROR?!

Thomas: What's wrong with beeing compared to E.N.T?

Henrik: About the country: it was strange to always see soldiers with their machine guns in the streets & in buses. I think war has almost nowhere this reality as there. I mean just look at ISRAEL right now!

MRR: You've toured all over Europe and in Israel and you'll be coming to the US in the spring. What do you hope to learn or

accomplish over here? Are you viewing the tour with any skepticism? What kinds of expectations do you have? How do you think this will compare to your other tour experiences?

Henrik: I have to admit that I don't expect anything more than from touring in Europe, maybe less? But the main point is playing shows & be with the other stupidsfrom Y because touring is the only time we really spend together & it's always nice & relaxed & very important for me. Of course I'm looking forward to the shows but I don't expect something except good records to buy!!!

Thomas: I don't expect it will be similar to Europe.. When we are on tour in Europe we play in squats mostly, we get food, drinks and sleeping places..I don't think we can expect that in the States, but if there are some people at the concerts who show interest in what we're doing, all should be fine.

MRR: After the tour, 2 of you have said you'll go with me to the FTAA (Free Trade Area of the Americas) protest in Quebec City in April. Henrik - you were with me at the IMF/World Bank protest last year in DC. How vital are the issues of free trade and globalization to you? What kinds of changes do you see these issues effecting in Europe?

Thomas: I think a main problem of globalization is that multinational companies can sell their products, at least in the free trade zones, even cheaper. The result of that is that smaller firms, which need the local market to exsist, won't be able to compete anymore and pass away. The multinationals are getting more and more control over the markets, and there is a lack of regulation from outside institutions. In fact most of the poor and so called third world countries can't profit from any free trade agreements of the rich industrial countries. They are just used to deliver cheap raw materials and working power, but they aren't able to compete with their own products. In Europe there's another result of that development.

Thomas: Actually the inner-European borders don't exist anymore but the borders around the European Union are even more watched over . Many people that don't have the privilege to be EU-citizens are failing when they are trying to cross this border. Again and again some of them die at the border or in jail after getting arrested by the borderpolice.

MRR: Several of you have been going through some pretty rough "trials of life" in the past year. Do you still feel like you want to join the losers club? (Explain the losers club and what that may mean to these of us in the punk scene that are in our mid to late 20's or older.) Any new recruits for the club?

Thomas: Well, at the latest update the losers club had 4 members it was you, Kim, Yannick Lorrain, me and this ugly little dog in Leipzig (I'm not sure if he was in his late 20's already..he just looked like that?!). Founded at the Zorro festival in Leipzig it could become a forum for thousands of frustrated old punk activists and ugly dogs. It could be the next big thing! Join us!

Henrik: I never heard about the losers club but it sounds like it could be something! I can imagine joining the club in few years when I start wearing diapers again.

MRR: Some of you seem to have a talent for getting into trouble with Nazis and fascists. Any messages for these guys?

Thomas: They can beat themselves up..I'm sick of that bullshit! I think we need machine guns here to solve the problem.. I guess you have enough guns over there, so time for us to work something out! I'm pre-violence in that sense, absolutely.

MRR: Is there anything you'd like to add?

Hiya folks- believe it or not,but there's a punk scene on the other side ofthe Atlantic, also south of Sweden!!! It's worth checking out all thegreat bands, labels and other activities here. Get in touch!

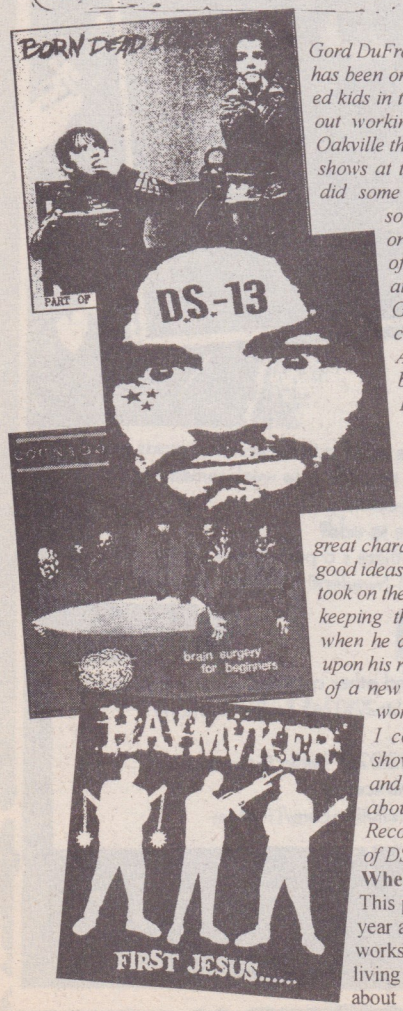
Thomas FrankeBoxhagener Str.2210245 Berlin Germany

or

Henrik FreesePreskauer Str.2210247 Berlin Germany

email: thoughtcrime@berlin.sirece.net

US tour dates: www.sound-pollution.com/Live.htm



Gord DuFresne is this guy from Oakville, that has been one of the most helpful and grounded kids in the Toronto area scene. He started out working with a local youth group in Oakville that was really a front for putting on shows at their local YMCA. But this group did some presentations, every show had some connection to a grassroots organization, and the proliferation of Oakville bands could be directly attributed to this groups activities. Gord furthered his love for hardcore with a label called Anima. Anima was known for some duds, but I remember Anima for the DRIFT / JONAH split and the only "Food not Bombs" comp worth listening to, with such great bands as SWALLOWING SHIT, PALATKA, ANOMIE, and KATHODE. Gord has always had this one great character trait in that he refuses to let good ideas die. After he moved to Toronto, he took on the record ordering for Who's Emma keeping the store afloat. It really sucked when he decided to move to Montreal, but upon his return he came back with the ideas of a new label and a few releases in the works. My name is Stephe Perry and I co-host a weekly hardcore radio show called "Equalizing-X-Distort" and I had a chance to talk to Gord about the first year of Deranged Records and the label's plans. Photos of DS-13 by Gord Deranged.

When did Deranged records start?
This particular label started just over 1 year ago, last September. It was in the works prior to that time but since I was living in Montreal and knew that I was about to move, I decided to put things on hold until I re-settled in Toronto. It's been a busy year, and its going to get a whole lot busier…promise.

How did the BORN DEAD ICONS ep come about? Who are BORN DEAD ICONS (BDI)? How did this ep come about? Will they be doing more stuff with the record? I thought that Deranged was suppose to be putting out the LP that DeadAlive released entitled "Work". What happened with that?
BDI and I have been friends for well over 5 years. I've worked with their previous band, DRIFT, and I've always enjoyed their music. It was kind of funny because at first no one really paid attention to them, then they recorded the demo and people took notice. It was an awesome demo. Once that came out, I was on their case about doing a record with me. They were looking for someone to release their record and it was pretty natural to have it on Deranged since we worked together in the past and both lived in the same city.

As far as Deranged doing more releases with BDI, its very uncertain at this point, with all the nice things they had to say about me in MRR #212 (January). I'm not sure if I even want to work with them. I'm happy to report that we are still on good terms. Some of the stuff they said about me in that interview was totally unfair and untrue. They made me sound like a total fake and a cheap ass corner cutter, which is difficult for me not to take personally.

Yes Deranged was supposed to release the "WORK" LP that came out on DeadAlive. The band and I were not happy with the way the 7" came out, mostly for sound quality reasons. At the same time, I was pushing the band to have their demo released on vinyl somewhere in the future so we thought of re-recording the demo and the 7" on a 12" format. DeadAlive also wanted to get involved and do this release as a split label release. I was not too interested in that since I didn't know Jon at the time but the band wanted him involved. The band had already loosely committed to another project with DeadAlive (a BDI / FROM ASHES RISE ep) and as a compromise, the band decided to have Jon / DeadAlive do that LP and have Deranged do the next LP. I was cool with that idea.

What was the whole controversy with BORN DEAD ICONS regarding the mastering of their ep? The record sounds great what is their beef about?
Their 7" does NOT sound great. There were two main reasons that caused such a poor sounding record. 1) the recording did not come out that good. I gave the band about $500 (US FUNDS) to record their 7" and the sound was weaker than the demo which they recorded in the comfort of their own space for less then $150. Problem #2, the mastering. Their 7" was mastered by Aardvark who did a shitty job. It cost me about $180 to get mastered (not $50 as mentioned in the BDI interview) which is pretty cheap but the reason I used Aardvark was not to save a couple bucks but because I knew some decent labels were using them. DeadAlive did the DEAD NATION (DN) LP there and that sounded great. Youngblood has done stuff with Aardvark in the past and even Hydrahead used them. For the record, I

no longer use Aardvark. I used Metropolis a couple times, still not satisfied so from now on, I'm only using GOLDEN mastering who is responsible for the majority of the SST catalog. I've also recently changed pressing plants so the vinyl quality should also improve. The TEAR IT UP 12" ep is the first Deranged released to be mastered and pressed by the above and the test presses sound amazing.

And then you released this amazing band from Sweden called DS-13 ? How did you find out about DS-13 ? How would you describe them? Will you be doing any other releases by bands from Sweden?

I was at this ASSUCK show about 3 years ago and some Swedish kid with pink hair had their 7" for sale. I liked the look of the 7" but since he was hanging out at the LOCUST table, I hesitated, fearing that it might be a one-song re-mix record or something silly like that. So I didn't get it. Later that night, my friend Imantz mentioned how great that record was and so I took a chance and bought it. That was the 2nd press of their first 7" on Busted Head records. I've been in love with them ever since. I remember playing that record to Yannick back in Montreal and even he liked it so I knew that I had to get in touch with the band and find out more about them. Christoffer (a.k.a. 138) and I have been writing / e-mailing for over 2-years now. At that point, both of their split 7"s had been recorded. I told them about my label and its direction and somehow this LP came out. Around that same time, Havoc repressed their first 7" for North America and the rest is punk history.

DS-13 have been compared to loads of bands, anything from AGNOSTIC FRONT to MINOR THREAT. Musically the whole 80's DC thing definitely comes to mind, but they mix in plenty of crust and humor. I simply like "fast , fukked and furious". Can't go wrong with that as a sound (or a description).

They are currently working on a second full length which they will be releasing themselves. I've been on their case about having a North American press for that one since their records do so well in the states and the majority of the distros are USA based. If that ever happens, I presume it will be either Deranged or Havoc who will do it. So long as there is a North American press, I'll be happy.

About other Swedish bands, I've also confirmed a 12"/CD with EPILEPTIC TERROR ATTACK which has already been recorded. I've also been trying hard to do something with AMDI PETERSENS ARME from Denmark. They may not be Swedish but they share a commuting bridge to Malmo, so it's close enough. They're such a great band. Just recently did an interview with them for MRR. Their first 7" destroys. I guess they are going on tour soon and recording a new 7", which should also be on Kick 'n Punch. I am trying to release the first and the yet to be 2nd 7" on a 12" format for North America, but at this point nothing is confirmed, just high hopes. Look out for this band.

It might also be relevant for me to mention that both DS-13 and Putrid Filth Conspiracy carry my releases. PFC is actually going to start taking larger numbers just to make sure that my releases are available in Sweden.

Will the INTENSITY material be new or previously released? When is the INTENSITY record expected to come out?

The INTENSITY LP is all NEW material. The members of the bands have real busy schedules juggling other bands, tours, labels, etc. They recorded some new songs which they were not totally happy with, so they are re-arranging some of these songs and recording some newer ones in Febuary for this LP. Should be a kick ass record cause the original recording session (which they weren't happy with) is awesome so I presume this new recording will be that much better. Its heavy, fast, and powerful.

As far as when it is supposed to come out, its punk rock so you never know but Rodrigo did mention they were planning on recording in Febuary and since most of the songs have already been written a few months back, there should be no real delays.

All the releases you currently have out represent a departure from your previous label ? Can you explain what your first label was and what kind of bands you released? How do you distinguish Deranged Records as different from Anima Records?

My first label was called ANIMA. It focused mostly on some of my friend's bands at that time in my life. I was glad to be doing something but I rarely listened to my own releases and well nothing really memorable came of it. With Deranged, I guess you could say I had an idea of what my releases should sound like but to this day, this "sound" is pretty flexible. I would love to release some more punk stuff and even some emo if it was good. When I say good emo, bands like HUSKER DU, THE HATED, FUNERAL ORATION, JAWBREAKER, SOULSIDE, SUPERCHUNK and LEATHERFACE come to mind. So when I decided that I wanted to focus on a more straight-forward hardcore sound, I decided to drop the old label name and reputation (good or bad) and start from scratch.

The UNITED SUPER VILLAINS was recorded last summer. What happened to delay the release of this? What has been the reaction to the record so far?

Yes there was some definite delays with that fine piece of wax, most of which had to due with artwork. Though I still don't really like the cover artwork (but the band is into it so whatever, that's my problem), my computer guy put a lot of work into cleaning it up making it negative ready. Lots of delays like me and my lady buying a house and thus moving locations once again, getting ready for the DS-13 tour, computer guy/Bubby's work and 3 band rehearsal schedule etc. The main delay with all my project has to do with getting the artwork negatives ready, I don't know much about computers so I have to rely on Bubby's expertise to get that shit done. I'm hoping to eventually have enough time to

take some classes and learn how to do layout / design so I don't have to rely on anyone. Thanks to USV for putting up with all those delays and Bubby for all is help.

The reaction to the USV LP has been amazing. People really like it, the reviews have been top notch and I've received plenty of great e-mails about it. They are a great band but have had a hard time getting the attention they deserve. Hopefully this LP will help. If they were x-members of such and such bands, they would be huge!

Will you be releasing the POLICE LINE material as advertised? What happened with this project?

At this point, the POLICE LINE 7" has been dropped, nothing against them but I didn't feel 100% about their recording and wanted to focus on the other 4-7 projects I had going at the time.

At this point, I have no idea who is going to release those songs.

I understand that you will be releasing material by RUINATION. Who are they and what will you be putting out of theirs?

At this point, there is nothing confirmed between RUINATION and Deranged. I like the band members and the music but nothing is happening between the two of us. They did ask me to be part of their LP project but it's a bit too retarded - even for me. They want like 10 labels from all over the globe to release the same record. Though I'd love to work with RUINATION on an LP project, this idea would cause me serious financial and distribution problems, which at this point, I can do without. Who the fuck knows ? They might just be able to pull this off as well considering they live 9 hours from each other, recorded a decent 7" after 2 practices, and toured Europe 3 months after forming the band, so I guess a 10 label LP project is probably a walk in the park for these guys. They are a good bunch of people, Chris from LEFT FOR DEAD, Ebro from Chicago, Andy from +/- and Mike who is probably one of the few punks who can pull off wearing sweat pants on a regular basis (except for maybe the old DROPDEAD bass player).

Who is TEAR IT UP? What will you be putting out by TEAR IT UP?

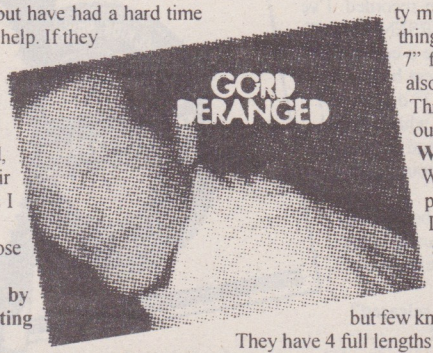
If you don't know by now, TEAR IT UP is 4/5's DEAD NATION (DN) and their music is in the same vein as DN. As I write this, their 12" ep is getting pressed and printed and I presume it will be out once this interview is printed. It's by far the nicest looking record on Deranged to date. Ernie from LIFE'S HALT designed the cover and did a wonderful job. I am also doing a CD format entitled the "first four months" which will have their demo, the Havoc 7" and the Deranged 12". I can't keep up with those guys. I know they have one side 7" coming out on Uncle Slam and a split LP with EPILEPTIC TERROR ATTACK on DeadAlive, later this year. Their will also be a TEAR IT UP/ EXCLAIM split LP on Deranged but as to when this will come out, I don't know (as soon as EXCLAIM goes in to the studio, I guess).

How did you get EXCLAIM! (from Japan) to work with you? Will their material by new or re-issued? How do you deal with the translations issues of working with a band that speaks Japanese?

The repress of the EXCLAIM 2nd 7" has been confirmed, but I don't have the DAT nor the new artwork yet so I won't believe it until I see it in my hands (but both should arrive soon). As with most of the bands on Deranged, I simply wrote the band and explained my intentions and that's how it usually starts. The first project I will have with them is the North American press of their 2nd 7" which was released in Japan on Straight Up Records. The second project I have lined up with them is a split LP with TEAR IT UP. This is confirmed but nowhere near completion (don't order, please). Communication between us is a little difficult but this great guy named AKIRA is my contact with them. He's not in the band but is a close friend of EXCLAIM's. If it wasn't for him, neither of the EXCLAIM projects would see the light of day.

Who is HAYMAKER? What are you to release by them?

HAYMAKER features the Jeff Beckmann who is responsible for pretty much all the LEFT FOR DEAD and CHOKEHOLD songs. He still writes most of the songs in HAYMAKER but he is the singer in this particular outfit. There are also some folks who were previously in the SWARM and BURST OF SILENCE, but who's counting. They pretty much sound like LEFT FOR DEAD. They've got a good thing going and have strong momentum. They just recorded a 7" for Deranged and are currently working on a 12". They also have a couple of tracks going on the next 625 "Barbaric Thrash" comp. and Deep Six "Reality part 4". Our 7" will be out very shortly. Definitely a band to look out for.



What else is in the works for Deranged?

Well I also have the OUTCOLD/VOORHEES 12" coming pretty soon. All the artwork is done and its ready to go but I have a few prior commitments to complete first. The songs are the same as the CD format, which barely saw the light of day in North America. I presume this vinyl release will help a little. Everyone knows VOORHEES, but few know OUTCOLD and they've been around for a while now. They have 4 full lengths and are a top notch band. Hopefully this release will help them get some exposure. I am also working on a LAST IN LINE 7" which is also a repress of their now hard to find first 7". I am also slowly working, in co-operation with Schizophrenic records on a NEOS discography LP (vinyl format). Don't know exactly when this is going to be out but the wheels are in motion.

DERANGED RECORDS

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Is their a philosophy to Deranged Records or Deranged releases ? Is there an underlying common theme or reason to why you would put out a record by a band?

The underlying philosophy is clear and simple: DIY punk/hardcore. I simply won't deal with assholes or idiots. I will not do grind or metal records. I will not do cute funny shaped records like 6" and pictures disks. I want my stuff to be accessible and fairly cheap.

I do this label simply because its my contribution to one of the few things in my life that still makes sense. I could never sing, nor play an instrument, so I do a label. I'm still learning but feel I am doing a decent job.

Do you have a website?

Yes, its not fancy, but it serves its purpose, which is to inform. My old friend Al is responsible for it, another one of my allies with this label. The site is www.commodehc.com/deranged.

Do you do a mailorder? How can people get your records?

I'll do mailorder if people order my records directly but my records are cheaper from Ebullition in the States (now my exclusive distro). In Europe you can try Jan/sentient at www.poisonfree.com/sentient and in Sweden thru Putrid Filth Conspiracy.

Any last comments?

Thanks go out to Bubby, Stephen, 138/DS-13, all the bands on Deranged, Martin, Becky, Jan, Akira, Al, and Rodrigo. I have loads of releases planned, keep your eyes peeled. Other than that, try to have fun, fun, fun.

LAST IN LINE

Conducted by Justin JacksonPictures by Cooch and Al Quint

Last in Line is quickly becoming a legend in Massachussets and New England for their powerful old-school sounding hardcore sound and their trashy, chaotic shows. They have a dedicated and fun-loving following here in their home town of Westfield in the western half of the Bay State. They just released their first 12", "L'Esercito Del Morto" on Acme Records, a record which has consistently been welcomed by reviewers as the best record release of 2000. This interview was conducted on an intensely cold Northern night in the house of two band members after a lousy practice session.

MRR: So first a question on the serious side. Why do you all insist on eating human flesh?

DJ: Because it tastes good..

Josh: Tastes like chicken.

Mikey: Human flesh?

MRR: Yes, human flesh.

Mikey: Because babies are the tastiest shit, man..Because we're all zombies, we're really dead.

MRR: OK, on a more serious note, say your names and what each of you do for the band.

Josh: I'm the cheerleader.

MRR: Come on man, be serious. People want to know, the public wants to know!

Josh: I play the skins.

Mikey: Bass.

DJ: Singing, yelling at Mikey.

Stauffer: Guitar.

Joe: Guitar.

MRR: So how long has the band been in existence, and could all of you just give a history of the band?

DJ: Well, it all started back in November of 1997. My roommate Mr. Andrew McCardo and I had a radio show at Westfield State College, a punk radio show. Joe met Andy, because there was probably only one kid who liked punk/hardcore in all of Westfield State, and that would be Joe, right? So we're in there, and we got kicked off the air, escorted out of the building..

MRR: By security?

DJ: Yeah, and I remember Joe saying now "We've got nothing to do on Thursday nights," because we had all just been kicked out of our old bands, right? Past history-we'd been kicked out of our bands, I found out Joe was in an old band. We decided to form this band, which would consist of all the losers who had been kicked out of their bands.

Josh: Thus the name Last in Line, right?

DJ: Pretty much. That and the Ronnie James Deo song, "The Last in Line," yes.

MRR: So it doesn't have anything to do with "Beefmaster," by Battalion of Saints?

DJ: That's a great song, but no, it has nothing to do with that. A very underrated band, Battalion of Saints.

MRR: Western Massachusetts has a pretty good early 80's punk/hardcore history. What were the bands and the albums?

DJ: Deep Wound was from around here, and I think that's one of the greatest hardcore 7 inches ever. Unfortunately everyone who has it around here are old bastards and won't give it up, they'll charge $75 for the damn thing. Yeah, we had the Outpatients who were awesome in the early 1980s..

Mikey: They turned metal later on in the 80s but their early stuff is awesome. Bloodbath..Wishful Thinking was kinda Youth of Today-type hardcore. Hung Man..

DJ: When I was getting into hardcore there was a lot of funk-metal going on, weird cross-over shit...

MRR: Just to talk about the music a bit, who writes the lyrics and what is your inspiration for them?

DJ: For the most part Joe and I write the lyrics. Joe will give me an idea, and I'll give him an idea, and we'll work off of each other. Inspiration? Just everyday experience. I write about what I know. I don't write about fighting people, being tough, because I'm not. I just write about random observations and whatever I'm feeling at the time...

Joe: I just write about how I see different things. I try to throw my own take on it.

MRR: What is the fascination with the horror movie shit?

DJ: You can fucking go nuts, run wild when you see a horror movie at the theaters-that's expected. You can go fucking ape-shit. It's gore. It's fun. If I want to make movies, which I like to do with my friends, we like to do silly movies, I can't make a drama. If I want to take a fucking watermelon and fill it with fucking

hamburger and fake blood and blow it up, it's funny! I can do that and we have a horror movie!

Joe: Horror movies and degenerate music go hand in hand.

DJ: Exactly! Look at the Misfits!

Mikey: I mean we're all fuck-ups. We're obviously going to want to see people dying!

DJ: When I was a kid, my Mom would take my Misfits posters and fucking tear 'em down. "You can't have 'em!" If I was listening to my punk music, she'd take my CDs...there's the link right there. And I'm not talking about *Blair Witch* or some teenie bopper shit like *Screamer*. We all like the cheesy shit, Peter Jackson movies, Troma, and then we have the greats like Argento, who does more fulchy, disgusting gore. I mean you can't watch that shit, your parents freak out, they fucking go crazy!

MRR: Go around and say what your favorite horror movie is.

Josh: *Evil Dead II*.

Mikey: Either *Zombie* or *Dawn of the Dead*.

DJ: I loved *Zombie*, but maybe *Susperia*.

Stauffer: *Night of the Living Dead*.

Joe: I'd have to say *Toxic Avenger*.

MRR: Speaking of movies, who made the discovery about *Suburbia*, about Flea?

Mikey: That was me. DJ got *Suburbia* on DVD and I noticed this part where they're driving and Jack goes to Flea, who's name is Razzle in the movie, "Hey Flea, where we going?" and Flea says, "Hey man, Flea? What are you talking about, my name is Razzle, man!" It's right when they're driving to go steal that guy's front lawn...

DJ: So kids, if you're as lame as us and live in a shit town with nothing to do, I recommend you do that.

MRR: So one of the songs on your LP "L'Esercito del Morto" is called "Prime Time Slime." If you read the lyrics the song is about violence on television, a pretty controversial topic in the country right now. Do you think violence on television goads vulnerable children into committing detestable acts of violence? And do you think your music might make children into modern predators as well?

Mikey: Hopefully.

DJ: Well, that song is written about the news. See I was watching the Columbine massacre, just sitting, watching it in my underwear, on my ass, and they've got their fucking theme song, "The Columbine Tragedy," with keyboards, it has all these fucking commercials and shit-it's like a fucking new TV show. They show the funeral, and drag it out, drag out these people's misery. What do you need to see that for? Who cares? Realistic violence as opposed to stupid, goofy movie violence, you know what I mean? We're into the goofy stuff.

Mikey: You're never going to see a dude come out of the ground and eat your brains.

DJ: Unless it's me.

MRR: But in your opinion do you think violence on TV causes real violence in kids?

DJ: There's people sitting there crying about violence on TV, blah, blah, blah, "This influences the youth to go pick up a gun and kill somebody." If you're sitting there and watching the news all the time and seeing some fucking Palestinian kid getting his head blown off every five minutes, that fucks a kid up more than watching the *Toxic Avenger* punch some guy's jaw and watching his jaw fly off and a piece of watermelon flies out of his head. That's stupid.

Joe: The purpose of the news is to inform the public, not to exploit a tragedy, and that's what they tried to do in that case. They could have just gone through a laundry list, here's what happened, here's when it happened, here's who it happened to, but they spruced it up with funky graphics...they dramatized it.

MRR: On another song, your fans have maybe their favorite song of yours, "Crosswalk." Is that a true story, and talk about it if it is.

DJ: That is a true story. I hated cars for a long time, as far as I was concerned, I held out for as long as I could without owning a car. I could give two shits about a car, I don't like to drive a car. I rode my bike everywhere, which I still would love to do. My father owns a bike shop, I grew up around bikes, right?

Mikey: As most kids in Westfield do.

DJ: Yes. So I'm riding my bike down the road to the bank to cash my paycheck from work. Westfield's got a big deal where they like to kill you if you're on a crosswalk. Pedestrians have no rights in Westfield. I'm riding across and this fucking hick and a fat woman-there's nothing wrong with being a fat woman, she's a fat, toothless woman screaming at me, and I'm in a bad mood because I've been working all day and I want to get some money out of my bank-and he tries to run me off the road! So I pull up to the light, the fucking guy leans over and his fat, fucking Mongoloid,

fucking piece-of-crap-from-the-hill-towns says, "Hey, hey. Fuck you," yelling at me, right? I'm like, "What the fuck?" Probably not a bright move, but I'm on a bike, he's in his truck and I'm on the sidewalk. So his wife starts screaming at me. I was enraged. Not a fucking mature thing to do, but I spit and amazingly, I'm not exaggerating, it went into her mouth! laughter So the guy gets out of the car at the red light, I'm still on my bike, amazed at what I had just done. So the speech you hear on the seven inch, all that stupid yelling and shit, that is word-for-word for what that guy said to me that day. So I flipped him off, laughed my ass off, rolled down the alleyway and got away. I would've liked to go and kick him in the head, but realistically, the guy probably would have shot me in the head with a shotgun or something.

MRR: Have you seen this guy since?

DJ: No, that's just a typical day in Westfield. That shit happens all the time.

MRR: Are punks and hardcore kids harassed in Westfield, by the rednecks?

Mikey: Westfield has two high schools, Westfield High and Westfield Vocational. Voc's the trade school, and that's where I went. All it is, is inbred fucking rednecks from up in the hill towns. Everyday me and my friends would fucking get it. That's why I plot on killing people everyday, because we'd get shit for being straight edge, for having spiked hair, whatever. They don't fucking give a shit. They'll get you for not wearing a flannel shirt and not wearing a beard. No offense! To Josh and the interviewer, who sport goatees

DJ: In this town kids are fucking lower-class citizens. We didn't have anything to do. No clubs, no nothing, no punk shows, no dancing, police, whatever. If you'd dance they would freak out. Skateboarding has been really cracked down on here.

Mikey: You can't even ride your bike on the sidewalk without getting fucked with. As a bike cop is riding down the sidewalk, no less.

MRR: Do you think bikes and punks go together well? I mean most people think of punks and skateboards or something.

Mikey: Well, riding a mountain bike off a 20-foot fucking cliff is fucking balls. If you're not playing in a band it's just another way to take out your aggression from school and work.

MRR: In recent reviews you've been compared to Negative Approach a lot. Do you guys see the similarity or is that just bullshit?

Mikey: No!

DJ: That's definitely a band we all love, and I like that style of singing. I don't model myself after it, that's just how I sound.

MRR: A lot of people say you sound exactly like John Brannon singer for Negative Approach .

DJ: I think that guy is light years ahead of my style and sound. As far as I'm concerned that guy's a legend.

Joe: I think the people who do these reviews do like a hundred of them. So they just say, "Hey, they're yelling about something, sounds like Negative Approach." It's either Negative Approach or Negative FX they're comparing us to. Any band that has an edge or some aggression behind the music or in the vocals, they always throw that tag on to the review.

Stauffer: Fuck that. I was reading a zine the other day, and we got compared to old Judge. It made me cry.

MRR: So what influences do you guys feel like you have then?

DJ: I'd say Negative Approach was definitely an influence.

Mikey: Black Flag. Gauze.

DJ: Yeah, I like a lot of Japanese hardcore. A lot of the bands we play with, if they find out I listen to any Killed By Death kind of shit, they flip out. Any of the early shit. I like even the New York Dolls or the Stooges. A lot of kids are wicked ignorant about that stuff. "It's gotta thrash to be good."

Josh: I like a lot of political shit, fucking Dead Kennedys, D.O.A.

MRR: About politics, some people say you don't have any kind of straight-forward politics. A lot of punk right now is pretty political, like Anarcho-Punk and so forth. How do you feel about politics in punk?

DJ: As far as the band goes we all have different viewpoints. I'm the singer, and I don't try to push my lyrics on the rest of the band. It would be too hard. We have too many conflicting opinions. People can think for themselves. They don't need a band to get up and tell them what to do. It's great if you're out to influence people with a good message, but as far as I'm concerned, no band is going to tell me what to think. I make my own opinions.

Stauffer: I'm just glad Last in Line isn't a political band.

Joe: Yeah, we just package stuff that happens in daily life.

DJ: We actually had problems with our former member, Aaron, who we haven't really mentioned. I wrote "Bombs Away,' and he thought it was *too* political. I just wrote it about how we're bombing the hell out of this country, it was ironic. Kosovo. "We want peace!"

MRR: Is the band straight edge?

Mikey: I am.

DJ: No, we're not a straight-edge band. Not at all. We don't push straight-edge.

MRR: What do you guy's think of President Bush's election?

Mikey: Whoever gets elected President doesn't fucking matter. Jello Biafra could have been elected and he wouldn't have had any say.

DJ: It's just all corporations.

Mikey: The President is just a fucking puppet.

MRR: Comparatively, what are the challenges of being involved in a small scene like Westfield, as opposed to say Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or San Francisco?

DJ: I love it. I don't care about getting big or anything.

The best place to play is in Westfield for the Westfield kids. They're hilarious.

Stauffer: When you play in big cities people are a lot more serious. They're just into fashion, and they form these crews.

Mikey: It's like high school all over again! Westfield doesn't have that. Westfield is the only place where you see kids dressed up like Zombies fucking moshing.

Joe: It's just kids having fun and not worrying about what other people think.

DJ: We have kids who wear wigs to shows and shit.

Stauffer: We have kids like Captain Crash who ride around on scooters into the circle dancers.

MRR: You've been banned by a lot of clubs around here. What's going on?

DJ: Some of our fans get a little out of hand.

Mikey: Well, Fat Cat's in Springfield, Massachusetts was where our last show with Aaron, our old drummer, was held. It looked like we weren't going to have a drummer for a long time. We were about to call it quits. It wasn't the best show we ever played, but we just went balls-out and the kids fucking reacted the same way. Alex from the Strikers another Westfield band jumped through a table and someone lit off firecrackers in the pit. Some kids were trying to knock off tubas from the ceiling.

DJ: Kids were dressed like zombies, fake blood, escaped mental patients. It was silly shit. We play aggressive music, and we're going to play aggressively. I'm not going to get up there and act like a hippie and gaze at my shoes. If the crowd's riled up and going nuts it makes us happy.

Mikey: Supposedly at Fat Cat's there was $1,000 dollars damage, but it was just a bunch of broken bottles and smoke bombs. Westfield bands are now banned from Fat Cats. Fuck it-we don't need it. We still have shows here at Westfield.

DJ: At the Halloween show at Gabby's things got totally out of hand.

Mikey: Gabby's was the Westfield club that we used to go to all the time to book shows. The owner started fucking bands over on money, and that it kind of turned into a Korn, hippy kind of metal club.

DJ: There wasn't an understanding..The Korn-type metal kids thought that in order for a show to be fun someone had to get hurt. I've actually heard that from a few kids. Whereas we're all about goofing around, jumping off the stage, running around in circles, having a good time, nobody beating on each other. That's the one thing about Western Mass-you'll never see a fight. Except for the Halloween show.

Mikey: These assholes were just standing on the edge of the pit and punching kids as they ran by. Our friend Andy was fucking pissed so he just called out one of the kids and fucking fought him. It was pretty lame that eighty kids jumped on this one guy. The cops showed up and everybody took off. Now Gabby's is shut down, it's a bar or something.

DJ: The management held our equipment and the Korn-kids pulled pipes on Joe. We went back to get our stuff and they jumped our old guitar player, attacked him and our friend Cooch, and they beat the shit out of him, five of them. Everything's cleared up. A few kids got arrested.

MRR: So do you dislike anything at all about the Westfield scene? Is it hardcore heaven?

DJ: Definitely not hardcore heaven.

Mikey: It's a lot better than it has been. There's more fast bands starting like Dragnet, the A-Team, the Strikers, and Dartboard.

DJ: All the kids my age that went to shows back then have dropped out completely. "It was so much better back in 1989 and '90," they're always saying. It was nowhere near as good back then. I didn't like any of the bands back then. It was all about whatever was in at the time. It was all about fashion, Krishna, whatever Youth of Today was doing or whatever. That's what every band would adapt to. Today's bands do what they like. Unfortunately there's a lot of ignorant kids. They see *The Decline of Western Civilization*, the famous punk movie/documentary, and they think that's the way it's supposed to be, wrecking stuff and being complete idiots. I mean, think for yourself. Don't fucking watch a movie or copy what a band does. There's some sheep mentality. There's a lot of young kids who will get a brain someday.

MRR: So do you think there's a general revival of old-school sounding hardcore or faster punk in the Northeast and in the United States in general?

DJ: Well, everything comes full-circle you know.

Mikey: Pretty soon, in another year or two, it'll be back to metal, thug-core shit.

MRR: What about Boston?

Mikey: Oh, yeah. Out Cold, Cops and Robbers, the late, great A Poor Excuse, Fit For Abuse, In My Eyes was awesome.

Stauffer: Crash and Burn was fucking great.

MRR: How are you guys received in Boston? You don't play there very often.

Mikey: When we play everybody likes us. There's some kind of misconception that there is a Western Mass-Boston rivalry, but there isn't.

DJ: It's because Mikey has a big fucking mouth.

MRR: Are you planning on touring at all?

DJ: We played Philadelphia, it seemed like most of the kids were sleeping. Matt Sommers is a really cool guy out there, he hooked us up pretty good.

Mikey: We're looking to tour the East Coast and maybe California. People should contact me if they want us to play.

MRR: If you could tour in any one country which would it be?

Everybody: Japan!

Joe: Italy! Good food, good women, and good wine!

DJ: Tomorrow, from Japan. They were fucking great! We saw them in Boston, we hung out with them, they were the nicest guys. They kicked ass! They won the crowd over, people were flipping out.

MRR: If one currently-existing band could play in Westfield tomorrow, what would it be?

Josh: DS-13!

DJ: We missed them by a day when they were on tour around here. Gauze by far. I bow to Gauze.

Joe: what about Raw Power?

Josh: I'd like to see Tear Me Down from Italy.

Mikey: I'd love to see Assfort, from Japan. Crucial Section is by far the coolest looking band, although DJ hates them.

MRR: What about Latin American bands?

DJ: Mukeka di Rato, we're on a compilation seven inch with them.

Joe: Los Lobos! laughter

MRR: Any plans for future releases?

Mikey: Gloom Records is doing our next one. Devoid of Faith's label.

MRR: In twenty years what do you hope people will think of when they hear the words "Last in Line," in that order?

Mikey: G.G. Allin.

DJ: To be honest, they probably won't remember us!

Contact Last in Line through Mikey Flynn, 18 Myrtle Ave., Westfield, MA 01085,or phone, 413-568-3643. Website: lastinline.bizland.com. Releases so far: "Crosswalk" 7" (Use Your Head Records, POB 297977, Columbus, OH, 43229); "L'Esercito Del Morto" 12" (Acme Records, POB 441, Dracut, MA 01826; acmerecords.bizland.com); one song each on Suburban Voice's third CD compilation, "DIY or Die" and Human Stench Records' 7" compilation "Human Stench, Volume I."

PINK KROSS

Pink Kross Interview With Neil 'Whasssssuuuupppp' Fishback

MRR: Start with your names, what you play in the band, and some personal info (where you grew up, etc)

Chalmers – Bass. Grew up in Gourock (where they ALL rock),7 1/2 stone, hair – pink & leopard, offspring – 2 fine feline children

Fuzz – Mean ass mo-fo geetar. Grew up in Glasgow, and I'm a Virgo

Big Vic – Percussion and Flatulence. Grew up in the shadow of Jude. Small but perfectly formed, only member of the band with naturally coloured hair.

MRR: How did you all get involved in this whole punk rock thing?

Jane got born. Jude got bitten by The Jam. Vic heard it all through the bedroom wall. Trajectories later collided and the inevitable 3 chord assault ensued.

MRR: Someone give a band history.

The whole thing started as a joke and has never really ended. We got together in the summer of '93 and made a lot of noise until we got served a Chalmers for dinner one night in '96. See bio for more details and discog for releases - http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Palms/4964/pink_kross_info.htm http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Palms/4964/discography.htm

MRR: How did you all learn to play your instruments?

Trial and error.

MRR: What's the scene like in Glasgow?

It's changed a fair amount over the time we've been gigging. At the moment there's quite a big hardcore scene, and there used to be a lot of lo-fi/garage kids. For a city of its size there are a lot of good venues where its not too hard to get a gig. The 13th Note has really been the home of many phases of bands in Glasgow and continues to be really supportive.

(Again, see bio on website) We've toured pretty extensively throughout the UK with various bands, including Urusei Yatsura, Number One Cup and Gold Blade. We also played in NYC, Chicago, Louisville and Bloomington, Indiana in '98 and in SF last year. We've not done a whole hell of a lot outside Glasgow in the past wee while because of pish weather and work commitments, but would get to get our collective arses in gear as soon as we can. We'd also love to do more stuff in the States as we always have an absolute riot.

MRR: OK, so the Beatles had "John was the shy one, Paul was the smart one" etc, (or something like that) (Lennon, shy, pfffft....) what about Pink Kross?

Jude – The one with the bad smile
Jane – The talkative one
Vic – The Earth Prime Wonder Woman (unfortunately looks pish all like her though)

Jude– Work, listen to music
Jane – Work, Skank in The Amphetameanies (ska pish), Co-run Burning Haggis Records, part-time transatlantic phone-stalker
Vic- Study, Potty train my goldfish Speedo

MRR: What type of music/ bands does everyone listen to in their spare time?

Jude – Lunachicks, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Pussy Galore, Monkeywrench, The Cramps, The Ramones, The Supersuckers, Gas Huffer, 60's Garage, Grave Digger 5, The Makers
Jane - Lunachicks, The Cramps, The Ramones, The Clash, The Pogues, the Nips, Oil, and a bunch of ska
Vic – The Supersuckers, Pavement, Cosmic Psychos, Silver Jews, Rocket from the Crypt, And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead, Black Flag, Afghan Whigs,

MRR: Final Comments?

You're only young once (that's our stock answer)

MRR: What tours have you done, past n possible future?

MRR: What does everyone do in their spare time?

MRR: FIRST THE PERSONNEL, YOUR NAME, AGES AND INSTRUMENTS

Marko: Marko-vocals 27, Marc-guitar 33, Alex-bass 20, Geert-Jan-drums 19. As you can see Marc is the oldest one and we all look up to him because he saw Black Flag and lots of other famous 80,s hardcore bands.

Marc: Yeah, I wish more people would treat me with respect because of that...

MRR: A lot of people I know have only seen your first 7". Would you say your sound and views have matured, or changed, since then?

Marc: I never wanna mature.

Marko: Well, I definitely agree that our sound has changed since the first 7", but still, people will probably always recognize us as Vitamin X.

Marc: If people don't recognize the music anymore they can always pay attention to Marko's singing abilities: I mean, he's always making the same stupid mistakes, even after 3 1/2 years!!

Marko: When Vitamin X started in November 1996 there were almost no hardcore punk bands in Holland (with the exception of Seein, Red, who will probably go on till they're 84, and Mainstrike). At the same time this hardline straight edge metalcore was pretty big here in Europe. With Vitamin X we wanted to play hardcore/punk like they used to do early-and late 80's, without any 90's metal influences. At the same time we wanted to show people there were also straight edgers who were NOT stupid, conservative, close minded hardliners. We chose the most ridiculous name we could think of, Vitamin X, and called our first 7" SE Crew,. This way we tried, in an ironic way, to break the stupid seriousness that ruled the scene in those days, and tried to bring back the fun, the irony, the politics, the energy, and...bring back SE into the hardcore PUNK scene!

Marc: After the first 7" we started playing faster and the songs became shorter. I think at the moment we're being categorized as a political thrashy hardcore/punk SxE band....I'm even doing guitar solos now.

Marko: We will and always have written about things that we think are wrong in society like homophobia, racism, sexism, conservatism, capitalism, etc...

Marc: We like to write lyrics that are a little bit strange, or funny but at the same time serious. Like this song we have about the use of condoms (the sing along goes: "put your raincoat on and get ready for some fun,). Or we like to provoke a little bit. The song first step, which is about the LEGALIZATION of drugs, confused a lot of SxE kids. We had millions of discussions with kids after shows about that song, which is really great!! We don't want people to agree with us, we want people to think for themselves, start discussions, etc.

MRR: Every interviewer asks what are your influences, and the usual response is a list of bands who sound similar. Aside from just bands you like, what inspired you to play music, to express yourself through music rather than another medium?

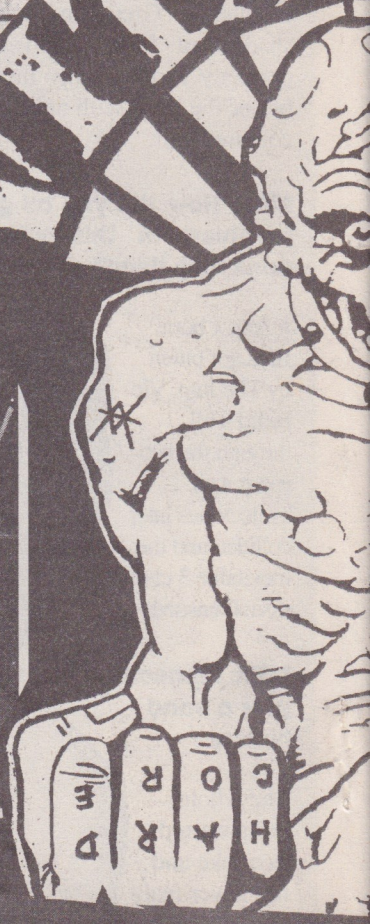
Marko: Music for me is one of the best ways to express my emotions. But I also like movies a lot, especially low budget underground kinda stuff. I am busy with doing some digital film productions and I hope one day to be able to do some real movie. By the way, I'm planning to do a documentary about the worldwide hardcore/punk scene.

Marc: I think for all of us music is really important, but we are all involved in other activities as well, whether it's drawing, filming, politics, you name it. We also all play in other bands as well.

MRR: Was there a "hardcore moment" that changed your life and made you want to start a band?

I've always been a fan of the European SE label Commitment, and when I picked up the 7" on that label by Vitamin X I thought at first this was some sort of joke band like Crucial Youth or Grudge. But I was surprised to find that Vitamin X was actually a refreshingly energetic and thoughtful SE band in an era of shallow extremism and bad metal. As I've followed their releases I was excited to hear their songs pick up speed and power while their lyrics still reflected a sincere social and political commitment with a touch of humor. After I met some of these guys in Holland I began communicating with them about a possible release on my label. Simultaneously Anton at Underestimated was planning to release the Vitamin X LP and book a U.S. tour. By the time you read this Vitamin X will be on the road in the USA, so check them out.

-Felix.



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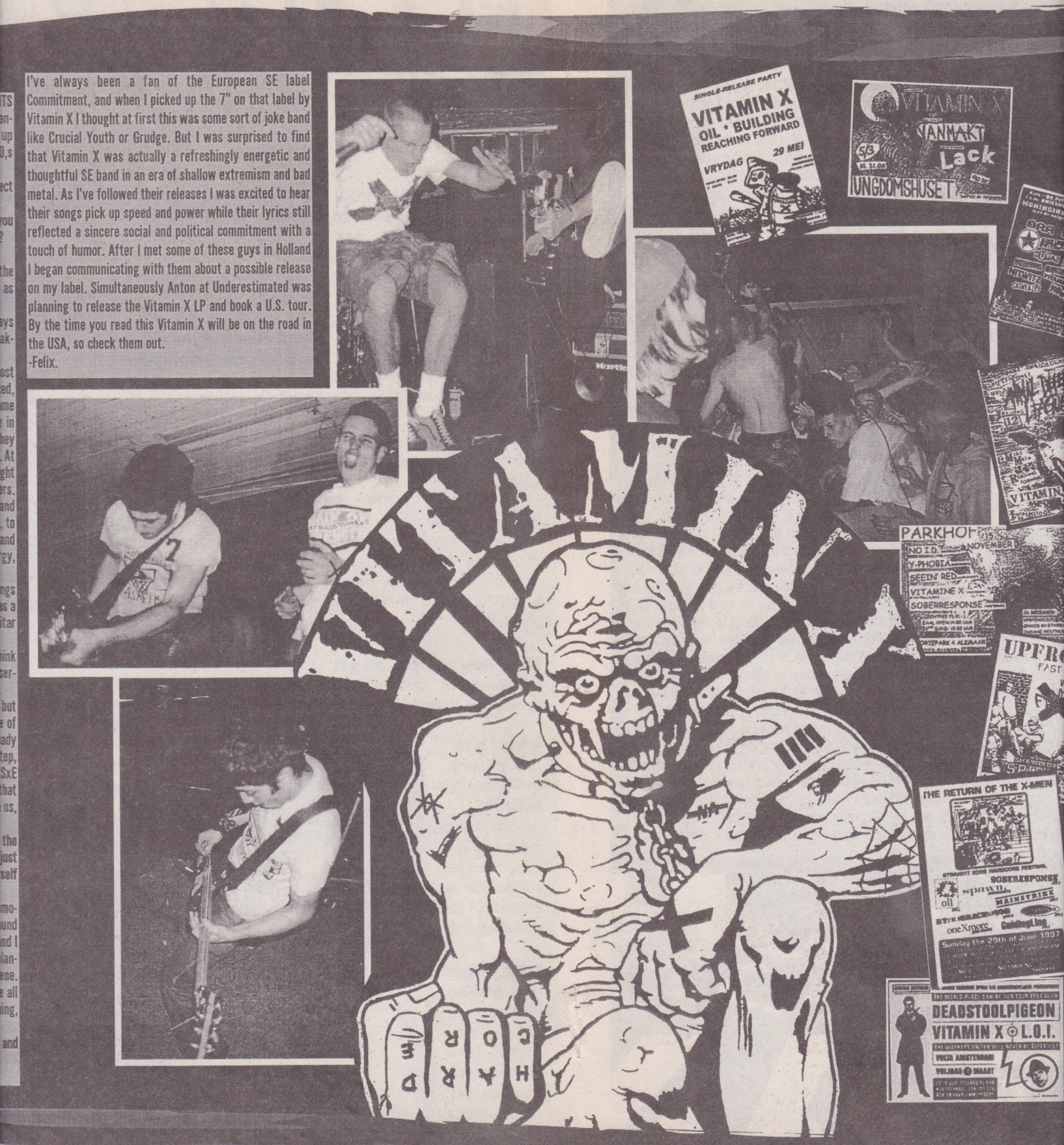

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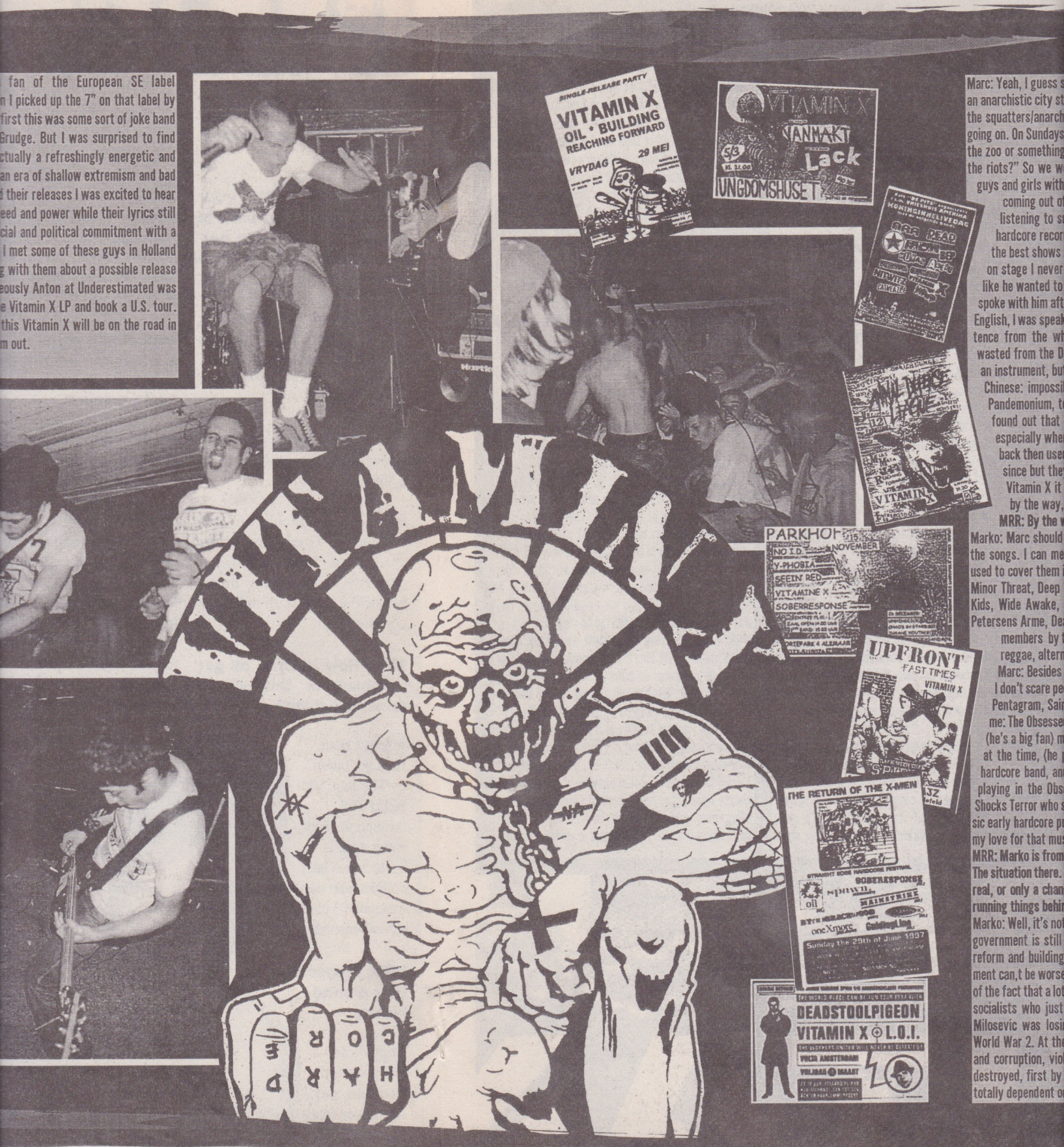

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Marc: Yeah, I guess so...Amsterdam in the early 80's was sort of like an anarchistic city state. I was like 11 or 12 and to me it seemed as if the squatters/anarchists ruled the streets. There were a lot of riots going on. On Sundays my dad always used to take me and my sister to the zoo or something. One Sunday he said: "do you wanna go look at the riots?" So we went there and I was totally fascinated by these guys and girls with mohawks, there was also really loud, fast music coming out of ghetto blasters. From that moment on I started listening to squat radio, where they always played the latest hardcore records, and I began going to shows in squats. One of the best shows I ever saw was a Bad Brains show. What they did on stage I never saw before or after that, especially H.R. looked like he wanted to die or something. This guy is like totally crazy, I spoke with him after the show for like 20 minutes, he was speaking English, I was speaking English, but still, I didn't understand one sentence from the whole conversation, probably he was completely wasted from the Dutch marijuana...Anyway, I really wanted to play an instrument, but I always thought it was something like learning Chinese: impossible. Then I met Danny, this guy that played in Pandemonium, to me still one of the best hardcore bands ever. I found out that playing guitar was not as difficult as I thought, especially when you tune the E-string down to D, (a lot of bands back then used to do that). I've been playing in lotsa bands ever since but they never really got famous. When we started with Vitamin X it was sort of a joke, originally I was the drummer by the way, but gradually it became more serious.

MRR: By the way what bands influenced your sound?

Marko: Marc should answer this question because he writes most of the songs. I can mention a few bands we all like: Crucifix, RKL (we used to cover them in our early years), Verbal Abuse, DRI, Black Flag, Minor Threat, Deep Wound, Side By Side, Negative Approach, Jerry's Kids, Wide Awake, and many others. New bands: Life's Halt, Amdi Petersens Arme, Dead Nation, Gordon Solie, and a lot more. The band members by the way all like different styles of music, like jazz, reggae, alternative, you name it...if its good its good!

Marc: Besides hardcore I've also always been heavily into -I hope I don't scare people now- early '70s heavy rock like Black Sabbath, Pentagram, Saint Vitus, Melvins, etc. One band is very special to me: The Obsessed. One day I got this tape of them that Ian MacKaye (he's a big fan) made and I was hooked. Guy, one of my best friends at the time, (he played in No Pigs, a great early '80s Amsterdam hardcore band, and also in Scream, from D.C.), eventually ended up playing in the Obsessed himself!! I totally agree with Tony from 9 Shocks Terror who said a few months ago in MRR that a lot of the classic early hardcore punk bands listened to that kind of music! I am sure my love for that music is also reflected in Vitamin X.

MRR: Marko is from Serbia and has written a song "why I left?" about The situation there. Do you think the recent political changes there are real, or only a change of a few politicians while the same system is running things behind the scenes?

Marko: Well, it's not so easy to answer this question because the new government is still very fresh, and it's gonna take a long period of reform and building up. I do believe however, that this new government can,t be worse than Milosevic, the biggest scum ever. I'm aware of the fact that a lot of those so called democrats used to be Milosevic socialists who just jumped to the other side when they found out Milosevic was losing .The same thing happened in Germany after World War 2. At the moment there's a lot of poverty and fear, crime and corruption, violence and a lack of trust. The whole economy is destroyed, first by Milosevic, then by NATO bombing. Serbia is now totally dependent on western money. I still really hope that the situa-

tion is gonna change for the better, and all the wars in the region will stop. I am doing my best to help the people from the hardcore scene there. If anybody is interested to hear some cool Serbian hardcore/punk bands he/she can contact me, same goes for bands that wanna play there. They have a really big scene, especially in Belgrade. With Vitamin X we played there on New Years Eve, the day of the results of the elections which led to the official fall of Milosevic. There were 600 kids stage diving and having a good time. I wanna ask everybody to support the kids there cause they really deserve that.

MRR: On your new 7" for Havoc there's a song called "Too Close To Call" what's it about?

Marc: Well, obviously it's about this stupid Bush vs. Gore election soap opera. The whole situation was in my opinion totally ridiculous. The US always have the biggest mouth when other countries -in their eyes- are not acting in a "democratic" way. Well, I think everything that happened now in the US is totally undemocratic, even dictatorial!! I am especially REALLY disappointed in the 'independent' Supreme Court ruling! I think they clearly made a political decision, and NOT a decision based on law. I think they acted exactly like how dictatorial states act: make a decision based on who is your boss (their boss is the Republican party). This is the highest court, with the smartest judges in the country? I think they're a joke, and myself as a European am really shocked by the stupidity of it all. I mean, I knew they were stupid but I never thought they were this stupid!! I'm not saying that Gore is great, but 'W' is really stupid. Well maybe he's good for the hardcore scene, haha, I mean, stupid, conservative presidents have always inspired hardcore bands to write some great lyrics!!

MRR: A few years ago many Europeans complained that US hardcore bands were flooding the scene in Europe and local bands couldn't even get gigs because so many American bands were playing. At the same time very few European bands were touring the US. Now it's more common for European bands to tour the US, but mostly crusty punk bands. European hardcore bands still seem to be pretty much ignored in the USA. Do you think this is a manifestation of cultural imperialism? Do hardcore fans in Europe just prefer American bands?

Marc: I don't think only hardcore fans in Europe look up to American bands. All over the world people look up to what comes from the States, whether it is movies, clothing, music, food, you name it. But still, also some European hardcore bands are pretty well known in the States like BGK, Negazione, Lärm, Heresy and so on. So I don't think European bands are totally ignored.

Marko: We're just a small DIY hardcore punk band, but still we were asked to do a tour in the USA, and I'm really exited about that!!!

MRR: Yeah, by the time this is published you will be on tour in the US. How'd you hook this up?

Marc: We just threatened some people.

Marko: Well, Anton from Underestimated contacted us. First he asked if he could release our new full length, which would also be released on SOA rec. from Italy, and then he asked if we wanted to play Chicago fest. A little bit later he offered to organize a whole east coast tour for us then you, Felix Havoc, with whom we already had contact about releasing a new 7" offered also to help setting it up and drive us. The third person whom we owe a lot to is Ernie from Life's Halt .He is doing some shows for us on the west coast. All in all we're doing around 25 shows. Ernie by the way has also done the drawing for our new 7" on Havoc. All those people have been so nice and supportive and we wanna thank them a lot.

MRR: How can our readers find your tour dates?

Marko: You can go on the Havoc website: http://www.havocrex.com/ or Underestimated rec. website : http://members.aol.com/undrstim8d/

MRR: Bear with me as I ask some questions about Straight Edge. One of the things I like the most about Vitamin X is the undogmatic and rational yet sincere SxE lyrics. So many SxE bands have to go to such an extreme, what guides your SxE beliefs and how does it come out in your music and lyrics?

Marc: Respect is one of ours main themes .Yes, we are SxE but we don't judge people who are not. We are in it for ourselves, and maybe for some of us it's also a political choice. Just like being vegetarian SxE could be a statement against consumerism and capitalism.

Marko: We're SxE but we think there are more important things in this world to sing and talk about than just SxE, besides that, being drug free doesn't mean that you are better than others, right!

MRR:In America the legal drinking age is 21, and it's very rare to find SxE kids over that age. Most older punks here have a hard time taking SxE seriously since so many SxE kids are seen at the bar a few months or years after their most militant SxE phase. Is all the militancy and extremism a corruption of the original intentions of Straight Edge as a movement?

Marc: I don't think Ian Mackaye ever wanted SxE to become a movement. But still ....militancy and extremism definitely do not belong in SxE. We respect and accept everybody who is antiracist, antisexist, antihomophobic, etc. I don't know if will be crucified for saying this but my girlfriend smokes pot, and I don care, cause she respects the fact that I don't.

Marko: Yeah my girlfriend is also like that. I think a lot of people forgot that SxE used to be part of the underground punk movement. The fancy-sport-image, the extreme ideas ,the heavy-metal-macho music it all came years and years later.

MRR: In Europe I met a lot of older punks who seemed more committed to punk and politics as a way of life rather than a youth rebellion phase. Is it the same with Straight Edge in Europe?

Marc: All subcultures in the US seem to be based more on trends while in Europe people seem to be little bit more aware of the choices they make.

Marko: Yes, there are more "old" SxE people in Europe I think. Most people in Europe didn't become SxE when they were 15-16, but when they were a little bit older after they already had experiences with drinking & drugs. Like myself, or Eric our ex-guitar player. This way you're much more dedicated to stay SE.

MRR: About the only thing most Americans know about Holland is its liberal drug policies. Amsterdam is heavily marketed in the USA as a sex and drug tourism center. What's it like being an SxE band in the drug and sleaze capital of the Western World?

Marc: Well, we get to play in a lot of coffee shops (the places where you can buy and use drugs),which is of course very funny. Secondly, the reputation of Amsterdam attracts a lot of people and bands. Bands always wanna play here, some of them even end up living here (like Negazione back then).But most importantly it's really nice to live in such a free city,

and to see first hand, what effect this liberal policy has on society. As most of you know selling and using drugs is tolerated here, but the strange thing is that, and all figures available prove that, Amsterdam has one of the lowest, if not the lowest, rate of drug addicts in the world!!! I don't think this is a just coincidence, this is because it's free!!! This is why I think drugs should be regulated and legalized, why drug addicts should get clean needles (like in Amsterdam) and so on. I don't believe using drugs would do anything for me personally but I believe that legalization would end the crime that comes with drugs, would lower the number of addicts (like here), would save lives because of the control on the quality of the drugs.

MRR: Europe has a very well developed network for supporting touring bands. Do you get to tour Europe often? Many Americans who've toured Europe come back with a totally different attitude about touring. I wish I could ask you this question after your US tour so you could compare the differences.

Marko: We did 3 European tours which were really successful, except for the fact that Marc on our first tour crashed the car. We played in Finland, Denmark, Sweden, Slovenia, Bosnia, Croatia, Serbia, Hungary, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Germany and Czech. Republic.Everything was done DIY, through e-mails, phone and letters. It's taking a lot of work and energy to arrange it but it's really worth it. We met a lot of great people, great bands and everybody is so nice. I'm really looking forward playing and meeting people in the States.

MRR: Holland is pretty well known for its other very liberal social policies besides drugs. American liberals and leftists frequently point to Holland as a model for various reforms they advocate in the USA. While I'm all for reforms like Gay Rights or more bicycle paths I get the impression that these are token reforms that leave the superstructure of international capital untouched. Do you think the socially liberal reforms and attitudes are a means to pacify people who would otherwise criticize the establishment?

Marc: Aaah, these kinda questions are really interesting! Of course the capitalists and those in power in Holland are just as bad as anywhere else. And I also think there is a lot wrong with our government. But still, it is true that the Dutch are pretty liberal, and have pretty liberal laws. A few months ago for example Holland was the first country in the world to institutionalize euthanasia. The other countries of the European Union are often picking on Holland for its liberal policies and want them to stand in line. I think the main reason for Holland being relatively liberal is the mentality of the vast majority of the population. This liberal attitude has grown throughout the centuries, Holland was one of the first countries which had freedom of religion. Because of that, a lot of people from all over Europe moved to Holland. I think our government is forced to take some liberal reforms, because if they wouldn't the people would revolt or vote for another government. So actually I think the government is saving it's ass by acting liberal. Right before the US elections there was this poll that showed that almost nobody here in Holland supported Bush. Actually I think Ralph Nader would've been pretty big here. But also Holland is no paradise, also here a lot of things are fucked up and there is still enough to fight for!

MRR: Enough deep political questions, what is the most important punk/hardcore dance move in your scene right now?

Marc: Holland is known for it's windmills but I never see people doing that.

Marko: Well, I like stagediving , yes, I know I'm diving on little kids from 16, but I can't help it, it's just the right thing for me, besides that I'm not so heavy. For the rest I like circle pits, and Marc....well, Marc is more into erotic dance.

Marc: Yeah, and striptease.

MRR: What are some bands from your scene that we should watch out for?

Marko: Well, in Holland besides Seein Red, there are lot of cool bands like: Mihoen, Betercore (really good "youth crust" our drummer Geert-Jan plays with them, they have 2 records out), All Tensed Up, Point of Few, etc. and if you like some good Oi! punk you should check out my other band Heroes and Zeros. If you wanna know what is one of the best European bands at the moment, then you should check out Amdi Petersens Arme from Denmark, they fucking rule!!!!

MRR: Ok,anything else you want to add? Your contact info?

Marc: Well some plugs: we've just released a full length LP/CD called *See Thru Their Lies* which is out on UnderEstimated in the States and in Europe on SOA. Also there is a new 7" out on Havoc, on sale for the first time during our US tour. We will also have a limited edition tour 7" for sale with unreleased tracks and a Void cover.

Marko: Thanks to Felix for doing this interview, and thanks to everyone who supported us or helped us in any way. Come and see us on our tour, we really wanna destroy the States, kick ass and meet lotsa people, make new friends and just have a lot of fun!!!

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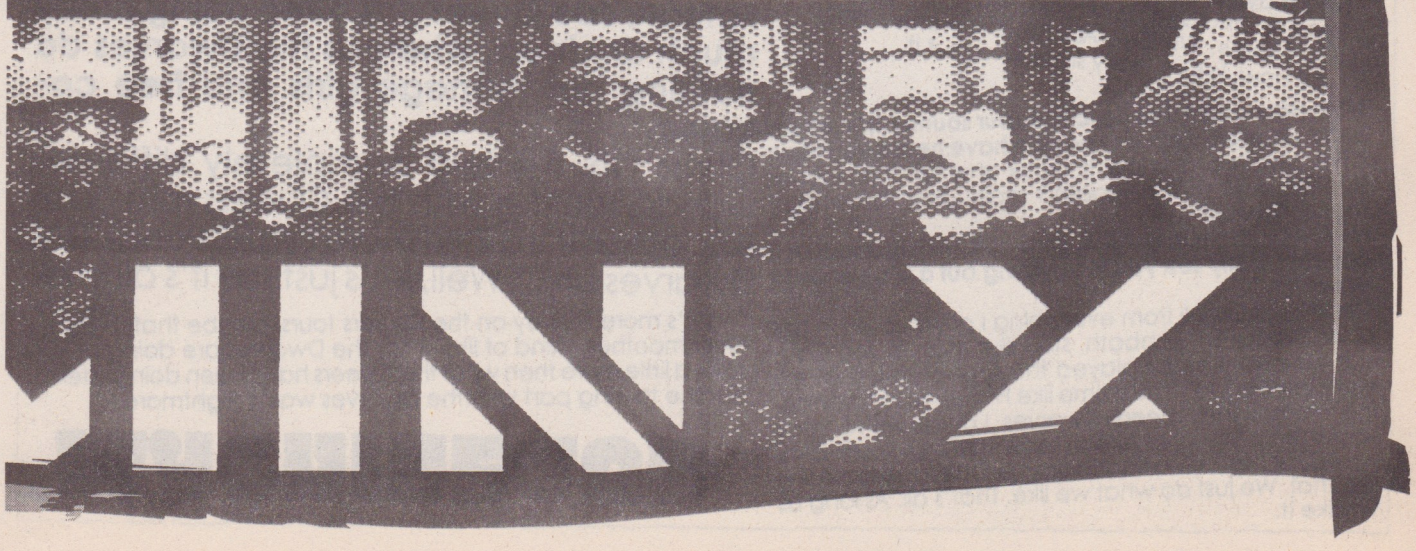
VITAMIN X DISCOGRAPHY

1997 Demo, splitrelease
1997 *Return of the X-men*, comp.7" Commitment
1998 *SE Crew*, 7", Commitment, 1st press:1000, 2nd:500
1998 *Stronger than ever* comp. 7", Siton
1999 *Once upon a time*, 7" Commitment, 1st press:1000, 2nd:250
2000 *Memories of tomorrow*, comp.12‰, Youngblood
2000 *All Ages*, Cover Comp. CD, DIY, (doing an Offenders/White Cross cover)
2000 *More Than the X...*, Comp.Boxset 6 7", Commitment
2001 *See Thru Their Lies*, LP/CD, UnderEstimated/SOA
2001 Havoc 7"
2001 USA tour 7", UnderEstimated



MACHINEGUN is a band. To some, the name itself may seem a violent, sexual derivative of a famous Jimi Hendrix song. One might think of a relentless, eardrum shattering, repetitive harmony of rapid fire; or war, death, life, and huge metal slugs destroying all in its way. This is the exact reaction one gets when they submit to a MACHINEGUN live performance or listen to their music, except these guys don't want to hurt or kill anyone literally. In fact, they breathe life back into something: rock 'n' roll! Comprised of two ex-members of the Dwarves (among other bands), various musical hit men for hire, and a singer known only as "Hernan." Machine gun has already blown San Diego away. Here's what guitar-slinger and songwriter Chris Fields had to say between the commercials of a TV mini series. Interview by the Rev. Bobby Manic.

MRR: Aside from watching a TV mini series, what have you been up to?
Chris (Machinegun): Oh, I've just been practicing and working.
MRR: How did Machinegun come together?
Chris: I wanted to do a band that was basically based here at home (San Diego). You know, instead of traveling across the country to play in someone else's band. So I started this band with some friends.
MRR: All local musicians?
Chris: It was for a while. We were just trying to find the right people. We got Greg now who lives in Palm Desert. We played together in the Dwarves, but the Dwarves are in a weird state right now so... He plays on that Turbonegro song we did that you heard.
MRR: I love that cover. I'm not a huge fan of that band, but after hearing that I think I'll check them out.
Chris: Get *Apocalypse Dudes*. That's the best one.

MRR: This is a departure for you, from fronting your own band as opposed to strictly writing the songs.
Chris: I don't even write all the songs. Hernan, our singer, writes a lot of it, too. He's a local guy. He plays drums is that band the Kassos.
MRR: So it's a big difference from JCCC where you pretty much ran the band by yourself. Do you find this situation easier?
Chris: Well, so far this has been harder because we are a lot more critical on ourselves. We're not settling for any half-assed shit. We had that problem in Jon Cougar. I think out of frustration, maybe. We did a lot of stuff that we look back on and don't even like. That's not good. I don't know. We love ALL the shit we're doing right now. We're really sincere about it.

MRR: How would you describe your sound? The record isn't out yet so not many people have heard you play.
Chris: Um, I don't know. It's rock and roll. That sounds stupid because that doesn't really describe what it sounds like, but...
MRR: It's definitely rock and roll. Aesthetically, I couldn't really see you in anything but a rock and roll band.
Chris: Yeah, I pull from everything I grew up on in this band. Zeppelin, Sabbath, stuff like that. In Jon Cougar we pretty much played the kind of stuff that we were listening to at that time like Fifteen and Screeching Weasel, the Queers, Dwarves. I guess we're back to our roots. We try to stick in some melody, you know? An AC/DC riff with a Beach Boys harmony or some shit like that. We just do what we like. That's all. As long as we like it.

MRR: The record is coming out in Germany, correct?
Chris: Yeah, the label is called *I USED TO FUCK PEOPLE LIKE YOU IN PRISON RECORDS*. So we call it *PLU (People Like You) RECORDS*.
MRR: How did you meet these guys?
Chris: Melted Records were supposed to put out our record, but they got dropped from their distributor and felt that they couldn't push the record good enough. So they got this German label to do it.
MRR: When's it coming out?
Chris: I think in January. Late January.
MRR: CD or LP?
Chris: Both. It'll be an import here. So you'll have to pay the extra dough for it. Or download it from Napster.

MRR: How do you feel about the Napster situation? Where do you stand?
Chris: Well, that's a tough one. I think I'm gonna have to side with Lars on that one. Being a starving musician, it doesn't make sense to give it away for free. I guess for an unknown band like Machinegun it helps. The more people that hear it the better, but who downloads a band they've never heard of? For a band like Metallica, where you can get their entire catalog free on Napster, I can see their point.
MRR: Then again, that's the same band that has a special section at their concerts just for bootleggers.
Chris: Yeah, that's stupid.
MRR: Well, I'm not interviewing Metallica...
Chris: Let's call Lars on three-way.

MRR: You did some time in the Dwarves. What was that like?

Chris: I did time in the Dwarves. I played the part of Chip Fracture, the young and good-looking one. We played more shows that year than they probably did in the history of the Dwarves. It felt like it, anyway. I think it was one of the only tours they've done where they played every single night, night after night. Those guys are used to doing a show and having three days off, you know. It went off well, though. It was cool.

MRR: Did you get along with the other bands that you were on tour with?
Chris: Totally. I did. They were all good. Dropkick Murphys, Bouncing Souls, and the Distillers. It was great.
MRR: What was the transition from JCCC to the Queers to the Dwarves? That's three drastically different styles.
Chris: I was in the Queers and Jon Cougar at the same time for a while. That's a lot of the reason JCCC broke up. It just got weird. I would always leave town to do the Queers and put Jon Cougar on hold. So I got Dave (JCCC bass player) in the Queers too, because I felt bad putting our band on hold and leaving him hanging all the time. It just got weird.

MRR: What was the difference in lifestyles? I mean, Joe Queer has been doing pretty much dry tours, whereas the Dwarves do nothing but teenage girls and free cocaine.

Chris: Oh, it's two completely different worlds. Touring with the Queers runs a lot smoother. It's a little more professional. The Dwarves are... Well, let's just say it's all true.

There's more money on the Queers tours, maybe that's why it runs smoother. I kind of like what the Dwarves are doing musically a little more then what the Queers have been doing lately, but the touring part with the Dwarves was a nightmare.

MACHINEGUN

MRR: How did you hook up with the Dwarves?
Chris: Blag produced Jon Cougar's last record. He noticed I was doing most of the music myself. I fooled him into thinking I was talented. Jon Cougar wasn't much of a band at that time. It was just me and Dave, and I was running most of the show. Blag needed someone after that session and knew I could pull it off.

MRR: Will he have anything to do with the Machinegun record?
Chris: I'd like to have him sing on some stuff, but I wouldn't have him produce it. I think I could produce it. I love his voice, though. He did a good job on *Melon* (JCCC's third album), but I don't know. The shit I produced for Machinegun sounds better than *Melon*.

MRR: So the record is on the way. Are you guys going to tour to support it?
Chris: As soon as we can afford to tour, we will. We're not even on a label. We've got a label putting out our record in Germany, but that's really all we have going for us. No one is offering us a fat deal with tour support. Right now we're an unknown band, so we would just lose our asses if we tried to hit the road right now. Right now we're just waiting for the record to come out. Then we explode on the scene. We're starting the promotion now.

MRR: You guys have a very pleasing sound. There are a lot of bands doing the '70s retro-rock thing right now, but very few bands can really mix that with catchy hooks and good song writing.
Chris: Yes, a lot of bands are doing the '70s rock thing. It's all starting to sound the same. They've got the riff down, but where's the song? You know?

MRR: A lot of bands are putting out records every six months, bombarding the public with half-assed shit.
Chris: All the bands are starting to sound the same, just like all the pop punk bands did a couple of years ago. There's always a few that stand out.

MRR: As far as song writing, how do you get that accomplished? Do you sit around the house playing guitar and watching a mini series?
Chris: Ha, sometimes! I don't know. Different ways. I just listen to records and get inspired to steal from it.

MRR: What kind of set up do you have?
Chris: To practice at home I have a Fender Strat and my friends Rickenbacker amp. When the band plays, I use a Les Paul and a Marshall. That's the rock set up. I'm still waiting for Joe Queer to send me my Soldano head.

MRR: What's going on down there? The last band I heard from San Diego was called Carter Peace Mission, which you were actually a part of, right?
Chris: Well, they asked me to produce their record, but all I did was sit and watch them produce it themselves. Then they lost their drummer. He went away to school or something, so I filled in on drums for a while. We played a few shows together. We opened for Blink 182.

MRR: Yeah, what was it like with your greasy hair and sideburns playing in Blink 182 Jr.?
Chris: Ha ha! I always thought that Carter Peace Mission wrote great songs, but they couldn't play well enough to pull it off. Their song writing was great. They were definitely Blink 182 Jr.

MRR: Any other bands down there right now?
Chris: None. Well, Blink 182.

MRR: You're a Blink fan?
Chris: I like them. Me and Tom jammed a couple of times. He said that they were thinking of becoming a four piece and were thinking of asking me to play guitar. That was way back in the day. Those guys are cool dudes. I haven't talked to them in a few years. I saw Tom on a plane a few months ago, but that was it. We said "Hi." I don't know. When I met those guys, they said they wanted to take their band as far as it can go and make money and be BIG. So they did it. That's great.

MRR: They are not that bad of a band. I'd rather listen to them than a band like the Deftones.
Chris: It beats a lot of other stuff on the radio.

MRR: Do you listen to the radio a lot?
Chris: No. Only when Howard Stern is on.

MRR: Is that what you are planning on doing? Making an assload of money and being big?
Chris: No. We're realistic. Young chicks don't dig us like Blink 182. We play because we love it. Of course, we'd like to make a little money, but we never have and we're still doing it.

MRR: You were a (Groovie) Ghoulie for a while, right?
Chris: No. I was never in that band. I played on a live recording with them. We did a Chuck Berry song for a 7" they did. I told Kepi that I could totally hear the Ghoulies doing this song, so they learned it that day and we played it that night. They got a decent board mix and used it on a single.

MRR: Do you get royalties?
Chris: Well, it's a cover, and it's a 7", and you never make any money on those.

MRR: What's your relationship with B Face like? Since you replaced him in the Queers, and there was nasty things said about him.
Chris: Who did? I never said anything bad about B Face. Joe probably did, but I've always liked B Face. We're friends. Every time we cross paths we have a good time. I didn't really replace him. I was on second guitar when he was on bass. Then he left and I was on bass.

MRR: Well, I know there were some things said on the latest Queers album. A song was written about him or something.
Chris: Yeah, well who's heard the latest Queers album?

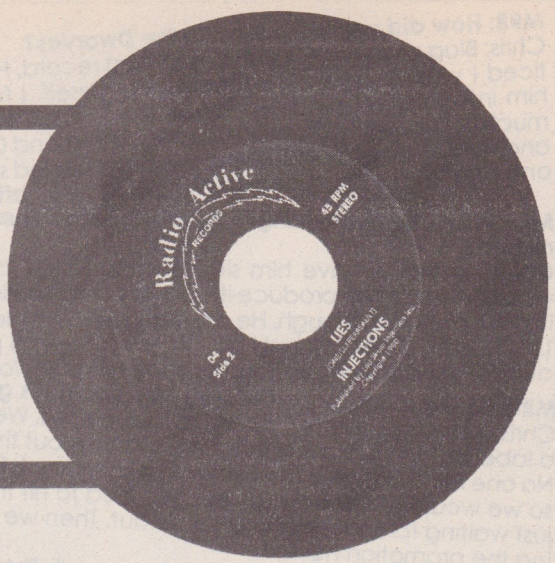
MRR: Good point! Is there anything you want to talk about? I'm trying to focus on Machinegun, but since you're such a rock star...

Chris: Well, it's a new band and all the other bands have a history. There's more to talk about. When people hear this band they will forget everything those other bands ever did. Ha ha. I really don't want to use those bands to push this one, but I don't care if people ask about them. I would have never gotten a Machinegun interview if I wasn't in the other bands. We don't sound anything like them, though.

MRR: I think it does. There's a little piece of each one in there. It's got rock and roll of the Dwarves and the pop sensibility of the Queers and the big riffs of JCCC.
Chris: Well, that's cool. I guess that makes us the best band in the world.

MACHINEGUN

The Rise and Fall of the INJECTIONS and RADIO ACTIVE RECORDS



By Saint James Wood, Edited by Henry Yu

Any non-god worshippin' collector in his right or wrong mind should be familiar with San Diego's Radio Active Records. Their few early '80s releases should be cornerstones (not placemats) in your most cherished box of 45s. James Wood tells a tale that is part history of his record label and part saga of the label's most infamous band, THE INJECTIONS. Read it and bleep—Henry.

Meet the Injections The year was 1979, or so, maybe. I'm not sure. And anyone who was there and claims to be sure is no friend of mine. The only happening place as far as new music in San Diego was the Skeleton Club started by Laura Frasier (she was a nurse, thank god). Even back then local punk rock impresario Tim Mays was involved, as usual, helping to kick-start the whole punk rock scene.

It was Saturday night and the GERMS were playing or doing whatever it was they did. Darby the lead singer was working the crowd for spare change and daring his fans to like him. Most of the nascent punks there didn't know if they actually liked the GERMS, but they certainly liked the feeling of primitive elitism, the anti-haircuts, the cool clothes, and the fact that Darby insulted each member of the audience personally. I remember Jim Call of the PENETRATORS and I seriously discussing whether or not Darby was mentally retarded.

Whatever, the GERMS played their loud, chaotic, obviously unrehearsed set. It was downright frightening and further proof that music as we had known it was finished. It really was scary if you were a musician who practiced and had any technical skills. It sounds crazy now, but back then, before punk rock, it was thought to be a good thing if you could play your instrument really well. This resulted in thousands of grown men sitting in their bedrooms, walls covered with posters of JIMI HENDRIX and CLAPTON, playing guitar six hours a day. The original idea of punk rock was to take music away from the guitar heroes, the technicians, and the record companies, giving it back to the people, even girls. Letting a girl in your band was a revolutionary act, and a fat ugly one like theGERMS' first drummer was madness according to the old school rockers. (That fat girl was kicked out of the GERMS, or quit, or just got lost on the way to a gig and started the GO-GO'S eventually becoming a skinny pretty girl.)

Before and after the GERMS played, local misfits, the INJECTIONS, got on stage and did their set. Even though they hadn't reached the level of mad confident incompetence the GERMS had—INJECTIONS lead singer, Lou Scum, was absolutely out of control and knocking on the door of Darbydom. Most of the audience ignored them. However, a dozen people stood in front of the stage hopping around and spitting on each other. Lou, drenched in sweat and spittle, was having a great time regardless of anything else. There were maybe a hundred punk rockers in San Diego at this time and all of them had come to see the infamous GERMS. Most of these punks, if not all, were in bands, starting bands, or capable of talking about starting a band very convincingly. After the show everyone stood out in front of the Skeleton Club and talked about their bands.

Tim Mays got on stage and asked if anyone had a place for some of the band members to crash. I foolishly volunteered, thinking it would be way cool to have my own Germ. Drummer Don Bolles and his girlfriend Dinah Cancer came over to my apartment. Compared to Darby and Pat Smear (later to be in NIRVANA), Don and Dinah seemed very nice and downright gracious. (They were, I swear to God.) We had only been at my place for ten minutes when Don and Dinah scared my girlfriend Leilani and I by suggesting a group sex scene. They brought it up in an innocent casual way, and took it well when we left them alone in my apartment. Leilani and I spent the night at my mom's house in La Jolla.

The next night at the Skeleton Club I met Lou Scum who was working the crowd in a Darby-like fashion after the INJECTIONS' set. Lou heard that Don had been at my apartment. He was an ambitious networking punk, so he tracked me down hoping to make friends with me or anyone famous, or anyone who knew anyone else that had heard of a famous person. I liked Lou immediately. He was intense, lovable in an awkward way, and able to talk about four or five unrelated subjects at the same time. He grilled me for every detail about my run in with the GERMS.

Lou was flabbergasted when he found out I'd met all of the GERMS. The whole band had driven Don and I over to my apartment after the Skeleton club gig the night

before. My girlfriend, Leilani, had just moved to California from Hawaii. Leilani's favorite bands were the STONES and NEIL YOUNG. She had that '70s shag DAVID BOWIE haircut and used every device from the worlds of science, folklore, and female fashion to make herself into a California Baby Doll Bombshell. LA punk rockers hated this look with an unholy passion, and had actually declared sort of a jihad against its practitioners. While we were driving from the Skeleton Club to my apartment, two horrible punk rock girls, who'd come down from LA with the GERMS, harassed my girlfriend Leilana unmercifully. She had epilepsy, and the stress brought on a seizure. Darby, Pat, Dinah, and the mean punk rock girls were astounded by Leilani's attack. Lou wasn't there in the van, but he was astounded when he heard the story. He thought there was a secret meaning to the whole incident, and spent an hour trying to figure it out. After I'd known him for a while I realized he thought there were secret things going on behind the scenes, just out of his reach, always. After hearing the story of my close sexual call at the apartment, Lou berated me all day for not giving famous people whatever they wanted. After he tired of that, he spent the rest of the evening, and all the time I was with him the following day talking about his band that was going to be bigger than LED ZEPPELIN and the CLASH put together. Although I had seen them the night before and already knew it, he told me repeatedly that they were called the INJECTIONS and three out of four of the band members were in the Navy. Lou (Bob O'Neil) Bruce Perrault, and Joanne, (Piggy Gargoyle) were all from back East where punk rock started. Lisa Astin, INJECTIONS' bass player, was a native San Diegan I think, a civilian and also a member of the DINETTES, a fairly famous San Diego band at that time.

Lou talked, and he talked, and he talked about his band, about his singing, about his songs until he convinced himself, his band, and even me that the INJECTIONS were destined for fame, or trouble, or world-class confusion...and trouble. The INJECTIONS played again the next weekend at the Skeleton club and by god Lou, who had never been in any kind of band, was even more wildly entertaining, and he dragged the rest of the band along with him.

The 100 alleged punk rockers in San Diego that summer all started bands. They went to every show and were supportive and appreciated even the mediocre local talents who opened for the fancy LA and SF punks who traveled south in order to spread the word of the death of rock and roll. The GERMS, the DICKIES, theWEIRDOS, TUXEDO MOON, THE NUNS, THE DILS, the ZEROS, the AVENGERS came and went, leaving the INJECTIONS, the XTERMINATORS, the NEUTRONS, theEXECUTIVES and a few others who either died or I've just forgotten. All these bands set fine punk rock examples, but Lou stood out somehow. It was thought by many that he might actually be mentally ill, a desirable trait in those early days. The Navy accepted him and he'd made it through boot camp, but anyone who'd gone through that knew mental illness wasn't a problem.

The Radio Active Roster I thought it would be a good idea to put out several records at once. This was seen as a plan because a label with a roster that was fostering a scene might be more credible than just one band with one single. The label was to be called Radio Active.

In addition to the INJECTIONS, Lisa's other band was pretty damn good, the XTERMINATORS. Then there were these 15 year old kids called THE EXECUTIVES. Finally there was my band THE INTENTIONS (BEATLES-CHEAP TRICK-DEAD-PISTOLS).

The EXECUTIVES were rich kids from Del Mar and had parents who catered to their wild punk desires. Oddly enough this in no way hurt their music. The funny thing about The EXECUTIVES was that they told everyone that they were a ska band, because that was the happening thing right then, even though you could see them play at every single party that was on the beach that summer and clearly hear that they were a jerky (rhythmically not socially) punk rock and roll band with no apparent ska influences whatsoever.

I was a little ambivalent about my own band. After some bad experiences with SEIZURE and NOISE GOD I sort of wanted to be a behind-the-scenes kind of guy for

Right: the INJECTIONS circa 1980, in the photo used for their limited picture-sleeve 45.

a while instead of a lead singer on the front lines being hated and adored.

Obviously the band I liked the most was the INJECTIONS. Once I decided to put out their record word spread like crazy that I was stupid enough to put out their record. It seemed crazy to many because Lou came off as stark raving mad. Once again this was seen as a desirable trait to many but there was the usual contingent of capitalists who had been in "normal rock bands" last year. They were doing no good as rock and rollers so they thought maybe they could jump on this whole punk deal and somehow trick a record label or somebody into giving them a record contract. This was just before New Wave really hit so the poseurs could only latch onto punk.

These poseur capitalists heard that I was planning to start a punk record label so they tried to impress me by setting up meetings and holding showcases. They didn't realize that the bands I liked were people I'd met in one of the following ways 1) I had an actual fight with one of the band members 2) Met them in the fish tank in county jail 3) I woke up at their house or they woke up at mine with no idea as to how we got there. The poseurs didn't realize that the fact that Lou was probably actually really honestly clinically insane made him much more entertaining than someone who set up a meeting and had to ask their girlfriend's if it was OK if they got a punk hair cut.

Funding In addition to the money the EXECUTIVES threw in, I'll tell you where a lot of the money came from. One day this totally insane character showed up at my house from San Francisco. He was friends with one of the girlfriends of The BATTALION OF SAINTS (who may have been called the NEUTRONS at that time). Anyway this guy, who I'll call Starhead, was a hippie who had only recently cut his hair and joined the punk rockers. Starhead had about 30,000 hits of LSD. It turns out he is strung out on heroin and LSD. I'd never heard of this condition but he insisted that he had been taking LSD and heroin every day for several years.

Starhead hung out at my place for a week or so. He thanked me for finding him heroin by fronting me about 5,000 hits of blotter LSD for a quarter a piece. This was not only a hell of a deal but to make it even better he disappeared and was never seen or heard of again. Well here was the money to subsidize a lot of recording and record pressings. There was more LSD than was needed and many people connected to the scene were permanently damaged thanks to Starhead's generosity. I actually gave away (well I thought I was going to be paid but....) a lot and traded a lot for strange things like records, girls and cars. Lisa Astin gave me 5 or 6 snakes for 100 hits. All the snakes escaped into the canyon behind my house, which probably explained the many cats that disappeared over the next few years.

Radio Active Records I finally started Radio Active Records and assumed the name Joe Producer. With lots of experience in the studio, I helped THE EXECUTIVES write some songs and after producing the hell out of them, they sounded pretty darn good. By the end of two months, I had recorded and put out singles by the INJECTIONS, the XTERMINATORS, the EXECUTIVES and INTENTIONS (that's me under the alias Jimmy True). I had also recorded 12 more songs by the INJECTIONS that were never released.

We pressed maybe 500 copies of each of the records, definitely no more than a thousand. I think there was only 100 pressed of the INTENTIONS/Jimmy True.

The End Another one of our moneymaking schemes was to go into the Julian Mountains, chop wood and sell it. We still had a lot of the LSD unfortunately. So basically we had about 30 or 40 punk rockers with chainsaws and a lot of LSD running around in the woods, in the dark for two or three days. A lot of wood was cut and some money was made but things went terribly wrong.

Rumor has it that Steve Garris dosed INJECTIONS' singer Lou Scum with a couple hits of the acid without Lou's knowledge. We decided to take Lou into the mountains with us thinking it might bring him down because he was having a lot of problems talking, walking, speaking, thinking: all the things you need to do in order to keep the world at bay. Lou later ran off and was found in the town asking some rather frightening looking bikers if they "had the key". He also kept saying, "Time wounds all heels." to everyone. Lou wouldn't follow us back to our cabin up in the woods. He was barefoot and started walking on the one small highway out of town. He insisted he was going to Oklahoma because "it was OK".

It was at this point that I did one of the hardest things I ever had to do in my life. I called the authorities (I refuse to say I called the police) and they took him to CMH (County Mental Health). My friends and I visited Lou at CMH and he still seemed very disoriented. Eventually his mom flew in form Boston and took him home. This pretty much ended the INJECTIONS.

Another famous punk and one of Lou's good friends, Terry Marine, may have also ingested way too much LSD and also lost his mind. He has been seen wandering the streets of San Diego the last decade or so praising Jesus, which is all fine and well but not like the Terry Marine I knew at all.

So in the end I fled back to LA trying to escape drugs myself (I didn't). The record company fell apart and many bad rumors and bad feelings ensued. Lou did recover though I don't think he ever started another band.

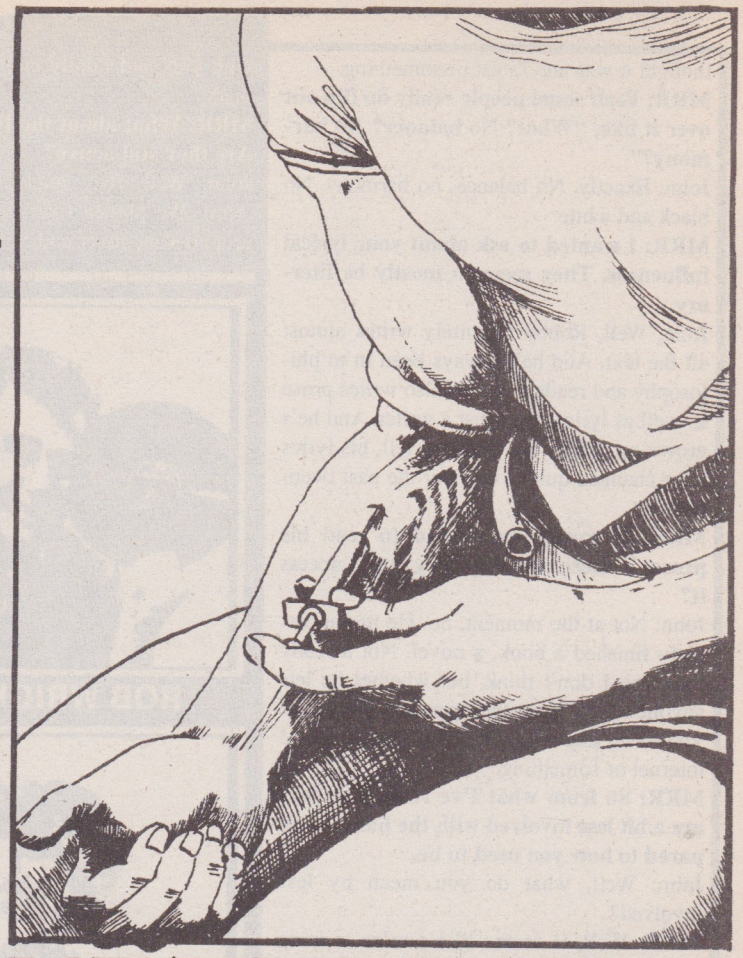
Aftermath I once saved two boxes of the records with about 50 of each of the 3 bands' records and seventy or eighty of the Jimmy True. These were later stolen out of my car in the parking lot during a BAD BRAINS/CRAMPS show.

Twenty years later, people from all over the world are writing, phoning, and showing up on my doorstep trying to get copies of these records. The most interest is in the INJECTIONS, but I've been offered up to $150 for any of them. I did have a small box of the sleeves that were to go on the records that were stolen and I occasionally sell those to collectors for absurd sums I don't want to mention so as to keep the price going even higher...

Italy's finest export Rave Up Records will be putting out the long lost INJECTIONS LP any month now. Rock on!

BANNED FROM

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL!



NOMEANSNO

I'm not one to have favorites just for the sake of having favorites. I don't have a favorite movie or book. When it comes to bands, however, NOMEANSNO simply leave me without a choice in the matter. Musically they are in an elite class. Lyrically they are in their own class. While most bands hit and pass their peaks within a few years, NMN keep getting better through decades. And they're even better live than on CD. They're just better.

For the unfortunate unfamiliar, NMN play punk with a strong jazz influence, and dashes of other genres. The lyrics explore ambiguity, doubt and nothingness in a variety of contexts; stimulating rather than sermonizing. Like all great bands, NMN have a distinctive sound, but in a pinch they might be described as a lyrically driven, punk version of Rush, with vocals at the opposite end of the pitch spectrum.

With the fraternal rhythm section of Rob and John Wright as its foundation (and initially its only members), NMN have been releasing albums since the early eighties. For the past several albums Tom Holliston has quite ably handled guitar and backup vocals. The band also has an alter ego, the Hanson Brothers, who essentially play original Ramones songs. After a show at Chicago's Fireside Bowl (it really is a bowling alley) I had a chance to get John's thoughts on punk, puck, and politics.

MRR: I've seen that shirt before (John is wearing a shirt that says "Banned from MaximumRocknRoll"), and I was wondering what the story behind it is.

John: Yeah. That was some fight that Tim Yohannon and Jello Biafra had when Tim decided to refuse Biafra and Alternative Tentacles any sort of print in the magazine. I guess we weren't punk enough anymore.

MRR: I asked the people who are running MRR now if the interview was OK, 'cause I had seen the shirt, and I knew there was some shit between MRR and AT, but they don't really know about it now.

John: Yeah, it was Tim really.

MRR: But they did ask me if you were still punk enough.

John: (laughs) I don't think so.

MRR: I lied and said you were.

John: Well that's the thing, I mean, what's the difference between that and Spin magazine refusing to write up young local bands, or alternative music? It's the spirit, it's the spirit of exclusion and that sucks in all forms. For me though, I don't really care about whether any magazine wants to write about us or not. It's up to them. But, I just thought it was silly, the reasons. I can understand, "we just want to make money, so we're gonna write about bands that'll make us money." That's simple; straight to the point. But not something about, "well, your style of music isn't punk enough." I suppose they want to write about a certain scene and what not, but it's just kind of crazy. We've never been any kind of band, you know our style is just sort of all over the place, but it was definitely the punk rockers and the alternative music scene that was our milieu and what we grew up in. And we've remained completely independent, for our entire existence really. You know, to an extent. We still need people to work for us. AT has always been—you know, for all of Jello's foibles, he has a clear idea of what he wants with his label, and he sticks to it. And for better or worse—I don't always agree with him—but he pretty much sticks to what he says and we've had a good relationship with him over the years. It's been a very pleasant and friendly relationship, so we have no complaints. The business between AT and *MaximumRocknRoll* really has nothing to do with us at all.

MRR: I have another T-shirt question for you. Can you explain the no yin and yang shirts?

John: Oh yeah, the nothing. That's basically the symbol for nothing. The yin yang representing all, or everything, and just putting a slash through it.

MRR: Yeah. I got one on the last tour, and I've never had so many questions about a T-shirt.

John: Yeah, it's not a statement, really. It's just a design. Robby sort of talks about nothingness quite a bit in the music, and that symbol, that's what he thought would be a great way of expressing that idea. No everything. You know, like I say, it was just more or less that we wanted a catchy design. We'd done a lot of pictures in the past and we wanted something simple that wasn't a picture of anything, just a design. And the red slash is very bold...

MRR: And it's got a punk tradition too, like the no swastikas and the no crosses.

John: Well, everyone just immediately looks at it like, "no what?" We're conditioned to respond to that symbol. So we thought it would be an interesting symbol. It gets people talking, like, "What? What's this all about?" My wife was accosted on the street by a guy—luckily they guy was in a passing bus because she thought the guy was gonna punch her or something—but he was yelling out the window "Fuck you! Fuck! Whaddaya, fuck the fucking Taoist man? Ya mock em? Yayaya." You know, he was completely upset. He

thought it was ant-Taoist or something.

MRR: Yeah some people really do flip out over it like, "What? No balance? No harmony?"

John: Exactly. No balance, no harmony. No black and white.

MRR: I wanted to ask about your lyrical influences. They seem to mostly be literary.

John: Well, Robby definitely writes almost all the text. And he's always been in to philosophy and reads a lot. He also writes prose as well as lyrics. He's just a writer. And he's grown up quite a bit. You can tell, his lyrics have changed quite a bit over the past twenty years.

MRR: If somebody wanted to read his prose, is there any way they could access it?

John: Not at the moment, no. He has apparently finished a book, a novel. Not a really long one I don't think, but whether he lets anyone read it is another question. He might. You never know. Maybe he'll post it on the internet or something.

MRR: So from what I've read, you guys are a bit less involved with the band, compared to how you used to be.

John: Well, what do you mean by less involved?

MRR: Well, it seems like you're touring less.

John: A little bit less, yeah. I've got two boys at home, so it's not easy to take long periods of time away from home. But this is how we make our living. This band is how we survive. And we tour pretty extensively when the new CD comes out. We do quite a number of tours, and then it peters off and we take some time off. We've always done that though. In the '80s we were touring like mad, we were young and we didn't have a name and we just played, played, played. But since then we've always made sure that we could step back from the music. You know, you need a life outside of music. You don't have anything to write about, unless you're at home and just living your life, living a life like anyone else. You've gotta have some perspective. So, it's good to get away from music so you don't burn yourself out. So many great bands just burn themselves out and end up exploding, breaking up. So we've been careful not to work ourselves to the bone, but it's still a pretty full time thing. You're always at least thinking about what's going on, and writing music takes a lot of time too. You know, the work you do is not just on the road, there's practicing and writing and whatnot. But, yeah, we definitely try to step back from the band whenever we can. For me, when we go home I'm inundated with kids and family and all that goes with that.

MRR: What about the Hanson Brothers? Are they still active?

John: Well, they made an appearance in April. We played five shows out west, just around Vancouver and Seattle and they went

ROB WRIGHT *BASS*

JOHN WRIGHT *DRUMS*

UN-NOTICED *GUITAR*

NOMEANSNO IN 1990

very well. We have written a few new songs, but we haven't really gone at it too seriously, because we've been quite busy with Nomeansno. As well as, Tommy and I have a band, his band that he's had for years, The Show Business Giants. We spent a long time working on the last CD we put out and did a tour over in Europe, so that took up a bunch of time as well. And that a pet project too. Most people don't know anything about it, but there are a few fans out there. But, we've never played in the States before, except for one or two shows in Portland We have been over to Europe a couple of times. It's fun to do that, but that's really a vanity project because there's no money involved in that at all. It's great music and it's great fun to play, so I try to make time for that as well.

MRR: I've heard that Nomeansno is really well known in Europe.

John: Yeah, Europe, Germany really, is the breadbasket for this band. Generally the shows are bigger, but we still play some small shows over there, like in England and up in Scandinavia. But, yeah, generally we're a little more well known. Not famous, but what do call it? A little bit more of a known reputation and our name gets kicked around a lot. It does in the States too, in a certain scene, but over there even the mainstream knows a little bit about us. We get written up in some of the main papers over there. But they tend to be also a little more music-oriented in Europe. You know, even the major papers will write about weird shit, just cuz people are interested in it. They're a little more open about it. Here it tends to be quite cliquey. Certain papers write about certain things. Especially the major papers, its all business. You buy your interviews, you buy your articles, its all payola pretty much. But in Europe, they're like that. There's really cheesy commercial stuff, but you also find more of a crossover.

MRR: Oh yeah. I wanted to know, as an outsider, what you think about how we elect our president (Needless to say, this was during the middle of the Florida fiasco).

John: What a kafuffle, eh? [this is the most Canadian thing I've ever heard anyone say] Jumpin' Jesus. Well Al Gore, he must be the... I personally don't think Al Gore is going to win. I think Bush is going to be elected. But Al Gore man, talk about the most depressing end to one's career. You get the most votes, and you don't get to be president (laughs). (In a whiny voice) "But they voted for me!" But as far as Canadians are concerned, it doesn't really make much difference. Actually, as far as businessmen are concerned, Bush is the better of the two because Bush will be more pro-trade and Canada's always like, "uuhhuhuh, don't close your borders," and Gore is more backed by protectionists and whatnot, which might make it more difficult. For people like us! They keep making it so fucking difficult for us to come down here. And it's fucking

Democrats that make it difficult. They're the ones closing the borders. Yeah, the Republicans are very anti-immigration, anti-Mexican and all that stuff. But it's the Democrats are the ones who are like, "they're taking our jobs."

MRR: Yeah, I remember going to see the Hansons in Petaluma and the show was canceled because of immigration problems.

John: Yeah. We missed the first five shows that tour waiting for our paperwork, cuz it has to be done like thirty-five days in advance. We have to have signed contracts thirty-five days in advance. A lot of clubs now know when they're booking Canadian bands, they know now that—ugh. But a lot of them have no idea: "what do you mean you need a contact in advance?" Most places don't even have their calendar filled thirty-five days in advance. So, sometimes it is a real pain in the ass for a booker to get these contracts, explaining to people that if we don't have them, we can't come in. And then what happened with that, in particular is that our paperwork got shuffled off to Buffalo somewhere and got delayed two weeks. And we're like, "can't you rush them through, push them through?" and they're like, "nope, they'll get through when they get through." And they go through five days late, so we're sitting in Vancouver watching, there goes one show, there goes another show, waiting for the fucking papers. It's totally stupid.

MRR: So you guys talked a lot about hockey tonight, for a punk show. And with the Hansons and everything, I was wondering how much you guys are really into hockey.

John: Well, My life doesn't revolve around hockey, but it's the national sport in Canada. I love the game, I love watching the game, I love playing the game. But I'm not a sports freak, in any sense. But yeah, I watch hockey. Actually Tommy, our guitar player, he used to be a real hockey nut but he's kind of not anymore since Gary Bettman's been the head of the league. He's kind of ruined the game a little bit.

MRR: You guys liked having the fights in there, or what?

John: Well, not so much that, it's just too many teams and just expanding for the money and commercializing the game. I mean, that's also the players, the salaries. That's in all sports. It used to be that players were people just like you and I, playing the game. And now it's like, well I don't give a shit about some fucking multi-millionaire, some spoiled millionaire jock. So, you lose that personal involvement with the sport because it's so mercenary now.

STEFAAN DE WOLF

NOMEANSNO TODAY

STEFAAN DE WOLF

MILES DAVIS

MRR: Do you think it's also losing its Canadian identity a bit?

John: Oh yeah. The league isn't Canadian anymore. It never really was, except that almost all the players were Canadian. And that's long since gone. Canadians make up, I think it's less than half now. People still watch it because they love the sport, and they love to watch the sport. I think people get more and more... they're not as personally involved with the team and the players as much as they used to be, I don't think. I think that's true in baseball too, and in basketball. It's just hard to care about millionaires. Especially when they're idiots.

MRR: I liked the songs off the new album (*No One*). I haven't heard it 'cause I ordered it of the internet and they sent it to my old house. Anyway, could you talk about the new album a bit, maybe where it fits in with your other work?

John: Well, it's defiantly kind of a darker album. It kind of hearkens back to *Mr. Happy*. It's a little more simplified. Long songs, a little more like stories. It's not a wham bam punk rock album. It just kind of has a tone. I really enjoy it though. The first two songs, "The Graveyard Shift" and "Under the Sea," are sort of wham bang, and then it starts drifting into a little bit darker territory. I don't know how to describe it, the songs are little bit slow in building themselves up and developing. I really like "Our Town." We played it live before it was on the record and it was a bit hard for the audience to take because it goes on and on and its all really the lyrics. Now that the albums been out I'm curious to see if it goes over live, since people have had a chance to hear it.

MRR: Well, "The World Wasn't Built in a Day," is kind of like that, and it seemed to go over pretty well live.

John: Yeah. It's a little more like that song in a way. The whole album is. Especially "Bitches Brew." We do a Miles Davis cover. Robby took that song sort of spared it down, simplified the music, shortened it, took all the soloing out, and wrote text over the whole thing. It's about sixteen minutes long, but it's just a long story. Kind of like "The World Wasn't Built in a Day" in a way. And it's really interesting, but it's the kind of song you listen to by yourself, with the headphones or something. It's a real listening song. The album I think is more of a 'sit down and listen to it' album, not so much a 'rock out to it' album.

MRR: Well, I'll look forward to getting it—eventually.

John: Excellent.

DON AUSTIN

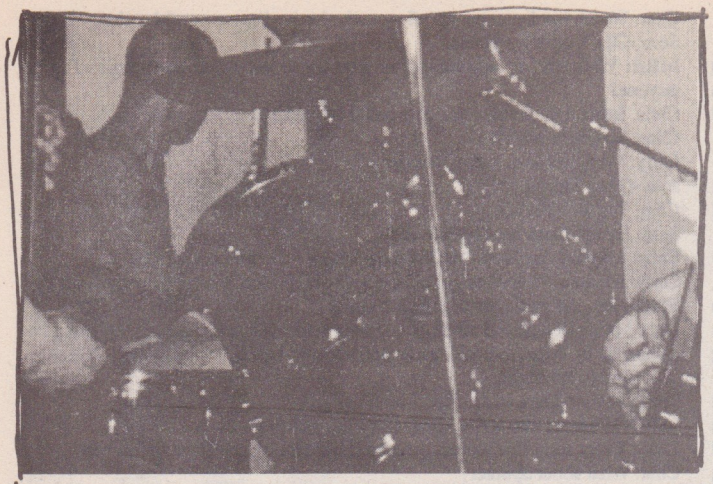
I haven't bought that many records lately. It just seems as thought there aren't many bands around that are either doing something different or at least doing something that's been done before, but doing it better. That's what interests and impresses me, at least. Enter Akron, Ohio's Don Austin. No, they're not doing anything radically different. In fact, their style has been done many times before (see bands such as Infest or Black Flag for proof). It's just that very rarely is this style of hardcore-punk played as well as this. See, what sets Don Austin apart is that someone, somewhere, clued them in on something that only "pop" bands practice these days-writing great hooks. However, unlike "pop" bands Don Austin knows how to make there songs short, sweet and to the point-never overemphasizing or glorifying parts by playing them longer than is absolutely necessary. They also know when to sacrifice musical technicality for simplicity for the sake of the song. Because of these attributes, Don Austin writes very powerful pieces of music without the pretense...something that very few bands are doing anymore. I sat down with the guys in Don Austin to find out what they focus on in their songs, what embarrasses them and what they drink when they practice. In order to get a better idea of what they sound like, do yourself a favor and pick up their self-titled debut 7" on RubberCityRecords.

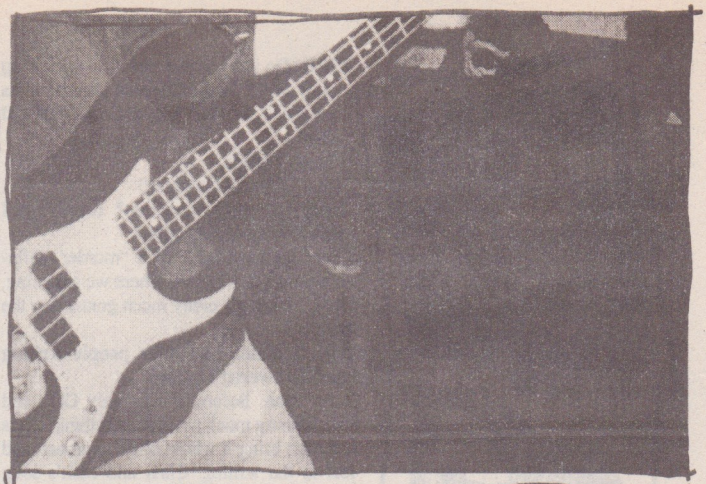
MRR: Alright, tell me what your are names and what the fuck it is that you do...
Clint: My name's Clint and I drink.
Josh: Fuckin' drunk...
Chris: My name is Chris and I am also drinking.
Sean: Sean, drums.
Larry: Larry, vocals.
MRR: Stupid question number one. How did you guys hook up and start playing together?
Clint: When I was born I knew I had to rock with these guys. (laughter)
Larry: It was in his DNA to do some hot rockin' with "The L.G.". (laughter)
Clint: Oh...that is sad.
Chris: These were the only people that I could find. (laughter)
Larry: Basically, when The UnHoly Three broke up, I wanted to do another band. I was playing with some other people and eventually Clint came back into the picture. We started getting serious and the guys playing bass and drums-Jim(ex-Pricks) and Joe (ex-Splinter).....
Clint: Joey Knuckles.
Larry: Yeah, Joey Knuckles...they just, I dunno, they weren't into it the way Clint and I were. So, we parted ways shortly after the seven-inch came out. We got together with Chris and Josh who we had played with previously in The UnHoly Three. Then we got Sean who was in a couple of other bands. The Leftovers and...
Steve: (moans)
Larry: Sean was also in Dahmer, who became Ignorance of Man. The ORIGINAL Dahmer! Not the one from Canada. The one from Akron...he's still playing in the Dead Body Chuckers.
MRR: The Canadian one was not as cool.
Larry: They couldn't be, there is no "cooler" place than Akron. There are more bars here.....how's that go?
Clint: Per capita...
Larry: Something. There are more drinking establishments "per capita" here than in any other city in The United States.
MRR: Wow. That's pretty lame.
Larry: We're alcoholics. (laughter)
Clint: And murderers.
MRR: As far as this new line-up, how's that working?
Clint: Fabulous.
Chris: Spectacular.
Josh: Works for me as long as everyone gets sober.
Steve: No. We have to drink, remember? We need to have beer at practice.
MRR: But, how's it working out song writing-wise?
Clint: Once again, fabulous. (laughter)
Chris: Yes, spectacular. (laughter)
MRR: Who writes most of the songs?
Larry: Clint, Chris and Josh. I'll throw in a couple once in awhile.
Steve: I play drums. (laughter)

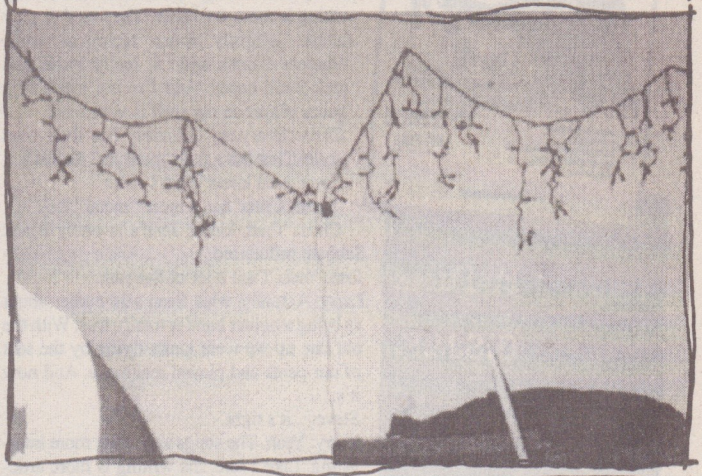
Clint: You'll write some.
Steve: Eventually.

MRR: Do you see this new line-up taking the band in a different direction as opposed to what you did with the old one?
Steve: Tighter.
Clint: Tighter? (laughing)
Larry: A tighter direction? (laughing) I dunno, what do you think?
Clint: We have more of a "murder" influence now. I don't know where we are going.
Steve: I think it's pretty much gonna stay the same.
MRR: I mean, you have people writing songs that weren't before....
Larry: Yeah. Before, it was only Clint and myself pretty much writing everything. Chris and Josh bring a whole other approach and feel to the writing. Chris and Josh's song writing is more articulate. They tend to play fancier, slightly more technical stuff. Whereas Clint's style is really loose and rock-n-roll based. And I'm not much of a guitar player so my stuff is very basic.
Chris: Everyone definitely has their own style. Clint has a little "punkier" feel and...I don't even know what I write...
Steve: Chris' has a more "metal" feel.
Chris: Yeah, kinda. Josh's is really Black Sabbath influenced.
Josh: Yeah, I use a lot of Sabbath.
Larry: Actually, what Sean said earlier about us being a tighter band is totally true. With the old line up we were kinda flying by the seat of our pants and played real loose. And now it's...
Steve: ...it's tight.
Larry: Yeah. The songs are a little more interesting. Like I said, the writing is more articulate and dynamic.
Clint: It's tougher. More riffs... (laughter)
MRR: Is that why Larry says Sean plays so fast live? Is he trying to murder people? (laughing)
Steve: Do I really play that fast?
Larry: At practice you play fast, but at shows you rip right through the the set.
Steve: It's adrenalin.
Josh: Another thing that is different is that I'm trying to back-ups live. I don't think that Jim ever did them.
Clint: Yes he did...BOW, YOWL, YEAH, OWWWWWW! (laughter)
Larry: Well, he never really sang anything, he just sort of yelled and howled. It was pretty funny.
Josh: I've just been trying to take a more active role and participate a little more by singing...
Clint: ...and ruining the band. (laughter)
Larry: I guess it is really hard to say what direction we could go. All of our musical tastes and influences are really eclectic. Being in a hardcore band is all I've ever really wanted or been able to do, but the truth is I don't listen to it as often as I used to. I spend almost all of my time listening to the blues and Sabbath. Shit like John Lee Hooker, Elmore James, Paul Jones, The Paul Butterfield Blues Band, larry johnson, Robert Johnson..... I can see how some of that might slip into the writing. I don't think it would necessarily change our sound too much though. It would just add a different element to everything. I don't think we would let it happen because once hardcore bands deviate from playing short, fast songs with three chords and catchy hooks-they tend to suck.
MRR: Well. Have I asked all of the pertinent questions?
Clint: No. You haven't asked us about beer.
Josh: No. Don't do that...
MRR: Okay. What kind of beer does Don Austin drink?
Clint: The blood of Yeti...Pabst Blue Ribbon. (laughter)
Larry: Guiness and Jameson's...Irish whiskey.
MRR: At practice?
Larry: Well, no. That would become too expensive. But, it's what I prefer.
Chris: Pabst.
Sean: Pabst has been at every practice.
MRR: As far as other bands that you could be or have been compared to, what sets Don Austin apart?
Larry: We're better looking. We are all really hot.
Sean: Well, Josh is.....
Clint: We are just better people all around, plus we have powerful rocking skills.
Sean: Clint's fabulous guitar.
MRR: Well, who do you think you guys think you could be compared to, if anyone?
Chris: Infest. I think most hardcore bands out today owe a lot to Infest.
Clint: No Doubt and Infest.
Larry: I sing just like...what's her name?
Josh: Gwen Stefani.
Clint: You look life her too.
Sean: Except Larry has bigger breasts.
Chris: Maybe even Drop Dead...a more "punk-rock" sounding Infest.
Larry: I dunno. We have early DRI, early CroMags, Infest, Negative Approach and Black Flag...we steal a lot of different stuff.
Josh: I think in terms of some of our song structures and approach we could be compared to Infest, but definitely not vocally. Lyrically you're way different. You're more apolitical.
Larry: I sound like Lou Graham from Foreigner.
MRR: What do you write about if it's not politics?
Larry: Every song I've written lyrics to from the UnHoly Three to this band...
Clint: What about Splinter?
Larry: No. We are not going to talk about that band.
MRR: Wait-what other band were you in? (laughter)
Larry: (sighs)
MRR: Wasn't Splinter one of Josh's favorite bands?
Larry: Yes, it certainly was. Our delicate arrangements, pretty melodies and my beautiful lilting tones had quite a profound impact on young Josh.
Clint: Josh liked Don Austin and The UnHoly Three before he joined either band.
Chris: He weaseled his way in.
Clint: We ruined him.
Josh: Hardcore has completely fucked up my life.
MRR: How's that?
Clint: Look at him! (laughter)
MRR: Back to the lyrics.....
Larry: All I can really say is that lyrics are about life, mine in particular. They're about things I've been through and seen. I write a lot about things that I am thinking...things I'd like to change about myself. There's a lot of hate in there, probably a little too much at times, but whatever... At the risk of sounding pretentious it is a little too complex for me to elaborate on more than that. Truthfully I don't even feel that the lyrics themselves articulate what I'm feeling or properly present situations.....my lyrics actually trivialize things sometimes. Which, on one hand, is good because my problems and experiences are certainly not anymore important than anyone else's.
MRR: That sort of flies in the face of what most hardcore bands claim to be about. Do you feel that most bands are trying to make political statements-without much thought and actually very little to say?
Larry: Those are your words, but yeah, sometimes I do. Most people in hardcore-punk bands have always felt compelled to take strong political stances and have these agendas. The sad thing is that more often than not most of these kids haven't really educated themselves on a lot of the issues they sing about and the causes they take up. Yet, they insist on making these really bold statements, make broad generalizations and make a lot of wild accusations about the "opposition", and unfortunately, even about their peers just to prove how dedicated their are to their beliefs, ideals or causes that they claim to champion. That said, politics is a very vital part of hardcore-punk in general. It's a staple of this music, lifestyle and community, if you will. It always has been and always will be. I chose a different route. I am not entirely comfortable writing about things that I feel I am only peripherally aware of and the truth is I would not be doing anyone any favors if I did. I think our sound, the way we do our records, conduct our business and the way we treat people helps set an example. We're not exactly what you would call status quo. I think we do, somewhat represent, an alternative lifestyle.
MRR: Do you mean the "status quo" of punk?
Larry: Not punk, but we definitely are a viable alternative to society at large. No we aren't status quo in that sense, or maybe even in the context of punk either. I'm not sure. I know for a fact that there are million people who could make the argument that the way we sound and conduct ourselves is not enough to make us a viable alternative or a threat to the status quo. I guess we would have to do a lot of grand-standing for us to be anything other than just another cog to the critics. The truth is that most people in this community just ape each other for punk points and bush league celebrity status. That makes them even less of a "threat" than we are.

There have been very







-ex HISHEROISGON

DON AUSTIN

-hardcore in the vein of negative ap

few bands who I can think of that were truly brilliant and moving politically and half of them weren't even punk. Sure you have awesome bands like Los Crudos, Inept, Dead Kennedys, GO!, The Crucifucks and Spitboy. But, what about Big Bill Broonzy? Blues. Leadbelly? Blues. The Coup? Hip-Hop. All very un-punk, but still real and legitimate threats to the status quo.

Josh: A lot of "political" hardcore bands that I've seen, listened to and read their lyrics and liner notes..... I don't know. It's all very myopian. They're just preaching to the converted. Most of the time the things the write about aren't very well researched. They aren't really about opening up dialogues or discussing anything. It's mostly sloganeering with the pretense that it is doing a lot more than what it actually is. It's pointless and only creates a very simplistic "us vs. them" mentality that is more petty than constructive.

MRR: Backtracking a bit...what is it you strive for when you write songs?

Clint: Lately, I've been trying to write things that people are going to hate. (laughter)

Larry: Tell them about the Steinberger.

Clint: I'll keep it short... the pure beauty and simplicity of the instrument... it's compacted power. It makes us sound intense and evil. Plus, Josh hates it. I write things that Josh will hate. I put really bad guitar solos that are inappropriate for any song simply to annoy Josh. (laughter)

Chris: I write songs that people will like. I write singles. I'm in it for the money and the girls.

Josh: I write for the ladies. Seriously, I write short quick songs that are quick and to the point. I try to make them powerful and catchy and without much pretense. I don't want to waste anyone's time.

Larry: We try to make our music to sound like a soundtrack to porn or music that you'd hear in a strip club.

Sean: Yeah, short and quick songs that make people want to kill.

Clint: It always comes back to beer and murder. We're becoming a "glam/fantasy-metal" band.

Larry: I'm always trying to include new ideas, but I try not to deviate from our basic sound too much. I don't want the band to suddenly sound like some foreign entity. The songs are probably gonna stay fairly short. Under the two minute mark-we can barely break one minute now. I don't see anything wrong with throwing a bizarre hook or an odd time signature. Why be predictable? But,I like the way the band sounds now, so.....I don't think we'll be making any real drastic changes.

MRR: So, it is something that you consciously stick to?

Larry: I can't really play anything else. (laughter) I have a theory on how my music should sound. It should be blues-based...riff and hook oriented. Three, maybe four chords. Fuck intros. Fuck solos. Fuck outros and bullshit interludes. Just play the riff, get to the point and be done with it. But, always establish a hook. Just because you play fast doesn't mean you can't have them.

Chris: I just play whatever comes out. I don't really think about it. Whatever I feel...whatever sounds good. We need to sound more like Cameo.

Sean: All music at some point should make you want to kill somebody.

MRR: Like Johnny Cash? Just talk about murder?

Larry: Hey now.....

Clint: You can't knock Johnny Cash.

MRR: I'm not knocking Johnny Cash. What do you guys think of the hardcore-punk scene in this area?

Sean: What scene? (laughter) Really...what is it?

MRR: Well, that's what I mean...

Clint: It's sad.

Chris: (belches) That's what I think.

Josh: One thing that kind of annoys me, at least around here, is this whole kickback to the "mod-era" thing. There is a lot of attitude and pretense without being the bands or people nearly as good or as cool, as say like, the Kinks or even The Who. It's all style and nothing else. they're just trying really hard to be cool...

Sean: Everything is so metal based now. Even the so-called "hardcore" bands are really just metal. It's sad. It's all the same-"chunk, chunk" and "scream, scream, scream". It's a bunch of shit.

Larry: I could give a shit about a "scene". As long as we can create a little vacuum where my band and my friends bands can exist, be productive and thrive who cares what anyone else thinks or does.

"There have been very few bands who I can think of that were truly brilliant and moving politically and half of them weren't even punk. Sure you have awesome bands like Los Crudos, Inept, Dead Kennedys, GO!, The Crucifucks and Spitboy. But, what about Big Bill Broonzy? Leadbelly? Blues. The Coup? Hip-Hop. All very un-punk, but still real and legitimate threats to the status quo."

Sean: I've given up on the idea of a "scene". That is such a stagnant and stale concept. The past five have been a pretty steady decline, with the last two being massive declines.

Clint: There is like a "resurgence" here every five years. There was a "scene" when I was in highschool. Then there was this long gap until two years ago when Fusion records was around.

Larry: Yeah, but that was for like one summer, and most of the people involved were "scenester"-dorks who weren't really productive.....all fashion, no passion.

Clint: But it all goes in cycles.

Josh: Cycles of shit.

MRR: It's not that I sit up at night and worry about the state of hardcore-punk. I've just noticed that recently harder to do shows, there aren't many good bands and when shows do happen, the turnout is really bad.

Clint: Again, it all goes in cycles...

Larry: ...and as long as we stay productive and are enjoying ourselves, nothing else matters.

MRR: I'm gonna say a phrase and I want you respond appropriately. I'll start with Larry. "Ass-Boil". (laughter)

Larry: (laughing) Wow. Um, I was probably a sophomore in highschool and I had this huge fucking boil just barely on the inside of my rectum. I couldn't shit for days. Moving alone was very painful so I kinda just laid in bed for a couple of days trying not to eat and hoping that it would go away. I was to embarrassed to tell my Mom what it really was, she just thought i had a really bad stomach ache. One night I got really, really hungry and I carefully crept downstairs and got some food. I was starving at this point so I was willing to take the pain involved with moving from my bed. I ate a ton of junk food and sure enough, later that night, I woke up having to shit. I tried but couldn't hold it in, so ran into the bathroom as fast as I could. Just as soon as I sat on the toilet my ass felt like it had literally exploded. The pain was so intense that I sorta blacked out for a second. I don't really remember if I had screamed or what, but as I was coming to my kid brother Brent was standing in the doorway of the bathroom with his jaw dropped. Here I am on the throne with my pajama around to bottoms around my ankles, sweating profusely, dizzy, probably with a dazed look on my face and most likely smelling like diarrhea, blood and pus. The splattered shit was dripping from my ass-cheeks. I finally managed to say something like, "What the fuck are you looking at?" to Brent before cleaning up my mess. The bowl was indeed filled with shit, water, blood and pus. My asshole bled for the rest of the night.....that's all.

MRR: Clint. "Say one more word and I'll cut your fucking throat". (laughter)

Clint: First of all let me apologize, again. Um, yeah, I'm really sorry. (laughs) We were on our way home from tour and we (The UnHoly Three) had just broken up so i was already pissed off. I was coming down with what was gonna be pneumonia and Chris and Joe were arguing the whole trip back from Florida. Finally I turned around and basically threatened Joe's life. I also threatened to hit him with a can of beans or something also.....I'm sorry. (laughter)

MRR: Last Question. Have any of you ever been arrested, and if so, what for?

Clint: Public intoxication and disorderly conduct.

Chris: DUI...twice.

Josh: Underage drinking and shoplifting.

Sean: No comment.

Larry: Assault. Three times. Wouldn't you rather ask us what we have coming up or what are going to be up to? (laughter)

MRR: Okay...

Larry: We are going into the studio in late January or early February to record another seven inch. We're hopefully going on the road this summer for a couple of weeks. Most likely to the east coast with Strange Division. We are trying to get as many shows as we can handle before then so.....write us or something.

Clint: Thanks for doing the interview. Our eight song debut is still avaiable for three bucks post paid. Bye, bye.

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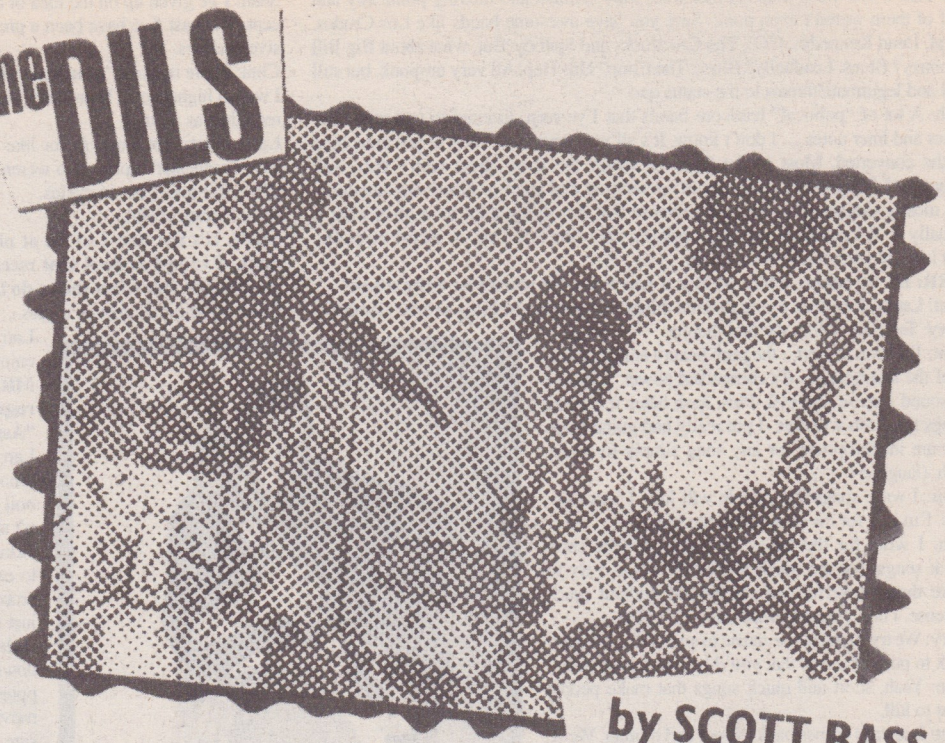
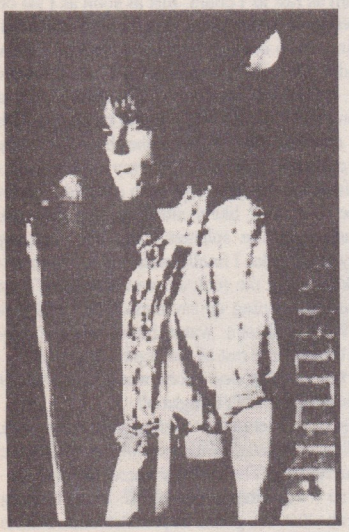
the DILS



by SCOTT BASS



DILS DISCOGRAPHY

Eps

- **I Hate The Rich/You're Not Blank** *[What Records/1977 Reissue 1990 Gift of Life]*
- **198 Seconds of the Dils (Class War/Mr. Big)** *[Dangerhouse/1978]*
- **Made In Canada 2x7" (Sound of the Rain, Red Rockers, It's Not Worth It)** *[Rogelletti Records/1979]*

Lps

- **Live! Released** *[Iloki-XXX/1987]*
- **The Dils** *[Lost/1990]*
- **The Last Goodbye** *[boot/?]*
- **Class War** *[Dionysus–Bacchus Archives/1990]*

Interview with Tony Kinman of the Dils by Scott Bass (skillyb@hotmail.com)

MRR: Was the Dils the first band that you guys were in? What's the story on how the band formed?

TONY: Yeah the Dils was our first band. We got started in 1977, playing in Carlsbad, California. At the time we had musical tastes that not too many people in our high school shared. We liked the New York Dolls and the Ramones and things like that. When we started playing together and writing songs, it all started happening. We started reading in magazines, and buying singles by bands we were reading about like the Sex Pistols, and realized, "Hey this is punk rock! That's what this stuff is called!" When we first heard the Sex Pistols, that sounded like the New York Dolls, which was a band we loved. So we realized that there was a kind of outsider movement happening that wasn't like anything else that was happening at the time. And there it was, it had a name, it was Punk Rock. A lot of people don't realize that back then there was no place to play. All the night clubs either had regular bands that were already signed, or they had local bands doing sets of covers. If you were a brand new band starting out and you were doing all your own material, there was literally no place to play.

Calling yourselves Communists probably didn't help. Why don't you tell me a little about that? Were you guys seriously making a political statement, or were you following Malcolm McLaren's lead from the ending days of the Dolls... when it was just for shock value?

I actually was a Communist for about a year and a half. I bought the whole thing, I had friends like Peter Urban who were into it, he was our first manager. Back then your manager was just a friend of the band. And we'd sit around and talk about all that stuff and sit around and theorize about it. When I wrote the songs, I tried to put a lot of that feeling in it.

What happened after that year and a half?

I bagged the whole Communism thing and became an agnostic anarchist. After that, I just let all that stuff go.

Why did you use the Tony Nineteen moniker? Was it because your brother was in the band?

Yeah, for some reason I thought the whole brother thing was weird. There were only three guys in the band so I thought it would be neat if we all had different names. That really only lasted for two weeks (laughs) and then I let it go, but Chip still calls me that, some friends still call me that.

It's remained in the history books! I wanted to ask you about Jeff Scott who I guess never recorded with the Dils but I've read was your original vocalist and collectors know him from the records he made with the Hitmakers.

Jeff was a high school buddy of mine and Chip. The stuff that me and Chip were writing just turned out to be in a different direction than what Jeff wanted to do. So Jeff left and formed the Hitmakers, and me Chip started singing.

So it was an artistic differences kind of thing... did you remain friends?

Yeah we did I guess but we never saw him anymore because we ended up moving up to San Fransciso.

In 1978 you guys made a cameo in the infamous Cheech and Chong movie "Up and Smoke." How did that happen?

Our manager Peter was living up in L.A. and we were still living in Carlsbad (near San Diego) we had only played a gig or two at the time. He heard Rodney on the ROQ announce that Cheech and Chong were filming a movie at the Roxy and they needed punk bands to be in it. So Peter called the number that Rodney gave out on the air to see what was happening and they said that it was too late, that they had already booked like forty bands. After that Peter called us and said "why don't you drive up anyhow and we'll see what we can do." So it was a real guerilla movement kind of thing... we drove up to L.A. and pulled up in front of the Roxy. There were a huge long line of bands already there with all their gear, waiting to audition. We parked, got our gear out, and literally walked right up to the front where there was a production guy who said "OK, who's next?" We said "We are." And we walked right in and set

our stuff up. They filmed a lot of bands that day. We were onstage for a minute or two, and they had us sign release forms, and that was it. Our drummer at that time was Andre and we had never all played together onstage before. When we were playing it was really loud and he couldn't hear anything. He was hitting his drums so hard to hear them that he actually drove his mounted tom through the mount on his drumset. He actually even stopped halfway through and said that he couldn't hear anything, but the production guy just said to keep playing. So we just thrashed our way through it for awhile. We were only playing for two or three minutes. It was fun. Then later we got checks in the mail and we found out we ended up in the movie.

Big checks?

They paid what was called "scale." It wasn't huge, but more money than we had ever seen. I think it was two or three hundred dollars apiece. It was fantastic. And all these years later, people still watch the "Up In Smoke" movie.

No doubt every weekend thousands of potheads inadvertently get exposed to some Dils footage! Can you tell me about the transition from the Dils to Rank and File? It was such a drastic change in music direction that even though it broadened your audience, it totally changed your audience.

I think what happened by the end of 1979... OK when the Dils started in '77 there was probably only a dozen bands up and down the West Coast that were doing what came to be called "Punk Rock" or variations of that. But by the time 1980 was approaching there were just a really large number of bands out there, and to me the music was starting to get pretty bad. I was pretty disillusioned with the "sameness" of it all. It used to be, when there were shows where the Nuns would play, the Zeros would play, we would play, the Avengers would play, and every band sounded different. They even looked different. It was fun and interesting, it was a creative, fun time. But it got to the point where we would play a show and there would be three or four other bands that all kinda sounded the same. Plus at that time I was writing different kinds of songs. I can even remember talking with Chip about it at the time and he said "hey why aren't you writing any fast songs or loud songs like we used to do." And I just said "Chip, look at this, there's four other bands on the bill tonight where that's all they do... you've got these complete testosterone guys on stage and these drummers that are just robots just pounding it out, and it's all just kind of the same." It just got to be boring and no fun anymore. So the Dils broke up. We stopped the band, I moved up to Portland Oregon with my girlfriend at the time and didn't want to be in a band anymore. Chip moved to New York to start a band with Alejandro (Escovedo) of the Nuns. Al had quit the Nuns around a year before and had been already living in New York. So Chip moved there to start a band together. When the Nuns and the Dils were still together we did a side project kind of thing with Al, me, Chip, Richie Detrick from the Nuns, and Jeff Rafael, the Nuns drummer. We had that side project and we called that Rank and File, we didn't sound like the Rank and File that we later put together, but that was what we were called. So when Chip moved to New York to play with Al, they started the other Rank and File with some other people. I was living in Portland doing my own thing, and they got this band together in New York and put together a little tour that came through Portland. This was around November of 1980. By this time I had been in Portland for almost a year, I had had it, I had broken up with my girlfriend, and I was ready to get back in a band. So I got in the van with them and finished up the tour and ended up in New York. When we got back, Chip, and Al and I talked about it and decided that if we were serious about doing this kind of music, New York is the wrong place to do it. We needed to move somewhere where we could really do it, and so we decided to move to Austin. All of us had played in Austin before and really liked it. It was around April of 1981 that we moved to Austin. That's how the band started.

Where did the new musical direction come from?

Chip and I had always loved country music, we grew up listening to it. So it was something we wanted to do, plus it was an artistic challenge: among our peer group, country music was the last "uncool" music. It was just considered totally uncool. If you sat around and talk with people who had hip and sophisticated musical tastes, they liked rock and reggae, and even some rockabilly but no country music. So we decided to go that direction, to work in that idiom. And of course bring whatever we had into it. We weren't trying to do cover version of old country songs like Hank Williams, I've always that was nowhere. If you're not going to contribute something to what you do, then you should probably be doing something else, because you are just taking up space.

And comparatively Rank and File was much more successful than the Dils, right? I mean, you sold a lot of records...

Definitely, that's true. What's interesting about the band is that our success was totally by mistake. We were playing in Austin, we were doing OK, we were drawing some people. Some nights we'd get a good draw, some nights we wouldn't. We were touring around a little bit. We were playing a show once in San Francisco, playing a show with a band called the Red Rockers... you remember them?

Sure they did "Guns of Revolution," out of New Orleans, right?

Right. They had been signed to Howie Klein's label. Howie is the head of Sire now, but back then he had his own record label called 415 Records. Howie had signed this guy David Kahne to produce the Red Rockers' album. David had never seen Red Rockers. He came to the show, he got there early, and saw us play. He thought we were the Red Rockers. So he comes backstage and starts talking to us, stuff like "I can't wait to start

working with you guys" and we're thinking "what is this all about?" Five minutes later we realize he thinks we're the Red Rockers. So we told him, "you know we aren't the Red Rockers, we're Rank and File. Red Rockers are getting ready to go on now..." at which point he said "oh, well then, don't leave. I'll come back later." So he sees them and likes them, but he still wants to work with us. Since we were only going to be in town for two days he had us come down to his studio to record five or six songs because he wanted to record a demo. So we did the demo, he took it to Slash records, and Slash signed the band and put that first record out. And the first two records ended up doing really well but if David hadn't accidentally seen us that night, we probably would have played around for another year and a half and then broken up. We weren't on any kind of a career path for anything to happen. Nothing was really going on with the band. It was completely by accident that it all happened.

Fate works in interesting ways, for sure.

It does. We've never been in a band that was "picked to click" at anytime. Even when Rank and File came out and the first two albums did really well, nobody expected us to do well. Then when we finally put out a record that didn't do well and everybody said "aha I knew it." That's something that Chip and I have always had to deal with, even with what we're doing now, Cowboy Nation.

Tell me about Cowboy Nation.

It's modern cowboy music. Stripped-down, bare-bones music. It's got a western theme, a western sound. It's not really country music. It's just guitar, bass, and drums. Our second album just came out this year and it's getting fabulous reviews, we're just sitting back waiting for a "mistake" to happen again. It's another one of those kinds of music where people are just saying "What the hell are you doing? What are you guys thinking about when you decide to do this stuff?" Every band we've ever been in has been like that.

You were in that band Blackbird that definitely would fall into that category... and was completely different from all of the other stuff we've talked about. That may have been the only band in history to put out three different self-title albums. What were you guys thinking?

When Blackbird first started there was a big article about us in the LA Times, a big review... this was right after Rank and File. The review said "this stuff is really good but these guys have got to know that they're committing career suicide." (laughs)

For people who may not know, how would you describe Blackbird's music?

Blackbird was all about sound. We called it "sonic sludge." It was still the kinds of songs we were writing, poppy songs, we can't ever really get away from writing pop songs, you know verse chorus verse chorus kind of stuff. We just used a drum machine and a really distorted guitar, and it was really a mess but to this day I think it was the most fun I ever had in a band. Because we really just did not give a shit. We didn't give a damn about anything. There was a guy who thought he could be our manager and he thought he'd be able to get us a record deal, so we said "sure, hang out, do whatever you want..." We were ready to play this club, Raji's in LA, and he said "oh I've invited some industry people down tonight" and then starts asking us not to do certain songs! Because they were some of the more extreme ones. So of course when we ended up playing that night, we ended up only playing two songs in our entire set, and they were both really long version of songs he had asked us not to play. (laughs) It was awesome. That's why we were doing that band, to have fun.

In the end it's all about having fun. Since this is for MaximumRockandRoll I wanted to get back to the Dils for a minute. The Dils (and also the Avengers) often get cited as first wave West Coast bands that were tragically under recorded. You guys had a lot of material that never got documented. Are there archives of unreleased material, or do you ever plan to record some of those old songs?

Not really. The Dils was back then. It was really "of the moment." It was a time and a place. The reason we didn't record a lot back then was because back then recording to us wasn't that important. It wasn't about having a career, it was about punk rock revolution. I don't mean political revolution, I mean where every thing in music changed, and everything got turned upside down. So for us, recording wasn't really very important. We never thought about making an album. Never. Every six or seven months we'd record a single, you know pick the two best songs of whatever we were playing at the time and record them. That's all we ever thought about.

And now, what are there four Dils albums floating about?

And they're basically all of the singles put on a record with some live stuff. Most of it comes from live cassettes. It seems that every couple of months we get a call from someone that says "I've got some live stuff, do you mind if I put it out?" And we say "No, go ahead!"

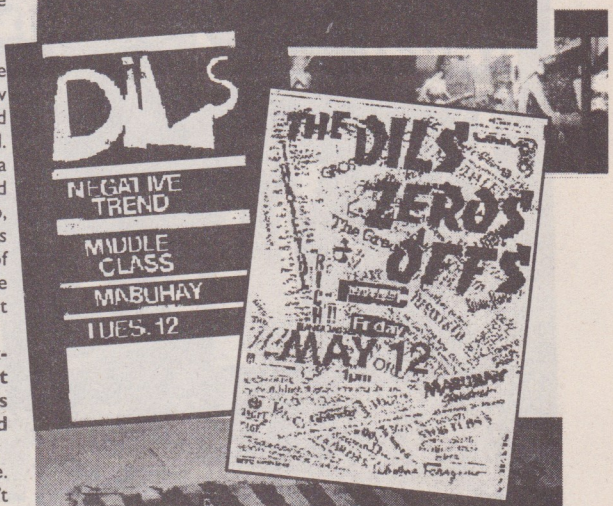
So you wouldn't consider any of the albums out there bootlegs? Like the "Last Goodbye" Lp?

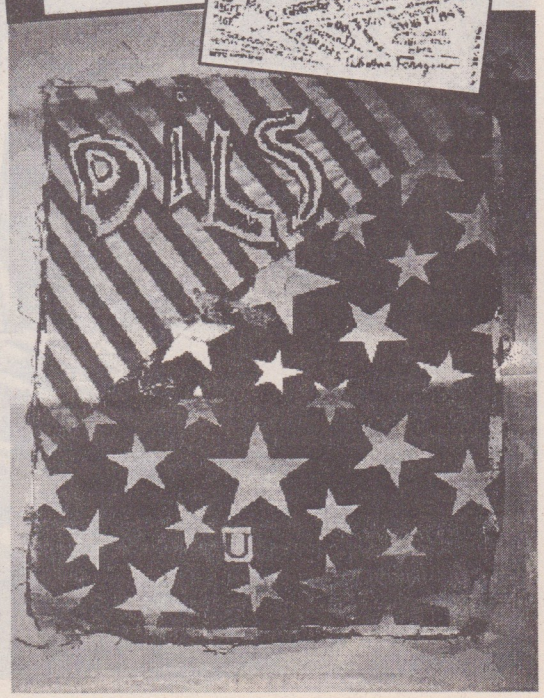
The thing is, if there are bootlegs out there, that's fine with me too. Sometimes the people call us up and ask permission, we've never said "No." I'm not sure how many albums there are. We get calls from Australia, England, all over. I'm sure there's some people that don't bother to call. That's OK, too. It wasn't about "a band making records." It was about Punk Rock Revolution. That's what it was. I've made a lot of albums since then, but at the time that wasn't what it was about. It was about doing things differently, and death to rock stars and all that stuff.

DILS MEMBERS 1977-1980

Chip Kinman - Guitar, Vocals; Tony Kinman - Bass, vocals; Endre Algover, John Silvers, Zippy the Pinhead - Drums

Visit http://www.cowboynation.com **for more information about all of the bands that Tony and Chip Kinman have led over the years.**





ITALIAN HARDCORE SCUM EXPLOSION!

BY STUART ARSHEHOLE

Italy: is there a country more appropriate to produce punk bands than the one shaped like a fucking boot? I think not. Italy, like Holland, had an overtly political hardcore scene from the outset. Nearly all shows took place in squats, and the records were all clearly self-produced, enthralled with the power of DIY. Italy is unlike most other Western European countries due to its political instability, which is bookended by two significant events: when the state committed acts of terrorism against itself to discredit (and justify repression of) wildcat strikers and other radicals on December 12, 1969 and then, on March 16, 1978 when Christian Democrat leader Aldo Moro was assassinated by the Red Brigades after they kidnapped him. Of course, this terrorist act did not facilitate a Leninist revolution as the media claimed was its intent, but it did further destabilize the country, discredit political radicals and produce a period of repression. I'm sure many mainstream Italians think of the Moro assassination the same way our parents think of Kennedy's assassination. In the postwar period, Italy has had something like over forty Cabinet changes, representing more than ten political parties. If we compare the political situation in the US or UK to that of Italy at the end of the '70s, it's clear that the Italian kids were anything but bored teenagers. They were, and they remain, politicized. Even the most average kids in Italy today seem to have some political views and some wariness of capitalism while their American counterparts are stuffing their faces at McDonald's and preparing for their entry into the workforce. It is perhaps a sad statement about punk rock to say that it didn't grip Italy until the political instability relaxed, but we can also note that hardcore punk's DIY nature, its anger and honesty was in direct contrast to the Italian Marxist party-political manipulation, mediation and representation.

Italy did have a minor punk explosion at the end of the '70s, but it didn't produce any name-brand bands as Belgium, Sweden or Holland did. Collectors are all familiar with the infamous Hitler SS/Tampax split 7", which is a classic by any criteria. Some other KBD-type classics were Ice & the Iced (proto-Oi!, awesome rough guitar sound), Rancid X and Kandegina Gang (all 15 year-old girls), and the poseur-punks Mittageisen. The latter were supposedly rich kids who made a punk record (100 copies) to be trendy, but after distributing copies, they became so ashamed, they recalled the copies, thus explaining its ridiculous price these days. Finally, there was SIB, fronted by a British woman, who had a member of Nabat on their "Third World War" 12". Other than these exceptions, Italy did not produce many punk records until the political unrest rested.

The four bands I've concluded I must talk about are: Raw Power, Wretched, Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers and Negazione. Like Finland, Italy, after the initial explosion, produced a lot of great hardcore bands. Unlike perhaps any other nation, though, after '86 or so, Italy stopped producing good hardcore records. It seems as though all the bands totally forgot about Discharge and Black Flag. There may be an exception here and there, but, to me, Italian hardcore really refers to a discrete time-period of '81 to '85 or so. While punk's history is surely cyclical,

we're still waiting for the cycle to, well, cycle in Italy. I may be ignorant of some crucial shit, but I can't think of a single Italian hardcore band from the '90s that picked up where Wretched left off. Grind crazies Cripple Bastards are worth mentioning, because they definitely know their roots, but they are the exception here. The squat scene in Italy continued after punk evaporated, and reggae, hip-hop and alternative music all tenuously occupy a position once held by punk rock, though these latter-day genres are less overtly political and angry.

While listening to records preparing for this article, I was once again struck by the sheer intensity of Raw Power. They excite in me a feeling similar to the one excited by "Raped Ass"—no small feat. I must say that, in my estimation, Raw Power are probably the foreign hardcore band most important to US hardcore history. They tangibly expressed a more politicized, stripped-down form of hardcore for US audiences at a time when the drunken sex, Neo-Nazi, straight edge, middle-class-suburban-life-sucks, et cetera ad infinitum factions of US hardcore had clearly begun to grow stale. Forgive a certain romanticism here, but indulge me nonetheless: take a band like the Necros. Everyone likes them, and they certainly gave the Midwest scene a boost. They sang some pretty incisive songs about being a bored misfit in the Midwest, and they made it clear that when hardcore lost its appeal to them, they would leave it behind. Now, compare Raw Power, from a tiny town in the North of Italy, which might as well have been Maumee, Ohio. Rather than singing about issues relevant to their social position and geography exclusively, they sang, however simplistically, about more universal issues like the police, work, the state. They attempted (and succeeded) to approach hardcore from a more internationalist standpoint and released records and tapes and toured abroad, while still remaining underground if not DIY. Sorry if I'm dissing the stuff of your wetdreams, but the Necros don't hold a candle to Raw Power. And neither do many other bands. Hell, I'll argue that many people in hardcore bands might never have begun jumping around like madmen were it not for Raw Power touring the US; perhaps they wanted to outdo bands like SSD on their hometurf (everyone knows that punk is all about outdoing the predecessors). It was simple: some straight-looking dudes (basically European tourists) got on stage, belted out music that had more in common with Detroit's legacy than many Michigan bands and, in the process, jumped around like kangaroos. If that wasn't America's hardcore dream, then I beg to ask, what was? As if that weren't enough, they went into a US studio and recorded an album (produced by Paul Mahern, a US scene luminary of sorts), released in '85, that overshadowed any US hardcore albums from '85 by a longshot. If I were a more patriotic type, I might get angry about all this. But instead, I'm just going to drop the needle (again) on a Raw Power track, and pleasantly remind myself that any hardcore kid who fails to look far and wide for music to listen to is a goddamn fucking idiot.

Raw Power, started by two brothers in '81, released many records, and continue to do so, but this article is not concerned with anything after the "Screams From the Gutter" LP from '85. The most important release, from a thrash historian's standpoint, is the 19-song demo tape, known as the "Brown Studio Demo." Recorded in '83, this tape has some of the tightest and rawest bombastic thrash ever produced, certainly ever produced by '83. It was released by California's BCT (sometimes "Borderless Countries Tapes") as their fifth release and sold 1000 copies. Raw Power also appeared on several other BCT tapes with live stuff, including "Last White Xmas" which has just been reissued on CD by Schizophrenic Records. I often argue that a lead vocalist's voice can make or break a hardcore act: Terveet Kadët, GISM, Wretched, Bastard, Anti-Cimex and Raw Power all provide proof that a band cannot enter the exalted realm of "classic" without a positively possessed, intense and angry screamer on the mic. Raw Power had two vocalists, and one of the two is way crazier. He didn't always sing because, after a while, his voice started to hurt too much. But get this: there were two crazy singers: Silvio and, on "Screams," Davide, who just plain imitated Silvio because he had to stay home for the US tour. It is on this demo that Raw Power employed their trademark cowbell fills which the drummer played on an oversized cowbell he made himself. Luckily for us, BCT still produces this tape, as do many tape-only distros, such as Havoc; and for those so inclined, Grand Theft Audio reissued it on CD with some other live insanity and an excellent, informative booklet. This release is essential. If being a record collector means overlooking CD- or tape-only releases, then fuck record collectors.

Raw Power also appeared on three compilations with their early sound. These are: "4 per A/AA per Tutti" (those are circled A's of course), "Raptus" Vol 1 &2 and "Welcome to 1984." I hopefully don't need to reiterate that "Welcome to 1984," compiled and released by this magazine, is the best and most important hardcore compilation ever. "4 Per A/AA Per Tutti" or "All for Anarchy/Anarchy for All" is a four-band compilation 7" released in 1984 on red vinyl with an oversized, color-screened booklet sleeve. I don't read Italian, but from what I can gather, the record was put out by an Italian anarchist zine/group called Arivista Anarchica which was begun in the wake of the *state oppression* that began in the end of the '60s/early '70s. A band called Rappresaglia appeared on this comp 7" as well. They released one 7" and also appeared on the ultra-rare "Skin E Punk = TNT" comp 7" on Nabat's CAS Records. Rappresaglia were an adept punk band that mixed the '82 UK sound with vague psych-ish elements for a memorable, guitar-driven sound. I encourage you to find their 7". The other two bands are Rivolta Dell Odio and Pedago Party, two bands with a more anarcho-punk sound.

There are two volumes of the "Raptus" compilation, an Italian hardcore punk compilation which, unlike, some parallel compilations from Finland, Sweden or Holland, has not held a significant place in the punk pantheon. The first volume, with a white cover and red vinyl, is notable only for the Raw Power tracks (though the rest of it isn't bad). The second volume, with a black cover and blue vinyl, has a few more thrash acts than the first, and it includes exceptionally raw and scrappy versions of "State Oppression" and "Army." Both are very rare and obscure. The Raw Power tracks on "Raptus 1" are incredible: better versions of songs on the demo, but with the same rawness and urgency. I think that their eponymous tracks, "Raw Power," in the version which appears on this LP, is one of the best tracks they recorded. Perhaps no song (or band) has ever so acutely deserved its name as this one has. The other notable bands on this LP are Uart Punk (a Crass-y version of the Declino sound), Wrong Boys and Wops, though none of these bands even approaches Raw Power's destructive force.

On to the collectors' wetdream: Raw Power's "You Are the Victim" LP released in '84 on Meccano Records. Punk's history is littered with rip-offs and scam-artists, and this aspect of its history, like all others, has crossed international boundaries. Meccano Records, from Torino, is infamous for producing rare records mostly because it ripped off the bands and the records disappeared from view. Their first release was Rough "Torino È La Mia Citta" 7", a classic that appears in Poison Idea's "Record Collectors Are Pretentious Assholes" collage. Rough were one of the earliest street-punk bands in Italy (emphasis on "punk"), who existed before the the great gulf between punks and skins in bootland developed. As indicated, this 7" is quite rare, and it definitely deserves its reputation, because it's a hammer. Along with six other Italian Oi! rarities, the Rough 7" can be heard on the bootleg CD "Bootprints Across Italy." Anyway, Raw Power's first LP has a variety of reputations. Those who have it and paid a lot for it love it, those who have and didn't either love it or say it's OK and those who don't have it either would kill for a copy or think it sucks. The recording is noticeably flat (it was supposedly produced by a hippy) in comparison to the three-dimensional aural assault Paul Mahern produced on their sophomore album, but it's not that bad either. At this point, the band began to utilize two vocalists in a more noticeable fashion, but the tracks sung by Silvio are the better ones. Supposedly, 1000 copies of this record were pressed, but it's hard to say how many are actually in circulation. Be warned, though, the prices it's gone for on eBay in the last couple years are too much, I think (even if they were DM, not dollars). Unfortunately, Raw Power have said that they don't ever want this record re-released, which is a shame. People will always be curious, especially due to its legendary status, and thus, people will pay more and more to get copies. I'm begging Raw Power, please authorize the re-release of this LP as a historical document. No one's going to think less of the band if it gets out there-the band's reputation is already solid enough. I can think of a few labels (ahem) that would jump at the opportunity to do the re-release.

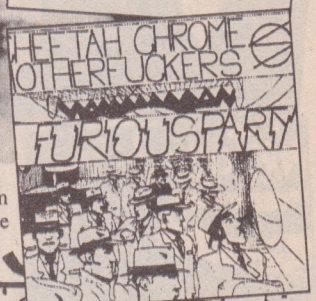
Wrapping up Raw Power: they, of course, toured the US several times in the early to mid-'80s. Their first tour set a benchmark and subsequent ones were surely amazing until the band drifted in the direction that talent and musicianship too often draws great punk bands (metal). Their '85 LP, "Screams From the Gutter," was released on Toxic Shock with a ridiculous dayglo sewer zombie on the cover and it's essential. The opening of it is thunderous enough to make Zeus proud. It has just been reissued on vinyl, with a better cover, by Toronto's Ugly Pop Records. The original ain't that rare, either, so you have no excuse for missing out on this amazing record. Like Bastard and Death Side after them, Raw Power found the perfect mix of metal and hardcore on this record. It's just plain sick! '85 saw the release of two Raw Power 7" releases: the "Wop Hour" 7", which had several sleeve variations, and the very rare Raw Power split 7" with Germany's Mottek for the '85 tour (I think) which contains three of the four songs from "Wop Hour."

I spent a long time on Raw Power, but they remain important. Almost as important are Wretched, an Italian band with a very different approach, but with a fundamentally similar attitude summed up with their slogan: "Chaos non Musica!" While Raw Power were from the middle of nowhere, Wretched were from the dirty streets of Milano. They were an anarchist band, and made it clear from the beginning what their politics were. Their records all came with extensive inserts full of information, lyrics and pictures. Most importantly, their records were self-released and proud. Wretched thought that hardcore punk was the best medium for expressing their political beliefs, and in expressing those beliefs, they did not allow the medium to compromise the message. They sold their records quite cheaply, even overseas. Like X-Port Records from Norway discussed last month, Wretched included English translations in all export versions of their records. Thus, it is likely that one could own two copies of the same record with the same sleeve, but with different inserts. However, both versions are original and authentic. In Italy, the government taxes each record sold; you can tell by a stamp, or, today, a silver sticker, that appears on the back of most Italian releases. Wretched, in an effort to avoid the high prices and the support of a regime they weren't fond of, never sold their records in non-punk stores. About this, they wrote, in *MRR* #10: "We are an anti-commercial band. We make music not for the money, but to tell, to shout, what we feel about today's world, about the reality of death and oppression by the system against those who are not fooled by the illusions of the politicians. We don't give our records to any record shops that exploit you for the money, not caring about your ideas or what you feel. We don't care if we don't sell a lot of records, and would rather distribute them ourselves, or through friends." That, my friends, is DIY hardcore punk is a nutshell.

Wretched were influenced by Disorder, Discharge and Crass, and they adopted the British leather, bristles, studs and acne look. Milan had a healthy anarchist scene before punk rock, and it still does today, but it also was home to the infamous Virus squat, run by the Anarchist Punk Collective of Milan where bands played and practiced, and where punks lived and organized for political actions. After about a year, Virus was shut down, but the punks organized a replacement at an old squat where they had shows before Virus opened. MDC, Bastards, BGK and Disorder and many Italian bands all played there while on tour.

Wretched's first record is an infamous hardcore rarity: their split 7" with Indigesti, released in September '82, the year they formed. This record is instantly recognizable because it comes in a dust-jacket stamped with the band names, a date, and a slogan that roughly translates to: "Against the record monopoly—Against all things commercial—Self-produced record!" The record also comes with at least two inserts, but most seem to have three or more, jam-packed with info about the sistema. Each band contributes 6 tracks, including Indigesti's three-second anthem, "Detesta." This record just exudes DIY! Lo-fi production and and chaotic music combine to produce an urgency reminiscent of several Scandinavian outfits I've mentioned in the last few months. Unfortunately, the Indigesti side of this release is not as readily available as the Wretched side, which appears on their great (partial) discography CD, released by Antichrist Dionysus. The Indigesti stuff is raw, nasally hardcore that is far better than their '85 LP. A lot of people love that LP, but it's not straight-forward thrash like these tracks. (Note, there is, however, a CD with Indigesti live and early tracks, including versions of the ones from the split 7", released by Vacation House—it kills!) On this split, the Wretched stuff is destructive chaos from the opening pick-slide to the ending feedback. The drummer puts the D in d-beat and the vocals rival Terveet Kadët in the just-escaped-from-the-loony-bin contest. I think Gianmario even barks at one point. Rough! Awesome, raging stuff. I'm glad I nearly starved to death the month I bought this 7".

Right. Moving along to the first 7", "In Nome Del Loro Potere Tutto È Stato Fatto . . . Per Distruggere Il Monde Dove Tu Vivi" which translates to "For their power they made everything . . . to destroy the world where you live." This is my favorite Wretched stuff, and it defines their sound. Perhaps it does not do so as much as "Victims of a Bombraid" defines Sweden's sound, but I think this 7" gets at the essence of the Italian hardcore aesthetic. Here's a list of some signifiers: chaotic, noisy, recorded unevenly, DIY, anarchist, insane, buzzsaw guitars, off-beat screams from the vocalist. Total Discharge and Disorder influence is obvious here. Released in March '83, the 7" has eight songs which sound like they were recorded at different places. The 7" includes an insert which has a political statement and lyrics. The classic line from it is: "We make music to tell around that we are not like the people that follow the rules of this fucking system." Again, everything appears in translated English on export versions. If I had to guess, I'd say there were probably over 1000 of these pressed, but I don't know for sure. At any rate, it's a total classic which appears on the "Furious Years of Italian Hardcore" CD on Antichrist Dionysus (but not on the otherwise complete Wretched discography CD). This is one of those records that's worth any price if you love the genre.

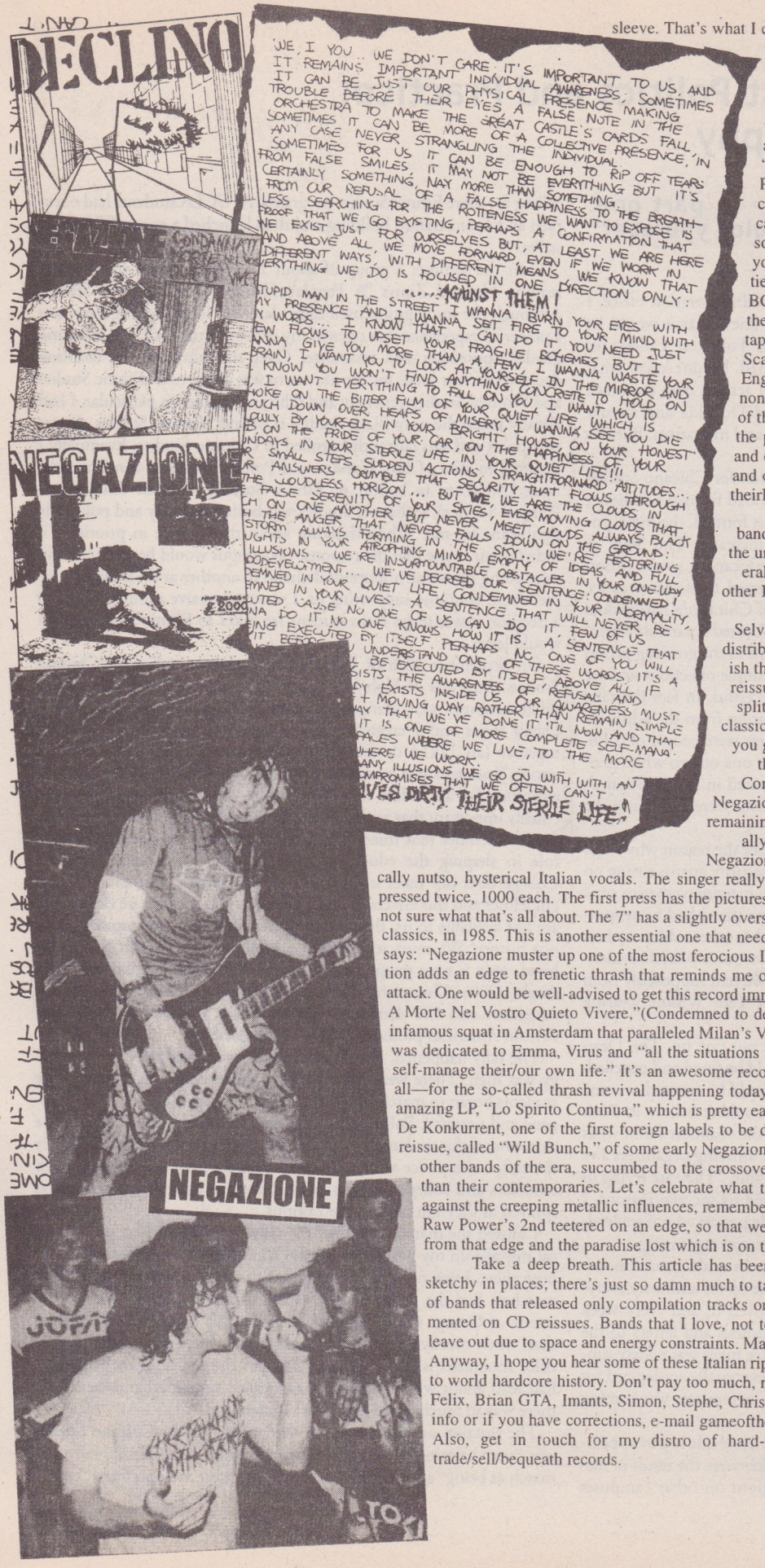


Wretched's third release, "Finira Mai?," reflects an improvement in the band's sound: they became tighter (if such a thing is possible amidst the chaos) and the recording is better and more even from song to song. The record has five songs on it, all raging thrash classics with sweeping guitars. Like most of the records pressed in Italy, the vinyl on this record is not of the highest quality, even for '83, so there tends to be some noise in the background, but I think this contributes to the overall experience of Italian hardcore. Of course, the record was self-produced; it includes two inserts and a sticker. On the translated inserts, one side of one is absent. I think the untranslated essay, in the original Italian version, is about the recent Italian political situation, so the band, perhaps, did not think it was important to translate it for foreign audiences. Wretched's lyrics seem, on the surface, to be somewhat generic anti-state, anti-war, anti-system anarcho-punk lyrics. However, in the context of the recent Italian civil unrest, which had come to an end by the early '80s, the lyrics take on more significant meaning. The anarchist punks were attempting to move into a new era of protest, with a more mature understanding of the way the media and the different political parties manipulate consensus while maintaining the status quo. I'm not going to quote Wretched here, because the translations are a bit rough, but it is quite clear that the punks wished to supersede the antagonisms that had thrown their elder brothers and sisters into the streets fighting an undeclared civil war without threatening the actual sources of oppression (capitalism, family and state). On one of the inserts, Wretched prints the slogan: "Fight to live. Live to fight," and it resonates much more in a country like Italy where the kids were fighting, however idealistically, for a political goal, than in a country like England, where Oi! bands said the same thing, and had in mind the pulp-fiction battles on the terraces and in the pubs.

Finally, before becoming a more metallic outfit and releasing the "La Tua Morte Non Aspetta" 12", the band released their classic "Libero Di Vivere, Libero Di Morire" LP. This LP came out in '84 on either clear or yellow vinyl (perhaps other colors too) with a huge insert. The cover is an all-time punk classic with art by Stiv from the infamous TVOR zine. The priest, cop, soldier and banker with a punk on leash (don't worry: he's breaking it) image is an excellent depiction of Wretched's message. Wretched, of course, never got tighter or had a fuller sound than on the LP, but this one still has a tense, chaotic sound with rampaging drums and frenetic vocals. I'm pretty sure this LP was reissued a few years after the original version, with a glossier cover, but I'm not positive. All versions of it are rare and essential. Note, the CD collection includes Wretched's metal 12" and 7" as well as a ridiculous '82 live set.

I don't have the space to talk about every Italian hardcore classic, but before I mention the final two major bands, I should mention the others on the essential "Furious Years of Italian Hardcore": Declino, Eu's Arse, Peggio Punx and Impact. Of these four, the rough, fuzzed-out Impact, who appear on a split 7" with Eu's Arse (Europe's Ass) are my favorite. Eu's Arse are the most Discharge-y of the four; while Peggio Punx are discordant chaos with ridiculous vocals; Fallout make some awesome, melodic and memorable rough hardcore punk, sung in English; and Declino are much like Negazione, but with a distinct, clean, but raucous guitar sound. Declino's 7", after the Wretched/Indigesti split 7", is probably the rarest Italian hardcore 7", though rumor has it one Italian distro used to include a copy free with every order.

Anyway, Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers, according to Brian GTA, are Italy's Germs. They were one of the first Italian hardcore bands, though they never really had the Italian hardcore sound that Wretched defined. Members of the band first appeared in Upper Jaw Mask, a very obscure Italian punk outfit that produced some noisy, DIY artpunk on their own Cessphoyna label. It's better than I had expected, though the songs are long and start better than they finish. This band appears on "Cumstains Across My Record Collection." CCM's first 7", "400 Fascists" is a noisy masterpiece released in February '81. In fact, it's so noisy, you might think it's Japanese if you heard it without someone telling you what it was beforehand. Of course, I think it's a great release. On the labels, the band says they recorded it in mono because it's cheaper. Punk! The band also has the slogan "untoward hardcore" in the



sleeve. That's what I call lost-in-the-translation punk. This 7" was recently bootlegged, but as Italian hardcore records go, it's not that rare or sought-after. Supposedly there was a first press of 1000 and a second of 500. CCM released live tracks on a split tape with I Refuse It, which was later pressed on vinyl. They also appeared on the soon-to-be-reissed-on-CD live tape "Last White Christmas 2." Their second 7", "Furious Party" reflects the general trend in later Italian hardcore toward infusing the chaos with more, um, musical elements. Thus, the 7" is still hardcore, but it has some distinct wankery. Not a bad release to pick up if you see it, but don't pay a lot for it. CCM had strong ties with the US scene through a relationship with BCT, and Chris made sure that lots of people heard them on tapes. CCM's best stuff was released on a split tape with I Refuse It around '83 called "Permanent Scar." It was reissued on vinyl by C.O.R. from England. I Refuse It has some pianos and other various non-traditional instruments, but CCM were a mad blast of thrash fury on this record. Syd's vocals are classic in the pained, intense way. The music is a mix of Germs and early Die Kreuzen while still sounding quite Italian and original. A great record that hints at the intensity of theirl live shows.

Finally, Negazione reign as one of the best bands out of Europe. Reportedly, they developed out of the under-rated Quinto Braccio. Negazione released several absolutely crucial records and had strong ties with other European scenes, especially Holland's. Negazione's first release was the infamous split tape, "Mucchio Selvaggio" (Wild Bunch)," with Declino. This tape was distributed widely, and I know a few folks who still cherish their original copies. Somewhat luckily, the tape was reissued on vinyl by COR from the UK around '85. The split-LP version of "Mucchio Selvaggio" is an absolute classic of Italian hardcore vinyl. It's very rare, but I insist you go out and find it today! It's so fucking good! Total thrash with tempo changes and unmatched intensity. Compared to what was going on in the US at the time, Negazione were so much more interesting musically while remaining strictly hardcore. Additionally, Negazione generally had better production than any other Italian outfit. Negazione's first 7", "Tutti Pazzi," is a ripper with the typically nutso, hysterical Italian vocals. The singer really sounds like he meant it. The 7" was supposedly pressed twice, 1000 each. The first press has the pictures reversed, but I've never compared the two, so I'm not sure what that's all about. The 7" has a slightly oversized sleeve and was released later than most Italian classics, in 1985. This is another essential one that needs to be re-released. The original MRR review of it says: "Negazione muster up one of the most ferocious Italian EP's I've heard in a long time. Crisp production adds an edge to frenetic thrash that reminds me of the great Indigesti, but with a more biting vocal attack. One would be well-advised to get this record immediately." And how! Their second 7", "Condannati A Morte Nel Vostro Quieto Vivere,"(Condemned to death in your quiet life) was recorded at Emma, the infamous squat in Amsterdam that paralleled Milan's Virus, in April '85. Another self-released 7", this one was dedicated to Emma, Virus and "all the situations around the world where people are really trying to self-manage their/our own life." It's an awesome record which set groundwork—flannels, bandanas and all—for the so-called thrash revival happening today. Finally, Negazione were also responsible for an amazing LP, "Lo Spirito Continua," which is pretty easy to find. It was released in '86 on the Dutch label De Konkurrent, one of the first foreign labels to be distributed by Mordam. There is a relatively recent reissue, called "Wild Bunch," of some early Negazione stuff, but I don't have it. Negazione, like so many other bands of the era, succumbed to the crossover influences eventually, though, in their case, later than their contemporaries. Let's celebrate what the bands did right, and keep a constant vigilance against the creeping metallic influences, remembering that even the best albums, like Negazione's or Raw Power's 2nd teetered on an edge, so that we can be sure today's hardcore bands stay far away from that edge and the paradise lost which is on the other side.

Take a deep breath. This article has been the most difficult one yet. It's unbalanced and sketchy in places; there's just so damn much to talk about with Italian hardcore. There were dozens of bands that released only compilation tracks or demo tapes only. Some of them have been documented on CD reissues. Bands that I love, not to mention nearly the entire Oi! scene, I've had to leave out due to space and energy constraints. Maybe I'll return to Italy in these articles in the future. Anyway, I hope you hear some of these Italian rippers because they are very important contributions to world hardcore history. Don't pay too much, now, ya hear? I want to thank Pier Rave-up, Mr. B, Felix, Brian GTA, Imants, Simon, Stephe, Chris BCT, Nick and Gianfranco Sanguinetti. For more info or if you have corrections, e-mail gameofthearseholes@hotmail.com or write to me c/o MRR. Also, get in touch for my distro of hard-to-find bootlegs and reissues, my zine or to trade/sell/bequeath records.

Towards Anti-Racist Politics and Practice: a racial autobiography

by Chris Crass

part one: "Don't you know what color you are?"

As I walked that picket line, in front of the administration office, I could feel the anxiety and tension growing. I knew that it would be unpopular to protest for Chicano Studies at Fullerton College in Orange County, California. But I wasn't prepared. I didn't know what to expect. I had been to countless protests and actions over the years. Politicized at 15, I went to protests against McDonald's and factory farming, Shell Oil and apartheid, the Gulf War and militarism. But this was different and I wasn't entirely sure why.

Let me give you some background. The protest for Chicano Studies was the latest action of a student coalition that had formed a semester earlier, in 1993. When the student coalition first formed, the main priority was fighting back against student fee increases. The State of California was cutting the budget for higher education, as the prison budget swelled, and the cut was being transferred to students as fee increases. The coalition was largely made up of Chicano/a nationalists from MECHA and white anarchists from the United Anarchist Front. We linked the fee hikes and the cuts in education to the growing prison population. We put out flyers, put together a couple of actions and we held a mass rally that was overwhelmingly successful. In fact the rally was so successful that it prompted some retaliation from the administration. During the rally, the majority of speakers were people of color, which reflected who was in the coalition. I was one of two white people who spoke at the rally and actively participated in the coalition. A week or so after the rally, both of us white students were called into the Dean of Students office.

I walked into the office, completely unaware of the reason why I was summoned. When I sat down, there were two security guards sitting on both sides of me. A secretary took notes of the meeting verbatim on a type writer. The Dean of Students informed me that I had been spotted vandalizing the school late at night with this other white student from the coalition, who I honestly didn't really know. A custodian identified us from pictures taken during the rally. We had supposedly been seen wheatpasting huge posters of Governor Pete Wilson wearing Mickey Mouse ears.

I liked the poster, but had truthfully never put one up. The Dean told me that as a result of this vandalism, I would be fined and expelled. My class units made non-transferable, and I would be arrested at some point during the week while I was in class. I couldn't believe it. I left that meeting full of fear. When word spread in the coalition about what had happened, David Rojas - one of the most amazing organizers I've even met - told me that we were going to fight this. "They are trying to divide us," he said. The administration targeted us for two reasons, I believe. They assumed that it was the two white people who were leading the coalition and they were afraid of multiracial organizing.

We put flyers out everywhere. We started up an underground newspaper called the Molotov Cocktail - "serving one up for authority everywhere." The school newspaper, the Hornet, loved us and every week printed articles about us along with guest editorials and letters to the editor that we wrote. Our demand to stop all fee hikes was widely supported by the students. The Dean of Students eventually apologized for his accusations and nothing happened to us. The semester was coming to an end. We had done some great work.

Towards the end of the semester, more and more ads began appearing in the school newspapers about how fee hikes were the result of illegal immigration. There were also student actions on other campuses calling for more Ethnic Studies programs. At UCLA students had occupied an administration building and then launched a successful hunger strike.

Over the summer a group of about 15 of us started a study group reading Howard Zinn's "A People's History of the United States". Although the study group itself didn't last very long, reading Zinn was a powerful experience that opened my eyes to histories of race, class and gender oppression and resistance. Over the summer, the coalition decided that our focus for the next term was going to be Ethnic Studies and Women Studies generally and Chicano Studies in particular. I had already taken the only Black Studies class and Women Studies class at that point and was currently enrolled in Chicano Studies. Eventually I majored in Race, Class, Gender and Power Studies at San Francisco State University (a hybrid of Ethnic Studies, Women Studies and Political Science), so Ethnic Studies was both personally and politically significant for me. When thinking about this change in priorities, it didn't occur to me that the response on campus would be different. We were going from one important demand to another and I thought people would continue supporting us. I was really naive about how big of a decision it was to go from student fee hikes to Ethnic Studies, but I would learn.

On September 16th of 1993, a rally had been called for Chicano Studies. Busloads of high school students and college students from other campuses were going to come to Fullerton College for a march. David Rojas and I created a special issue of the Molotov Cocktail together (an 11x14 double sider with 3 articles and graphics). We wrote, "Last semester, much of our focus was directed on the rights of education for all. While we will continue with this struggle, it is also equally important that we fight for a quality education. We, as students, must remember that this is OUR education and that we must have a role in shaping the education process." We continued, "Fullerton College does not meet up to the state and federal affirmative action guidelines and this effects us and our education. If there are classes that are not available to us, then we must demand them. We must reclaim our history! We must reclaim our education!" Of the last 56 people hired, only 6 were people of color. The college population was 57% Anglo, 22% Chicano/a, 12% Asian Pacific Islander, 3% African American and 1% American Indian. There was not one full time African American professor on the entire campus.

The rally happened, hundreds of students showed up and the energy was high. There were Mexican flags and speeches in Spanish. The students began to march into the streets of Orange County. It was energetic and peaceful. Police in full riot gear were everywhere. The police surrounded the students and ordered them to end the march. Shortly thereafter, the police went wild with pepper spray and batons. High schoolers and college students, almost entirely Latina/o, were hit and sprayed as they ran back to the campus.

I missed the march. I had left the rally to go to work. It was a critical mistake on my part to have left - regardless of work. I should have been there. I was naive, and thought of this march as just one of many marches. But the reality is this: when Latino/a students take to the streets of Orange County, or anywhere in this country, it is different than when mostly white activists do it. The threat of communities of color mobilized is enormous and it scares the police to their bones. I had read about white supremacy and called myself an anti-racist, but there was so much that I just didn't understand.

The reaction on campus to the student march for Chicano Studies was overwhelming negative. The school paper attacked the rally and march as being "anti-white", "angry", "provoking violence" and "count-

er-productive." The administration, the school paper and the overwhelming majority of white students blamed our student coalition for the violence. Some called for MECHA's funding to be cut, others blamed the Molotov Cocktail for urging young students to use violence.

For weeks there was constant debate about Ethnic Studies. "We're not protesting to have white studies," we were told over and over again. "Chicano Studies is exclusive and narrow," we were informed. I was a white student taking Chicano Studies and I tried to talk with other white students about that. To discuss with them that Chicano Studies, like Western Civilization class, was something for all of us to take. To talk about how the history of Chicana/os was systematically eliminated from most classes - not from conscious decision making necessarily, but because the ideology of white supremacy says that there is nothing of Chicano history worthy of study. This is why many of the white students would say things like, "the books I read are written by white people, because that's who writes and that's not my fault." This is how white supremacy operates - whiteness is universalized as the norm of what is. It does not require a conscious decision to have thoughts that are racist, as it is racism that shapes the structure of our thought. "It is not my fault that Black people do not write books." "It is not my fault that most of what is important was done by Europeans and European Americans." "I believe that all people are created equal, but it is not my fault that white people just do more." "We are not studying white people, we are studying the presidents of the United States and it is not my fault that they all happen to be white." White supremacy is the tide that directs the flow of our thoughts. It does not require us to go out of our way to be racist. It just requires that we go with the flow of the status quo.

My job in the coalition was to try and talk with white people about this stuff. I would write articles and identify myself as white, because white students wanted to say that this was just a bunch of "crazy Mexicans." I was white, and I was crazy, too.

This brings us back to the picket line in front of the administration building. I could feel the anxiety and the tension growing. I was the only white person in the picket line. A white friend of mine was coming with me, but when he saw the picket line and all of the angry white students, he left because he was afraid. I was scared too. By this point, our student coalition, which had once enjoyed popular support, was being attacked from all sides. The school paper slammed us for having abandoned "student demands" (fee hikes) and taking on "exclusive and divisive self-interest demands" (Chicano Studies). We had little support for our protest. Our picket line was about 30 people, aside from myself, all Latina/o. We were quickly surrounded by what seemed like hundreds of white students. They were yelling at us - "Go home" and "We're not fighting for white studies." I remember my sense of time changing - like slow motion - and hearing students screaming at me, "What are you doing with them?", "Don't you know what color you are?", "You fucking traitor." It was surreal. I was really scared, but I knew so strongly that I was on the right side of this picket line.

The picket line has weighed heavy on my mind over the years. It made me realize that I was white and it made me question what being white meant. Why were those students yelling, "Don't you know what color you are?" I began to realize that white supremacy is all about creating and maintaining relationships of power based on skin color. White privilege is granted to white people on the basis that they maintain loyalty to this system. It doesn't require being an active racist per se, but just going with the flow.

For standing in solidarity with Latina/o students, I was being called out as a traitor - I felt myself fearing physical attack from those white students. Now I wonder about the other people who were in that picket line. I was being denounced for organizing with Latina/o students, but I still have no way of understanding what it was like for them. For me it was experiencing the reality of racism in my face. David Rojas, my Chicano nationalist mentor, broke the situation down and said, "This is what happens to us all of the time." That picket line, that experience of struggling for Ethnic Studies, of struggling for racial justice in a white supremacist society was a catalyst that changed my life.

part two:
Movement Building & Challenging White Supremacy

"We shut down the WTO!" I could hardly believe it when the news was spread via messengers and mobile phones. Our blockades, our creative resistance, our commitment to the earth and to justice had stopped the World Trade Organization. November 30th, 1999, was also a day that changed my life. I went to Seattle and joined with my affinity group of mostly San Francisco Food Not Bombers. After years of using consensus decision making, practicing civil disobedience and utilizing direct action, it was amazing to see it come together on such a mass scale in Seattle.

Shortly thereafter, I read the essay by Elizabeth 'Betita' Martinez, "Where was the Color in Seattle: Looking for reasons why the great battle was so white." Martinez's essay struck a chord with me. For years I had studied how race, class and gender have played out in social movements throughout history. Racism and sexism have narrowed and undermined the labor movement. White women suffragists of the late 1800's utilized racism to secure the vote for white women. The sexism of the anti-war student movement catalyzed the feminist movement. This history is vast and full of racism and other forms of oppression undermining movements for social change. When I read this history, I would think about organizing today and how to actively challenge these barriers and obstacles to movement building. When Betita called out the ways that racism operated in Seattle, I was floored. This is how difficult it is to see and deconstruct racism and the complex way that white privilege operates.

After Seattle, I spent a lot of time trying to figure out where to go. I had spent the previous eight years working primarily with Food Not Bombs. For two years I had been focusing more on developing as a writer. My overall goal with both writing and organizing was to bridge race, class and gender analysis of power with anarchist theory and practice. In the middle of trying to make sense of what direction to move in, I had a dream.

It was a dream about power and the effects of internalized superiority on my mind. The effect that white privilege has on white people is a developed sense of internalized superiority over people of color. It need not be conscious, nor spoken of directly, rather it is the framework of thought that white supremacy develops in people. It is related to the way that male privilege generates a sense of male superiority over women. So guys can argue that men and women are equal, but still define reality through the perspective of male privilege (i.e., it's not my fault that most of the good books out there are written by men and that men do the most radical activism).

My dream was of a party. A party of my friends. I was the only white, male, middle class and (mostly) heterosexual person at the party. There were women of color, transgendered men and women and queers, older people and working class people and me. In the dream there were two lines of thought going through my head. The first was straight up white supremacy, patriarchy, heterosexism and it was telling me that my friends were not good enough - as people, not as friends. Every imaginable hate word flooded my mind. This calm, yet stern voice just repeated, "You know that these people are inferior, you just can't admit it."

The other line of thought was that egalitarian relationships of power and respect were both necessary and right, that these were my friends, people who I care about, people who I am lucky to have in my life. When I thought about this, about mutual respect and basic equality, my eyes dulled and my jaw dropped and in my dream I turned into what looked like a zombie. When my thoughts returned to the "inherent deficiencies" of my friends, my eyes became clear and, over and over again, I heard that voice, "Now you are facing the truth." I woke up drenched in sweat, trying to catch my breath.

I spent several days trying to make sense of that dream, of that nightmare. I kept thinking about consciousness and about how race, class and gender oppression create both internalized inferiority and internalized superiority. To oppose racism, one must also work to

undermine the impact racism has on one's way of seeing and being in the world. White privilege functions in this way to both conceal and perpetuate racism - "It is not that you are worse than me, it's just that I'm better than you." My dream was about facing the truth of how domination distorts and disfigures one's humanity. It led me to start writing about and thinking much more about the process of decolonization for those who have been socialized to be in positions of privilege. For years I've looked to the writings of women of color feminists like Barbara Smith, bell hooks, Gloria Anzaldua, Patricia Hill Collins, Elizabeth 'Betita' Martinez, M. Annette Jaimes, Karin Aguilar-San Juan, Chinosole, Minoo Moallem, Audre Lorde, Cherrie Moraga and Angela Davis to learn from, to gain wisdom and find inspiration and guidance. I began struggling with how to use the concepts, tools, insights, analysis, and perspectives to undermine internalized white superiority, unmask white privilege and walk the paths toward a healing and healthy humanity. The question has been what does anti-racist work look like for white people and how do we do it?

I had been going to an anti-racism study group for about six months. Sharon Martinas, of the Challenging White Supremacy Workshop, put the study group together. It was a mostly white study group looking at anti-racism organizing in predominately white communities. My favorite things about the it was that it was multigenerational and that we were of multiple political perspectives–feminist, marxist, anti-imperialist and/or anarchist.

Sharon Martinas has been doing anti-racism workshops and trainings in the Bay Area for ten years. The Challenging White Supremacy Workshop was designed as two fifteen week long sessions. Challenging White Supremacy for activists and then CWS for organizers. One day on the way back from a study group session, Sharon and I started to discuss putting together a workshop series specifically for organizers in the anti-global capitalism movement. Both Sharon and I were deeply inspired by Elizabeth 'Betita' Martinez's essay "Where was the color in Seattle" and so we began putting together a workshop called "Beyond the Whiteness in Seattle: challenging white supremacy in the movements against global capitalism."

The workshop would be in four parts. We met on Tuesday nights during the summer, leading up to the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles. We utilized role plays, homework, small group exercises, presentations and discussions to look at how white supremacy impacts our work. We broke down white supremacy into both racial oppression against communities of color and white privilege that effects white communities. White privilege and racial oppressions are two sides of the same coin; they both maintain systematic inequality that punishes the majority of the planet and its inhabitants in the service of profit and power. In the workshop we stress the importance of overcoming feelings of guilt around racism and the need for action based on the guideline that non-ruling class whites are both privileged and oppressed.

I was really nervous doing this first session of workshops. Having been one of the few white people in Ethnic Studies courses and often times one of the only men in Women Studies classes. I was used to having people question my motivations and intentions. I was used to people wondering, "What the hell is that white guy doing here?" But I was nervous about how people would react to "What the hell is this white guy doing co-training a course on anti-racism?" I know that people are thinking this and frankly, I'd be kind of worried if no one did. Facing contradictions, facing difficult situations that make you feel awkward and vulnerable is the only way to do this work.

Luckily, I was in the company of two mentors while doing this workshop series: Sharon Martinas, who I was co-training with and who is an incredible educator and organizer and Roxanne Dunbar-Ortiz, whose house we were using for the workshop. Roxanne is a long time radical, historian and author who has spent years doing anti-racist work. She started a group called Cell 16 in the late sixties that helped launch the women's liberation movement. She has been doing solidarity work with indigenous groups resisting the United States and she has been researching and writing about the impact of white supremacy, patriarchy and capitalism on white people. I was glad we were meeting at Roxanne's house as it was Roxanne who convinced me to go to Seattle and bought me a plane ticket. She told me that it would change my life, that all of the years of day-to-day organizing would manifest on the streets and that I needed to be there. She was right. So there we were doing an anti-racism training at her house, preparing for the DNC in LA.

Going to the Democratic National Convention in LA was a powerful experience and it reconfirmed for me the importance of white people doing anti-racist work. The workshops that Sharon and I do are directed primarily at other white activists, and activists of color are always welcome to participate. We do this because we believe that white radicals have a responsibility to talk about and work on racism with white people; that it is not the responsibility of activists of color to school white people. In Los Angeles there was amazing organizing happening that actively combined international issues of global capitalism with local struggles for justice. Many of the local struggles were led by organizations of color. There was a lot of confusion and debate about how the actions in LA went down. Why were there legally permitted marches? Why weren't people doing massive civil disobedience? This brought me back to thinking about the protests for Ethnic Studies in Orange County, that action taken by people of color is different than what white activists generally do. The stakes are higher, and calls for justice in communities of color fundamentally challenge the logic of white supremacy that says that people of color do not deserve justice. I saw how important it was for white anti-racists to talk with other white activists about this in LA and it is one of the reasons why I continue doing the workshops here in San Francisco.

Since the four part workshop series, Sharon and I put together a six parter of "Beyond the Whiteness" and I've done about a half-dozen one timers for schools and conferences. The workshops have been really successful in terms of getting people excited about this work and developing useful skills and analysis. Out of the last workshop series, an on-going discussion group (disco group) formed. The disco group's goals are to form a community of learning, to have a peer group of organizers to look at how to incorporate anti-racism into out projects, groups and campaigns and to train people to do workshops themselves (creating agenda, exercies, timing discussions, creating empowering group dynamics, etc.) The disco group is also helping to develop a community of anti-racist activists.

One of the tactics utilized in the workshop that has been extremely useful for myself and others is the "each one, teach one" model. Basically, Sharon and I meet with people one on one and talk about anti-racism, about people's organizing projects and offer feedback and help, when useful. It was used extensively in the Southern Civil Rights movement as a way to not only teach people and bring them into the movement, but also as a process of developing relationships, trust and respect. For me, this is an extremely helpful way for us to grow as a movement and for us to deepen the work that we do. Mass actions and mass mobilizations are necessary, but we also need to do the day-to-day work of sharing skills and building our capacities as organizers and radicals. That's one of the biggest lessons of Seattle, for me. That it's not just about large numbers of people, but that we are all active participants in the movement.

Our strategy, as Challenging White Supremacy (CWS), is to do anti-racist training and organizing specifically with predominately white grassroots social justice activists. We also believe that multiracial, anti-racist alliance building is at the core of doing this work. Our focus on anti-racism with other white people is part of a long strategy of working towards multiracial, anti-racist movement to oppose capitalism, white supremacy, patriarchy and heterosexism.

To further this long-term strategy, several people started up a grassroots network called Colours of Resistance (COR). Helen Luu, Pauline Hwang and myself talked for about six months about wanting to see a stronger commitment in the anti-global capitalism movement to anti-racist and multiracial politics. We drafted up a Statement of COR, launched a webpage, started up an email discussion group and we are all involved in local work that reflects our politics. The idea behind COR: organizers of color wanting to work in communities of color around these issues and wanting to know that white anti-racists would be doing anti-racism work with predominately white groups, with the goal of us all coming together to fight the man. That is the basic strategy of COR, as it is with CWS. COR provides a way for radicals of color and white radicals to share ideas, stories, reflections, resources and build alliances through respect, trust and friendship.

While COR is a relatively small group of people (a couple dozen) our goal is not related to numbers, but rather publicizing our strategy and putting anti-racist, multiracial politics out into the broader movement. So while I'm doing workshops and trainings, other COR folks are doing work like teach-ins and educational work on the impact of global capitalism on communities of color and resistance from communities of color to global capitalism. Doing alliance-building work is critical for white anti-racists, as white activists cannot and should not do this work alone.

So why do I do anti-racist work and why is it such a priority? Well, let me tell you one more story. When I was in high school, I worked with a group called the United Anarchist Front. We put out flyers, an underground newspaper and organized actions. We did really cool work and it was fun. But we would always talk about how apathetic the school was and how great it would be to work with other people. Years later, I was looking at a copy of our high school newspaper. I wrote a regular column called Love and Rage (named after the anarchist paper out of New York City) about activism and politics. Right next to my column was a guest editorial written by three Latina women protesting that lack of coverage of the Latino student population. They also called attention to the lack of coverage in the yearbooks, the school videos and the overall disinterest shown by white students in activities organized by the Spanish language club, Expanded Horizons. Here were students that were angry and ready to take action about issues impacting them on the campus.

I don't even remember reading that column in high school, let alone thinking that our group should hook up with them. Their issues of language and culture and representation didn't register for me. Their issues weren't "radical" as I would have defined them in high school. This is an example of how white privilege blinds white people and hurts the ability of white radicals to act. I remember once we thought about translating one of our flyers into Spanish, but we certainly didn't think that we might have something to learn from those students, about conditions in the school, about racism on campus and about what issues to organize around. How radical would that have been if a group of white high schoolers worked in solidarity with a group of Latina/o high schoolers to demand an end to racism on campus! In a state like California, where a majority of voters have passed anti-immigrant rights and anti-bilingual education measures, such solidarity and anti-racist activism is critical.

Doing anti-racist work doesn't mean that we no longer make mistakes, but rather that we are committed to doing this work, even though we will make mistakes. I'm doing anti-racist organizing because I have hope for our abilities to make history and transform this society. I have hope because there is a radical vision of love at the heart of our movement and it is growing. There is a long history of white supremacy undermining movements, but together we can make anti-racism a catalyst for building ours. Our movement is built day by day, with visions of the world we want seven generations down the line.

For more information about anti-racism check out www.prisonactivist.org/cws and www.tao.ca/~colours.

•••ANTI-RACISM ZINE•••

Challenging White Supremacy:
White People working with White People to Undo Racism

What:
This project is a compilation of analysis, critique, personal experiences, poetry, prose, art, etc., which reflects the experiences, ideas and struggles of white folks engaged in anti-racist work. It is a resource and a tool white folks can utilize to develop more effective strategies and tactics in combating racism: institutionally, in the social justice work we are all engaged in, and in our day-to-day experiences. This will also be a forum for pushing boundaries and exploring our work as anti-racist white people.

Audience:
Challenging white supremacy is an important responsibility of white people. Thus, the targeted audience for this zine is white organizers activists. The zine is for those who have been thinking about white supremacy for a long time, and people who are just beginning to think about it. It will be for organizations that want to become anti-racist, for organizers who need to know that they are not alone in doing anti-racist work, for activists that want to figure out how to engage in anti racist work.

Why:
In addition to our own organizing work against globalization, the prison industrial complex, and white supremcy, we have been researching and interviewing social justice organizations across the U.S. and Canada. In our work we have recognized many patterns which people of color have been identifying for years. These patterns include:

- **white supremacy upheld and maintained in white activist circles.**
- **irresponsible white leadership that ignores white privilege.**
- **white activists attempting to engage in anti-racist organizing and finding themselves alienated by predominantly white organizations who treat racism as a 'back burner issue.'**
- **white activist groups simply not acknowledging racism, nor knowing what to challenge it, and therefore ignoring it.**

We wanted to tackle these issues head on with other white people, and were inspired by both radical people of color and anti-racist whites, who continually remind us of the necessity of challenging white supremacy on every front. We feel it is important for white folks to be doing this work with other white people, and we wanted to share some of the information that we've had the privilege of accumulating.

Who we are:
Sonja Sivesind and gabriel sayegh are white writers/organizers from the Seattle area who are interested in crushing capitalism and destroying white supremacy.

To request a copy of the zine, or if you have questions or just want more info, write to:
email: interruption@graffiti.net
snail: Anti-Racism Zine/814 Prospect Ave/Olympia, WA 98506

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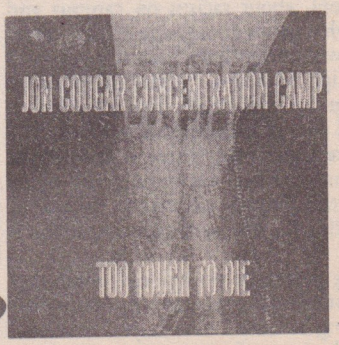

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BOOKS

Apocalypse Culture II • edited by Adam Parfrey
458 pages • $18.95
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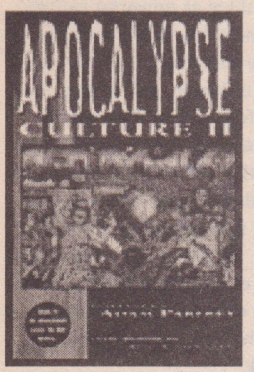


It's hard to believe it's been thirteen years since the publication of the original Apocalypse Culture. Thirteen years since Adam Parfrey released his first collection of writing from the Forbidden Zone. And while Parfrey stated at that time that there would be no sequel, shockingly the world has remained a bizarre place and it has warranted a new collection of writings from the real Twilight Zone: a collection of writing, illustrations, and photographs from the real world that most seek to avoid, where everything isn't an easily digested episode of Friends.

If you take a walk down a crowded city street on any day of the week, you will, without a doubt, see your share of crazy folks. You'll see the man eating out of the garbage can, the street-corner preacher, the dirty bearded man swinging his arms about and screaming at the top of his lungs to no one in particular. You will see these people and you will avoid them, you will look at them and see crazy. Now look at the smirking countenance of the person next to you as you both stare at that insane man, the one dressed in ripped and dirty mismatched clothing and cursing to the heavens. Look close and see if anything seems amiss with them. No? They seem normal, straight-laced, and clean cut, right? These are the people you have to worry about, the ones that once you get past that straight world veneer you see something is slightly off-center but you can't quite put your finger on it. These are the people that could very easily written something or been the focus of a piece that appears in the pages of Apocalypse Culture II.

That's not to say that the 450-plus pages of this book are filled with insane rants, that would be the cheap way out, too easy. A collection of that type would be nothing but a polished best of the Weekly World News. Parfrey is too smart for that. Yes, there are some pieces here that may be looked at as lunatic rants and most readers will easily suss them out, but there are also more cerebral writings in this collection. There are pieces that will make you think, rethink, question and debate, all elements of complete, quality writing.

Once you get past the uh, apocalyptic street scene painting by Joe Coleman on the cover and begin to delve into this new collection of writings from Forbidden Zone, you will be transfixed. What do you get? Some of the things you'll read about: you get The Clone Jesus project. You get an in-depth study by Colin Wilson of cannibal killer Issel Sagawa. You get a well-documented look at Ted Kaczynski's Unabomber case. You see a group that strives to reenact the horror of Jonestown as performance art. You get a look at some sad, pathetic letters written to Anton LaVey and the Church of Satan. You see the poems that John Hinckley wrote to Jodi Foster. Parfrey himself pays a visit to a convention of middle-aged women whom pen odd sex books. A glimpse is taken into the lives of two women who claim to have been government sex slaves. Michael Moynihan takes a great look at one-time friend to Charles Manson and Kenneth Anger. Bobby Beausoleil as he sits in prison today. Peter Sotos makes an appearance and offers his take on the JonBenet Ramsey case. Baffler regular Dan Kelly gives his take on marketing techniques. The Aryan Nations analyze Don McLean's "American Pie". Crispin Glover details why Steven Spielberg must perish. Jim Goad offers up his account of the crime that landed him on the wrong side of the Oregon penal system. A one-man group, who calls himself Jews for Hitler is looked at. Parfrey takes a rather sad look at a delusional man who has billed himself as Mr. Awesome. Boyd Rice also pays a brief visit. Finish philosopher Pentti Linkola details where he stands in regards to population reduction and control. To end the collection, Ted Kaczynski gives his take on the state of the world via a short piece of fiction. Add to the mix more than 200 photographs and illustrations and you get a look at a real world outside of the one that the straight media try to spoon-feed you

Parfrey states plainly in his brief preface "The editor does not endorse the views expressed within, much less the hobby horses ridden by the authors on their own time, whether they are ignorant, hateful or enlightening. Paying no attention to the material presented here does not eradicate its existence." In short he is just the collector of the documents and he lets the author's either hang themselves or establish their validity purely on their writing, art or interviews. It's up to the reader to take these writings and form their own opinions, a concept too often lost on today's society of lemmings.

So, sit down, draw the curtains and block out the world outside your window. For after reading about what is really out there, you won't be able to help but wonder what is going through the heads of the "straights" that you walk among. Once again, Parfrey and Feral House have released an essential collection of writings that should not be missed and cannot be ignored. —Trent Reinsmith

Driving Me Wild: Nitro-Powered Outlaw Culture • Leah M. Kerr
176 pages • $20.99
Juno Books • 111 Third Avenue #11G • New York, NY • 10003

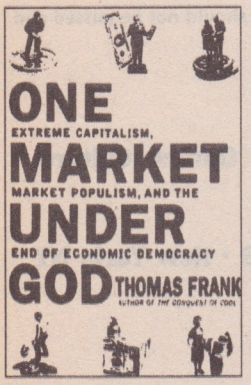
You can't fault Leah Kerr for lack of passion in Driving Me Wild. On the contrary, it's obvious that the book's title is an extremely apt despcription of Kerr's feelings about the culture and history of drag racing. Kerr's devotion to the sport fuels both the prose of Driving Me Wild and her control of detail about the various angles she studies.

A crude description of the range Kerr covers would be merely chronological. Driving Me Wild begins with descriptions of racing's most embryonic form—informal races on dry lake beds in the 1930s—and moves up to modern-day racing as a cultural icon governed by official associations. But Kerr is herself something of an

outlaw in an outlaw culture, she's a black woman enthralled by a sport that's almost entirely staked out by whiteboys. Her history of drag racing therefore incorporates some close looks at racers—such as Joaquin Arnett and the Bean Bandits, Malcolm Durham, and Shirley Muldowney—who broke both speed records and the political barriers erected within the sport.

The personalities and their accomplishments are just the most basic levels of Kerr's portrait of drag racing, approximately half the book is devoted to the artistic and pop cultural influence of drag racing. She gives a broad overview of hot-rod music from the fifties through the modern day, charting its rise and fall, and presents a similar treatment of drag racing in film, including driver's ed films, juvenile delinquents, and genuine documentaries. (The term documentary of course, implies that the film has something to do with reality, which leaves driver's ed films completely out of the running.) The most interesting stuff though, is the section on hot-rod art, which covers the work of artists such as Stanley Mouse, Richard Williams, Ed Roth, and others who haven't become so well-known outside of car culture. Kerr's chapter on the art of racing is more interesting, has more edge, precisely because it does exactly what the other chapters can't do: it shows exactly what the fuss is all about. Despite the passion in Kerr's writing about the sport she so dearly loves, it's very hard to transfer that love to those who (like myself) feel lucky to be able to change a flat without destroying their own car. Someone once said that "Writing about music is like dancing about architecture," and that's exactly the challenge that Kerr faces from page one. It sounds fascinating, exciting, and even addictive, but on a gut level I still just don't get it. How you feel about Driving Me Wild is probably going to be very dependent on how you already feel about the sport itself. —Chris Hall

One Market Under God: Extreme Capitalism, Market Populism and the End of Economic Democracy • Thomas Frank
432 pages • $26.00
Doubleday Books • 1540 Broadway • New York, NY • 10036



In social critic Thomas Frank's latest book, One Market Under God: Extreme Capitalism, Market Populism and the End of Economic Democracy, he deftly analyzes and attacks numerous sacred cows that Americans hold dear. From our supposedly booming economy to dreadlocked dot-com millionaires to the all-powerful market, Frank exposes the nineties as a period of incredible consolidation of wealth for the rich. Also, you will never read a more amusing book about the stock market.

As editor of the hip, radical journal The Baffler, Frank first showed up on the scene with his own novel writing style — a dash of sarcastic underground-zine-inspired attitude combined with a scholarly background and an academic vocabulary. His essays in The Baffler were widely reprinted and his work began appearing in The Nation, Harper's and the Chicago Reader. His first book, The Conquest of Cool, was about the advertising industry's cooptation of the sixties. A common theme in his work, including One Market Under God, is the current corporate endeavor to paint billionaires and entrepreneurs as rebels, and opponents of the market or free trade as cynical elitists.

One Market Under God is a lively work, establishing Frank as one of the essential critics of his generation. Particularly in the first couple of chapters, Frank nails down the political legacy of the nineties as an era of kinder, gentler greed.

"Here the nineties were the age of the great agreement," writes Frank, "as leaders of left parties in the US and UK accommodated themselves to the free market faith of their predecessors, Reagan and Thatcher. As both Clinton and Tony Blair made spectacular public renunciations of their parties' historic principles, the opposition literally ceased to oppose."

He goes on to discuss how this consensus, that what is good for the market is good for the people, came about and gives examples of how the new-fangled billionaires of the nineties have attempted to portray themselves as down-to-earth folk.

"Market populism encompasses such familiar set pieces," writes Frank, "as Rupert Murdoch's endless efforts to cast himself as a man of the people beset by cartoon snobs like the British aristocracy. Or Detroit's long-running use of the simple fact that Americans like cars to depict even the most practical and technical criticisms of the auto industry (seat belts, air bags, fuel efficiency, etc.) as loathsome expressions of a joyless elite."

Many of Frank's examples of neo-populist schmuck-ery are amusing, but his best moments are when he really goes off.

"And yet the 'New Economy' is a fraud," he writes, "Thomas Friedman's formula, 'one dollar, one vote,' is not the same thing as universal suffrage, as the complex, hard-won array of rights that most Americans understand as their political heritage. Nor does it mitigate the obscenity of wealth polarization one whit when the richest people ever in history tell us that they are 'listening' to us, that theirs are 'interactive' fortunes, or that they have unusual tastes and work particularly hard. Markets may look like democracy, in that we are involved in their making, but they are fundamentally not democratic. We did not vote for Bill Gates, we didn't all sit down one day and agree that we should only use his operating system and we should pay for it just however much he thinks is right. We do not go off to our jobs checking telephone lines or making cold calls or driving a forklift every morning because this is what we want to do, we do it because it is the only way we can afford food, shelter, and medicine. The logic of business is coercion, monopoly, and the destruction of the weak."

No friend of the stock market, Frank, who has a Ph.D in American history, goes through the stock market's calamitous historical blunders, discusses the anti-Populist tycoons from the turn of the century who "damned the public" (a fascinating bit of history) and lays down the law about who the new, user-friendly, down-home market is currently benefitting.

"However widely dispersed stock ownership may have become in recent years," he writes, "the vast majority of shares are still held by the wealthy. It is this simple, incontestable fact of American life that, more than almost anything else, has permitted the massive skewing of wealth distribution in the last two decades. Stocks are the economic engine that has generally made the rich so very much richer than the rest of us. There is no controversy or secrecy about these facts. Even an economist as partial to the "New Economy" as Lester Thurow acknowledges that America's widening inequality can be attributed directly to the rising stock market. A full 86 percent of the market's advances in the last four years of the bull market, he points out, went to the wealthiest 10 percent of the population. The majority of the population, not owning any stock, shared in the great money handout not at all. The booming stock market of the nineties did not democratize wealth, it concentrated it."

Frank goes on to explain how the stock market has successfully improved its image over the years, leading many working people to believe that it is in fact their friend. Via bestsellers by management gurus, popular autobiographies from CEOs and numerous tomes offering investment advice, he shows how various lies have been formulated, repeated ad nauseam and have made their way into every sort of established media. Frank must have read or skimmed a hundred or so of these books and he liberally quotes the most absurd passages. Singing the praises of the market over all else, George Gilder, Thomas Friedman, Charles Handy, Peter Senge and Tom Peters come off as dangerous corporate theorists whose ideas, though they often have no basis in reality, have spread far and wide. But this section of the book is too detailed. Frank gets overly caught up in the extreme ridiculousness of these theories. There are at least 150 pages of One Market Under God dedicated to criticizing the very boring works of various corporate apologists and

Frank's analysis of them is only slightly less boring. Frank's writing is much more vital when he occasionally shifts into the first person and relates these stories with more outrage.

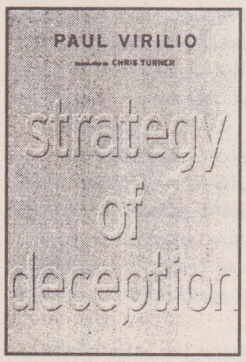
"I confess: The way the word is used in market literature, I am an extremely 'cynical' person," he writes. "I doubt advertising. I scoff at brands. I do not believe that Macintoshes make you 'think different' or that Virginia Slims help you 'find your voice.' And yet I was stopped cold by what I can only call the cynicism of Nike's approach. As nearly everyone knows by now, Nike is an outfit with a certain reputation for New-Economy-style exploitation. They learned long ago that it was more profitable to move production of their shoes to the union-free and largely invisible Third World, where they could enjoy maximum 'flexibility' and, thanks to some of the most barbaric regimes on earth, pay their workers wages so small that it is difficult for Americans to understand how they stay alive. Having done that, though, Nike then proceeded to do pseudo-anthropological studies of the very Americans whose world has been shattered by the departure of operations like theirs to the lands of the 'open shop'— and to produce gritty commercials celebrating the authenticity of our poverty, our alienation, our earnest search for redemption through sport."

Near the end of the book, there's an exceptional chapter about "market populism" and how it has infected the media. A bizarre character, Al Neuharth, the tycoon behind USA Today and the Gannett empire, is also exposed as an evil, anti-union, faux populist who came up with the preposterous "Journalism of Hope." Neuharth toured small-town USA on what he called a Buscapade, holding town meetings and trying to get to know real people for a column he wrote called "Plain Talk." While crushing unions and "silencing independent editorial voices," Gannett newspapers made a mint with its anti-intelligent, colored-masthead, homey, love-the-little-guy approach.

"The company has seamlessly welded populism and plunder," writes Frank, "covered its rapacity with an Up With People exterior. It is a uniquely American hybrid of opposites, combining a self-effacing, all-inclusive, anti-elitist editorial style with a shamelessly self-aggrandizing corporate culture and the no-nonsense kicking of worker ass."

More of a critic than a crusader, Frank does not propose any particular remedies for an omnipotent market. He considers One Market Under God to be "a history of bad ideas." But it is much more than that. A crucial document of nineties excess, One Market Under God is a book that readers will either hate or love depending on their social strata and stock holdings. — Adam Bregman

Strategy of Deception • Paul Virilio
82 pages • $15.00
Verso • 180 Varick Street • New York, NY • 10014-4606



In the not-so-distant past, Verso published a more "philosophic" book by Virilio called The Information Bomb that was reviewed on these pages. Within, he spoke of the decimating effects of an image-consuming society, hungry for the next thrill, never reflecting on what the eye sees. This society is not placed in a vacuum, but as the intentional goal of a cabal of internationalists and militarists. The "Information Bomb's" explosions leave behind victims of cynical disregard and is closely married to the bombs of velocity and violence.

Strategy of Deception, in typical French semantics, means both an endeavor whose presentation differs from its execution AND the specific military goal of diverting missiles from their targets (e.g. the Patriot Missile).

This is a very specific book, documenting NATO involvement in the former Yugoslavia and its fulfillment of the principles which Virilio concerns himself with in The Information Bomb, this is good and bad. Reading The Information Bomb isn't a necessity for entry into Strategy of Deception but the sense that Virilio is making the (rather obvious) academic connections for us (and patting himself on the back in the process) is unavoidable.

Behind the strategy of information as unstoppable tidal wave is the very real military presence safeguarding its passage. The effects are analogous to weapon systems themselves. Virilio's thesis here is that the Strategy of Deception is a Secular holy war, where the "duty to intervene" is a fundamental crusade. Where humanitarian principles advocate for the decimation of civilian populations and the maintenance of State structure.

Virilio takes more than a few risks by naming villains. Specifically he names the United States as the unipolar cause of untold manipulation. He discussed the nature of the US in avoiding NATO "consensus building" and running with the decisions that best serve their foreign policy needs. Beyond naming the evident hypocrisy in NATO military rationale over the past decade he poses such strategy as a "total war" where the world is held hostage by threat of information and nuclear bombs.

Virilio throws away ideas that many people would pad up to fill chapters. His discussion of war in the Herztian layer (as in electromagnetic) deserves much thought. His description of information as Babel is poignant and timely. With this said, Virilio provides a sketch of both the horrors that comprise the world and an image of the people who participate in it. Virilio provides no way out. Therein lies the danger. —Aragorn!

Empire and Victory • Ray Murphy
219 pages • $10.00
PO Box 80681 • Portland, OR • 97280
EmpireandVictory@yahoo.com

"The winter after the riots in Detroit, when he was nine and skeptical of accidents, he set the house somewhat on fire."

From that first opening line of Ray Murphy's novel Empire and Victory, I was hooked on this character Joe Pakotas that would become the center of that story. Joe the underdog. Joe the dark-eyed cynic, even on his twelfth birthday, when the story actually begins.

On that day, Joe Pakotas runs away from home and his violent father. His only concern is to make it from his working-class hometown of Hamtramck, Michigan to Ann Arbor to witness the rivalrous Michigan/Ohio State football game and to see his hero, Billy Taylor, play. Once there, Pakotas is able to work his way close enough to the front to actually reach out and touch his hero, an act which gives the young Pakotas the impetus to travel across the country to see his team play Stanford in the Rose Bowl. From there, he signs on with a team of con artists selling bogus magazine subscriptions door-to-door across the country.

This first adventure sets him in a pattern of loneliness as he bounces from one town to the next, looking to regain the family he has left behind. He is at times homeless, at times taken in by people who would be surrogate brothers or fathers, but he never lets himself lay down roots. And, so it goes for Joe as the novel traces his teen years on the West Coast and he finally lands permanently in Portland, Oregon. Throughout the novel, his only real connection is to the sport of football, his hometeam, and his heroes, and his only inspiration is the sport of football itself.

Yes, this book is about sports, and, more than that, it is about how sports can inspire dreams in people, can give people something outside of their desperate little lives to hang their hopes on. This is not a book

about jocks, full of their random need to compete and dominate everyone. It is a book about that other side of sports, the side where people push themselves to become something more than human, where people reach for "greatness."

I know, one of the first lessons we get in Punk Rock Boot Camp is that there are no people who are by design greater than other people, and by extension that there is no such thing as greatness, no such thing as going beyond normal human limitations. Empire and Victory begins by turning that idea on its head. It begins with the assumption that some people can, at least temporarily, transcend the mundane and achieve what can only be called greatness. But, the book isn't about how great sports are, it's about trying to tap the qualities of strength, endurance, and self-reliance when the shit hits the fan. And, for Joe Pakotas, if he feels like he cannot embody those qualities himself, by bearing witness to that greatness he can at least transcend the baseness of his own dismal life.

Pakotas's hope thus always exists somewhere outside of him. He places his hope in his football heroes. He places it in lovers and friends. He places it in all the sports personalities he eventually writes about as a newspaperman. But he never has hope in himself, no matter how desperate or hopeless or lonely he becomes. When battered by his father as a child, his only way of leaving home is to go pay homage to his heroes at the Michigan/Ohio game. When he has no place to live, he travels west to the Rose Bowl to continue that homage. When one of the few letters he ever sends home is ignored, he turns his attention to making his best friend into a local football hero. And, when he eventually falls in love, it is to a woman who only sleeps with him while she's engaged to someone else; once she's been dumped by her fiancée, she in turn dumps Pakotas.

Empire and Victory is a moody and cynical book, with a handful of disturbing scenes (including one in which an alcoholic prostitute gives the preteen Joe Pakotas head in a parking lot). But, those qualities are also what make it an excellent book. Murphy, who is also the author of Siege of Gresham from AK Press, is an author with the type of control over language that makes many of the rest of us jealous, and he uses that control to sculpt characters and scenes so real and recognizable that I wonder how much of this novel might be autobiographical. It is a rare mix of the literary and the realistic, definitely worth seeking out. —Doug Grime

Little Tenement on the Volga • C.S. Walton
147 pages • $12.95
Garrett County Press • 828 Royal Street #248 • New Orleans, LA • 70116

I'm not a non-fiction reader. I try to be, believe me. I accumulate vast piles of magazines and newspapers containing worthy articles about the evils of youth incarceration or the coffee economy. I accrue stacks of books my well-meaning friends have given me about ethnic conflict in Rwanda or feminism in Nicaragua. I mean to read these books and articles, really I do. "Did you see that article on fair-trade coffee?" someone will ask. "Yes," I say, "Yes, I saw it." Because I did see it. I saw it sitting in a pile on my floor. But somehow I never get around to actually reading it. Sooner or later the pile of newspapers and magazines begins to obstruct the view out my window and form a fire hazard. With a mixture of shame and relief I purge them into the recycling bin. The books I get half-way through, forgetting the statistics and information from page to page and having to start all over so many times that eventually I give up and skulk into the used bookstore to trade them for a nice anthology of short stories, or some comics, a dark cloud of guilt hovering over my head.

All this is to say why I so appreciate C.S. Walton for writing the first non-fiction book I have finished in years. Sure, it's only 147 pages. But still! That's an accomplishment for Yours Truly.

Little Tenement on the Volga is the account of the time Walton, an Englishwoman, spent living in a communal flat in the Russian city of Samara. Walton strikes a perfect balance between anecdotes about those she meets and the social and historical context for their actions. She paints a bleak but compelling picture of Samara, a provincial city in a Russia which is caught somewhere between oppressive collectivism and ridiculously stratified consumerism. The state-sponsored work in chemical and arms factories is dangerous and causes ominous environmental illnesses and hushed-up deaths due to explosions and spills. There are long lines and short supplies of food and consumer goods. The only truly thriving economy is the black market, and bribery is ubiquitous. As one of Walton's friends relays of his work as a librarian, "That depressed me. Readers stole the books and sold them for vodka. Well, it's true that I sold books as well, but that was so Mother and I could eat. I would like to lead an honest life, but this system does not allow it. Everyone is corrupt."

Walton presents economic chaos as both a partial cause and a result of deeply-entrenched alcoholism, especially among men. Samarans routinely drink themselves senseless to escape the drudgery of their lives. Vodka kiosks abound, but the desperate also resort to imbibing samogon, a moonshine which has killed or blinded thousands, and eau de cologne or cucumber face lotions sold on the streets from upturned crates by enterprising babushkas.

Women, particularly older women, are the primary cross-bearers of this society. Like so many revolutionaries, the Bolsheviks claimed to liberate women, but in fact this meant that Soviet women labored in fields and factories, while still being expected to perform all the heavy household work, and take care of the physical and emotional needs of their husbands and children. Some writers have concluded that Russia is a matriarchal society, Walton says, but she argues convincingly that this is a romanticization. "This is the equivalent of arguing that workers control an economy, because it could not function without them. In practice men hold economic and political power in Russia, women give them the support which enables them to wield it."

However, Walton allows us to hear the voices of women who have rebelled in their own way against this system. Lina Ivanovna, to whose life story one fascinating chapter is devoted, is a neighbor of Walton's who tells lively tales of her childhood during World War II and her work as a healer and midwife. She lives alone, having decided she is better off feeding her menagerie of animals than a man.

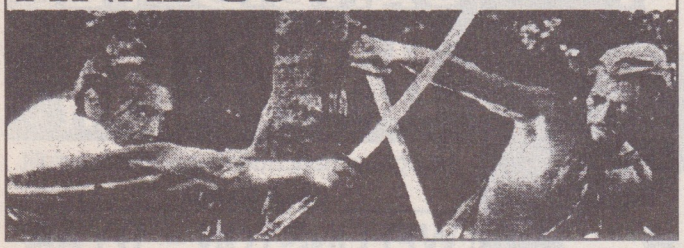
Those readers burnt out on My Fascinating Life-type zines will be refreshed by how lightly Walton touches on her own life in this book. However, some of the most compelling parts of Little Tenement are those where she relates her personal experiences. For example, her forays into dating provide humorous insight into a yawning cultural divide. When she becomes involved with "a nice and relatively sober Russian man," his mother comes to visit every day, at one point presenting the vegetarian Walton with "a bagful of bloody bones with which I was supposed to make her little boy a delicious stew. The stray dogs in the courtyard had a feast that evening.... When I finally told her that her son dined in his works canteen, she was shocked into silence. Then her lips compressed in disapproval. 'I'll come around after work to cook his supper here,' she announced."

Though Walton eventually says nyet to her Russian suitor, she generally refrains from judging her neighbors for their cultural differences, rather, she empathizes with the difficulties they face. "In Samara," she says, "I was unable to dwell in my head for too long, hunger or physical pain from the cold always pulled me back to reality. Increasingly, I came to understand the use of vodka as a barrier against cold, hunger and misery."

Not that I wish cold and misery on anyone, but since it resulted in this eminently readable book, I'm glad Walton made the trip. With all the environmental dangers and sexism she's pointed out, perhaps the next rotation should go to Erin Brockovich. —Melissa Klein

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



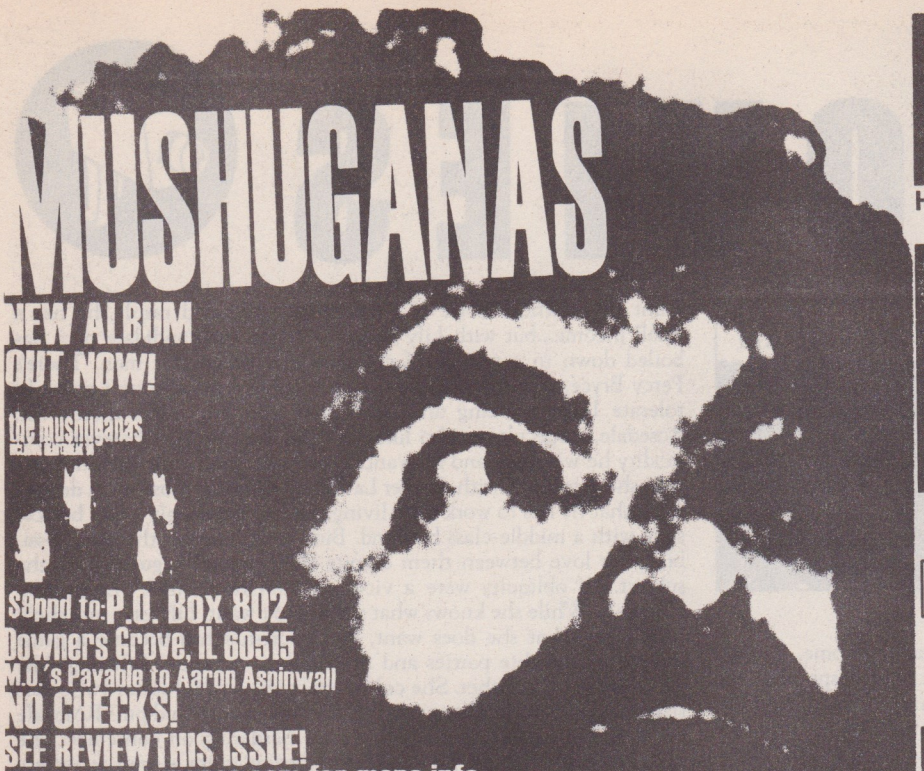
Desperate Women

Chunhyang been called "experimental" by some, but it's probably not in a way that should scare you away. Strictly speaking, it's a musical, but probably not in the way you'd think. In keeping with the film's spirit of paradox, it's incredibly winning and at the same time sometimes difficult to like. Chunhyang is the latest by Im Kwon-Taek, who has over ninety features under his belt. It was inevitable that this "godfather of Korean film" would tackle this revered legend, which has been dramatized on Korean motion picture screens in a cavalcade of different versions. **Chunhyang** (Hyo-Jeong Lee) is the sixteen year-old daughter of a courtesan. In a land where courtesans are bound to sexual slavery by the equivalent of a caste system, this girl — a literateur who can compose the subtlest poetry at the drop of a won — routinely refuses the advances of the lines of men who would try to win her over. Mongyeong (Seing-Woo Cho), a governor's son, is intrigued by her reputation. The young man is almost as haughty and refined as Chunhyang, and when he tries to gain an audience, the two realize that, despite the differences in their social rank, it's a perfect match. Mongyeong consummates the relationship, and professes his commitment by painting a calligraphic pledge on Chunhyang's dress.

But no sooner is the ink dry then his father is called to Seoul to be on the King's cabinet; the appointment can't possibly be refused, and Mongyeong has no choice but to leave his wife behind. Unfortunately, a despotic new governor (Choi-Yin Young) is now in control. He demands public whippings for even casual offenses, stocks his government with corrupt yes-men, and then calls every courtesan to his palace...in search of this famous Chunhyang. The film sustains an epic pitch through these events, mainly through the use of a "pansori" narrative, a Korean folk music with chanted vocals and drums. Pansori artist Cho-Sang Hyun has a delivery that ranges from a throaty growl to a pained squeal, and we see him alternately alone on screen, before an audience, or in voice-over. It's definitely an acquired taste, but readers of this magazine should have no problem with the intense, rhythmic vocals. The tale of Chunhyang strikes a deep chord in Korea because it plays both ways: it's an affirmation of personal liberty, but without upsetting conservative cultural values. And that's exactly why the culturally-attuned Im Kwon-Taek chose to make it. The film certainly has its rough edges (uncharacteristic of a director who prides himself in slick, elegant film design), ...but **Chunhyang** earns its stripes if only for the chances it takes and the effects it achieves. (If you're intrigued, you're urged to seek out the director's other pansori film, **Sopyonge**.) It's the kind of film you can choose to like or admire — and if you're lucky, both. As you've probably figuring out, the preferred moral in feminist period films is that women are subject to the power of men and stifling social norms, but leave it to a woman writer to offer its most penetrating study.

The House of Mirth (based on a novel by Edith Wharton) sees a woman's world as a kind of labyrinth of options delimited by wealth and time, and its being 1905 only cinches the point. By her own admission, Lily Bart's (Gillian Anderson) "vocation" is to marry, and preferably into high wealth and society. Thanks to her spinster Aunt Julia (whose voice is a metal-on-chalkboard rasp), she has a small income...but with Lily in her late 20s, the candidate pool has boiled down to a residue of completely unacceptable men. There's Percy Bryce, an easily shocked church going type who isn't going to tolerate Lily's smoking and occasional gambling. And there's Mr. Rosedale, a speculator who likes to think he can get whatever commodity he wants — and he wants Lily Bart. Finally, we have the one man she gets along with, lawyer Lawrence Seldon, whose main detractor is that he has to work for a living; society life simply won't be possible with a middle-class husband. But she still senses there's a possibility for love between them despite their mutual vagueness on the subject. "If obliquity were a vice, we'd all be tainted," Lily offers, obliquely. While she knows what she doesn't want, Lily isn't sure she'll finally get what she does want, and courtship has become a game week-long socialite parties and the subtlest varieties of flirting. Lily isn't very good at either. She coldly snubs the bashful suitor (who gets snapped up by a compliant young lady weeks later), and puts Rosedale on hold while showing an indifference bordering on contempt. She certainly doesn't know how to play the game quite as well as society maven Bertha Dorset (Laura Linney), a diffident beauty who has quick affairs as he strings along her husband, whose thoughts veer between the extremes of worship and divorce. Lily's learning curve is slower, and time can only work against a woman who wants marriage without being the equivalent of a concubine. British director Terrence Davies re-creates the slow pace of the early 1900s through languorous camera movement and dialog delivered with oily drollness. Individual shots are paced with excruciating slowness. We always hear a clock ticking away in the background as Lily is now pursued by men wanting side action from their bored wives. **The House of Mirth** may lack the Edith Wharton wit, but then again, this it's no fairy tale.

The newly re-released and restored **Diary of a Chambermaid** represents an amusing and very modern reversal of affairs for women. Luis Bunuel, the most versatile filmmaker who has ever lived, shrugs off his trademark surrealism in favor of an approach that's almost too neo-realist — you won't even hear background music to frame this satire. (Bunuel had claimed that music is only a crutch for films that can't achieve their effects in other ways.) Using Octave Mirbeau's turn of the century novel as a launching point, Bunuel sets the story in the 1930s, a time of budding international fascism and economic depression. Celestine (Jeanne Moreau) has arrived from the city to take on a servant's position at a rural estate that becomes the scene of perversion and murder. Her superiors are more than a little quirky. The head of the family, well into his dotage, is fascinated with Celestine — but not so much with her as her shoes, and he blocks off time with her just so he can satiate his long-unacknowledged foot fetish. His daughter (Francoise Lugagne) is a disciplinary terror to her servants, always fearing they'll steal the house from under her; from all the evidence, she's frigid. This helps explain why her husband Monsieur Monteil (Michel Piccoli) has gotten nearly all of his female servants pregnant one time or another, and is so interested in the pretty newcomer. The ultra-fascist servant Joseph (George Geret) likes underage girls; when he rapes and murders a servant girl, Celestine wages a personal campaign to bring this man to justice. And of course, being a Bunuel film, you can also count on there being a priest — in this case, as in the director's **Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie**, a pawn for the landed classes. Celestine may be on the side of right most of the time, but she's also a keen opportunist; she's not one to let ostentatious wealth just slip by, which is the main reason why she continues to hang around this band of misfits and murderers as long as she does. While directing this, Bunuel was so amazed by Jeanne Moreau's performance that he didn't dare a single suggestion to her during the shooting. **Diary of a Chambermaid** is an unsparing social satire where virtue shows tell-tale signs of decay, and the dark times promise only worse things to come. – Steve Spinali



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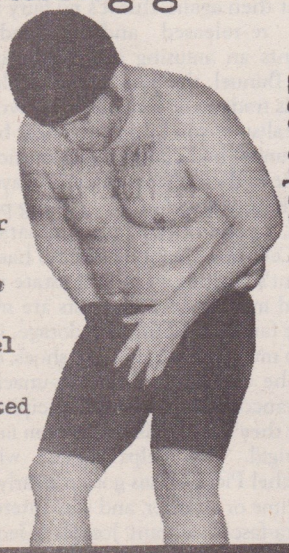

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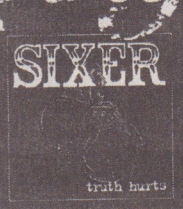

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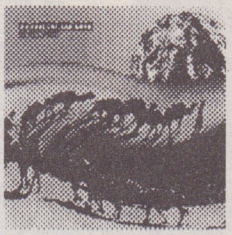

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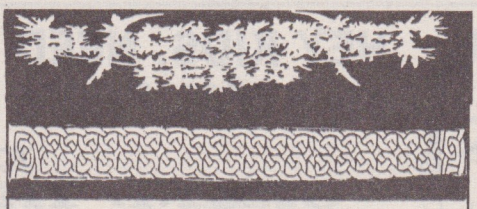

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RECORDS

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ACTIVE MINDS/URKO - split EP

This comes with *Direct Hit* fanzine, so check the fanzine reviews for pricing and address information. Minimal information about the record itself. Still amazes me that ACTIVE MINDS are around, doing what they've done for so long. As I've said in the past, I find more inspiration in their longevity than their music—it's decent, fast hardcore, and not much more. It's not to say that they're past their prime—I'm not sure if a flat trajectory has a prime at all. URKO pop up with a triple shot of angry, hoarse and unintelligible hardcore—I'm down with the frenzied pace, but the lack of focus and character keep them in the "filler" category. Guess I wouldn't put my best tracks on a freebie either. (TM)
(Direct Hit Fanzine, no address on EP)

AEROPAJITAS - "95 00" CD

Good guitar-driven melodic rock from Perú that deviates a bit with more aggressive as well as reggae sounds at times. 22 tracks in Spanish include pro-rebel and anti-police lyrics. "N.N." is an impressive CLASH-like reggae tune that I happened to enjoy. Not bad at all. (SR)
(Cochebomba, PO Box 546, Randolph, MA, 02368, cochebomba@msn.com)

A FRAMES - "Plastica/Hospital" 45

This is their second record. First thing that comes to mind is ALTERNATIVE TV. Monotonous, persistent dissatisfaction set in the format of new wave clanging . A high pitched guitar or robot screeching as he's chanting "I can't wait another hour! Plastic surgery! Plastic surgery!" I want to hear more. This is good music for shitty weather. Another day, stuck in this sitcom! (JT)
(SS, 1114 21st St., Sacramento, CA 95814)

AFTERTAX/RUSTY NAILS – split CD

Pure rubbish. That is all I can say. AFTERTAX comes across as bad rock music with a little punk thrown in, while RUSTY NAILS has a horrible Celtic influenced punk style. To make matters worse, RUSTY NAILS feels the need to start every goddanm song with bagpipes. Oh how I wish for the good old days, when people believed that putting out CDs was difficult. (JF)
(24A, PO Box 695, Carboro, NC 27510-0695)

AG SESSION – "Times Up" CD

This band really has a BLINK 182 thing going on. From "Can't Drive Naked" references to recording in San Diego, it's pretty obvious. I thought that this was a worthy copycat initially but upon further listens this sank fast. Just another so-so clone pretty much. (RL)
(Big Session, PO Box 16202, Phoenix, AZ 85011, punkrocktv@hotmail.com)

ANOREXIA - "Rapist in the Park" EP

Some frantic yelps and howls from yesterday's teenagers, here. *Rapist in the Park* lists a Y2K copyright date on its cover, but don't you believe it for a minute—this is a reissue of a 1980 or '81 EP, which stands as additional proof that they just don't make 'em like this no more. ANOREXIA are/were five English adolescents smack dab in the middle of their "awkward phase," complete with rampant acne, parent-pleaser haircuts, and geek glasses. "I'm a Square" offers their statement of purpose: "I'm never outrageous/Got nice tidy hair/My shoes are always clean/Because I'm a jolly old square," while "Pets" serves as a love-letter to all manner of four-legged critters that I'd just as soon ignore ("I like dogs/I like cats/I like mice/I like rats"). The title track is a scary/retarded cautionary tale that underscores their hormonally-challenged irreverence. Musically it's loose-and-choppy punk rock that brings

Killed by Death faves NEO PUNKZ or the TREND to mind, though these kids were far more comfortable with their own stupidity. Fun, though I wouldn't go as far as to call it essential. (JH)
(no address)

AQUELLOS MARAVILLOSOS 90 - "Tributo A Dr. Explosion" LP

Spanish band with something about a tribute to a "Dr. Explosion" do not have any idea what this is about as the whole thing is in Spanish, so lets just focus on the review, no? Most is sung in English so there is the heavily accented singing, but to these guy's credit, they do pull it off better than most. Music is zany sixties retro with a huge pop-punk vibe. Prefer the cool blatant sixties stuff here like the poppy-jangly "Out Of Fun" or the swinging "Mint Club" or even the cool sixties rocker "A Travesty Of 60's Girl" Record pretty much starts on high party note and continues right along. Goofball stuff here, lotsa swank tunes, the fun just never stops. (JY)
(Subterfuge, PO Box 460555, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

ATARIS – "End Is Forever" CD

A band that has quickly shot to the top of the pop punk heap. These guys just keep getting better with each release and this one is all there. Great tunes with a DESCENDENTS quality and the pop sensibility of the best of LAGWAGON with an ongoing theme of "love gone wrong". I can't think of many bands in this genre as good as this one and based on their draw around here they are no longer a secret. A great full length! (RL)
(Kung Fu, PO Box 3061, Seal Beach, CA 90740, ataris.com)

ATROCIOUS MADNESS/WHY? - split EP

ATROCIOUS MADNESS steps up to remind us that just because the arms race has all but evacuated public consciousness, the bombs haven't gone anywhere. Oops. Their side is a relentless thrash attack that makes you suck in your breath with the obvious vehemence and anger of the songs. The WHY? side,in contrast, drags, with lots of electronic effects. Not terrible or pretentious, really, but I could leave it. (AC)
(PO Box 40113, Portland, OR 97240-0113)

AUTONOMIA/DIOS HASTIO - split EP

AUTONOMIA rage through three songs of fuck all' punk rock. The seem to gather influence from a mix of MOB 47 to LOS CRUDOS. They really blew me away. That DIOS HASTIO go for more of a loose jangly mid-paced punk style, with the slightest touch of pop thrown in. This is a solid release well worth tracking down for those AUTONOMIA songs alone. (RC)
(Sin Fronteras, PO Box 8004, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

BACKPOCKETS - "Off the Track" EP

Score another one for Sweden. The BACKPOCKETS come out of the Scandinavian wasteland and deliver a solid EP that sounds like a mix of 7 SECONDS, ONE MAN ARMY, and OPERATION IVY minus the ska influence. The thing that makes the BACKPOCKETS so good is that they blend all those influences yet sound truly fresh. If you like good solid melodic punk and are tired of NOFX and GREEN DAY wannabees, than this is a release for you. (JF)
(Dull Records c/o Kalle Larsen, Kornstigen 7A, 784 52 Borlange, SWEDEN, e-mailkolke491@hotmail.com)

BARSE 77 - "Negative Reaction" CD

English band doing '77-derived goofball punk and song titles like "Scooby Doo Is Dead" "Fuck Ugly Pig", "Bring Who the Fuck You Like", get the idea? In their better moments they sound like a oi version of the TELEVISION PERSONALITIES. More about the humor than anything else as the songs are somewhat all amateurish-sounding with not-good sounding guitars and a REAL cheap sounding drumkit. In other words: it don't rock. Its got that English humor which you either love... Good for a couple of pints, I suppose. (JY)
(T. Howarth, 20 Front St. Tanfield Lea, Stanley Co. Durham Dh9 9LY ENGLAND)

BIG BONGIN' BABY - "Appetite for a Whopper" LP

At first glance, I was really intrigued by the layout, 'cause there's pictures of cricket players all over this fucker. Then I realized that it's from Australia, so maybe cricket is really popular over there along with Koala juice and that funny- shaped building. I was ready to like this band, 'cause they play very simple, slightly trashy RAMONES rip-off punk. I don't get offended easily, but I guess I was just a little turned off by songs like "Dyke Busters", "Homosexual". This band is proud of being "the worst band in Australia", and I'm not gonna argue. The music's alright, but where's the passion? The best thing I got out of this record was some laughs while reading the insert...not in a healthy way...in a WESLEY WILLIS way. Sorry, but I would never listen to this record. (WT)
(M&D Corduroy, 38 Advantage Rd, Highett Vic 3190, Straya corduroy.com.au)

BIG FUCKIN SKULL - "Six Skulls Against the World" CD

Take the horror biz getup thrash of the MISFITS and the pop punk goofiness of the McCRACKINS and add an unmatched sense of humor and you get within a few blocks of BFS. Band member have names like Fuck (guitar) and Captain BoredOutLeftEyeSocket (guitar). Every song has the word "'Skull" in the title ("Four Skulls and Seven Ears Ago", "Skulls That Ride City Buses"). They sound like a pop MISFITS (which is where I woulda pegged the UNDEAD). The cover and band history inside is funnier than hell. Beer swillin' music for the new millenium. (HY)
(Big Fuckin Skull, 4000 Elliot Ave S, Minn, MN, 55407)

BILL HALEY & HIS COMETS - "Rock the Joint" EP

Rock and roll baby. Rock and roll. C'mon kids you know who this guy is, I don't need to explain anything to you. This is one of the original rock and rollers from 1952. This predates rock and roll itself. Rockabilly assholes dig this guy just as much as Elvis. What else do you want me to say? Do yourselves a favor and learn a little history kids. (BM)
(Rollercoaster, London Road, St Mary's, Chalford, Gloucestershire, GL6 8PU, ENGLAND)

BILL HALEY & HIS COMETS - "Real Rock Drive" EP

Four songs, reissued from Bill Haley's early rock EPs that will also be reissued on an LP. The record includes "Real Rock Drive", "Dance with a Dolly", "Live it Up" and "Rocking Chair on the Moon". Not only in Bill Haley's jazz-influenced country songs do we see the roots of rock and roll but also the roots of Straight Edge group chanting in the chorus of "Live it Up". (PA)
(Rollercoaster, London Road, St Mary's, Chalford, Gloucestershire, GL6 8PU, ENGLAND)

BILLY SYNDROME - "Now!" LP

The self-described "original anti-folk punk." I am trying to recall something about him, but nothing springs to mind and there seem to be no records at *MRR* to stir my memory. Alas. On this record Billy goes back to his roots. He got so sick of his band, he quit. Now, he is solo again with an album full of reflections on *Now*. All songs are improvised and arty. Some great titles like "Deep Mountain Fuck," "Did U Die or End Up In Jail?" and "Brake Jake," but the lyrics and music just don't seem to be speaking to me. (CK)
($10 ppd: Slutfish, 327 Bedford Ave #A2, Brooklyn, NY 1121)

BITCHIN' - "Bitchin' Anthem" EP

I really want to like this band, but I just can't bring myself to do it. This is really solid pop punk that sounds like it is from the '80s. It's a kind of punk rock that I usually like, but this record is just a little bland. BITCHIN' has really cool guitar parts and intros and nice drum parts and their singer has a beautiful voice, but somehow they just don't fit together the way I want. I am going to hate myself for comparing them to DISCOUNT, but I have to mention the similarity. This band is into the sing along chorus, and they go a little slower than I want them to. I think they will be around for a while, though, so maybe when I will try them again in a year. (WT)
(Scene Police c/o dpm, Humbolster.15, 53115 Bonn., GERMNAY scenepolice.de)

BLATANT FINGER - "Sit & Spin" CD

Not to scare off anyone who isn't into catchy, tuneful punk—this sounds a hell of a lot like RHYTHM COLLISION mixed with the best elements of the melodic hardcore-era FREEZE and the lightweight beauty of TRAVIS CUT. I know that might not sound like the most original thing, but by Christ, they do it well. I can't recommend this more—very catchy and hard-hitting, but pop sensibilities intact. The production and lyrics are superb as well, with most songs just hinting at a deep ocean of melancholy beneath the surface. But not wussy. Support these very un-punk looking guys. (RD)
($11 ppd: 1452 1/2 Hunter Ave, Columbus, OH 43201)

BLITZ - "The Complete BLITZ Singles Collection" LP

Fucking BLITZ from New Mills (outside of Manchester), England, turned the skinhead/punk world on its ear in 1981! With the original BLITZ incarnation of Carl on vocals, Nidge on guitar, Mackie on bass, and Charlie on drums, this band, comprised of two skinheads and two punks, cut a swath of destruction across the youth of Europe. Side A of this disc illustrates just how important BLITZ was then and still is today. You get the fucking classic Oi!/punk songs: "Someone's Gonna Die", "Attack", "Fight to Live", "45 Revolutions", "Never Surrender", "Razors in the Night", "Voice of a Generation" and "Warriors". Unfortunately side B of this LP is absolute crap and is completely unlistenable. The BLITZ self-destructed after their early brilliance. DO NOT pay full price for this record because you are essentially getting half a punk/Oi! record. (BR)
(Get Back, Piazza Maltoni 26, 50065 Pontassieve, Firenza, ITALY)

BONECRUSHER – "Followers of a Brutal Calling" LP

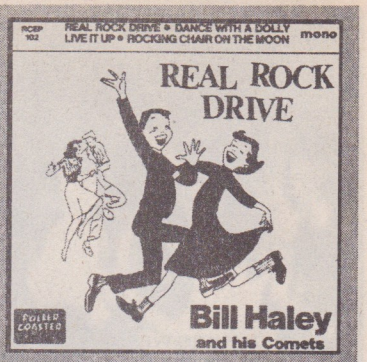
Rough and tough streetpunk, this was previously released on Outsider Records a while back. That review compared them to POISON IDEA and I can hear why, it's very gruff (and I think the combined body weight of BONECRUSHER [with five members] could just about equal that of POISON IDEA) like if they did a one-off oi record. It's a little slow for my tastes, similar in sound and tempo to the U.S. BOMBS, but I still like it, it's very powerful and I'd like to see them live, I could hit the weights for a few months and get more tats then go up to the front and sing along and wave my fist around. That would be cool. (AD)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

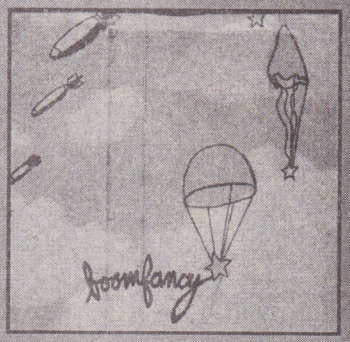
BOOMFANCY - "Walking in My Sleep" EP

"Every morning my stomach feels the caffeine pain." With lyrics like this its not hard to compare the general attitude and feeling behind this release to a recent Aaron Cometbus project. Similarly, BOOMFANCY has that certain innocent, slightly sloppy, cutsie pop-punk sound that can be best compared to some of the member's other band SOOPHIE NUN SQUAD. As with the SOOPHIE NUN SQUAD LP, the packaging on this EP is just as great with a transparent cover, and a booklet that looks more like an art project/'zine than actual liner notes. Even though this isn't normally the kind of stuff I listen to, I found the overall release to be thoroughly enjoyable and a breath of fresh air into my increasingly dismal life. (SP)
(Harlan, 7205 Geronimo, N. Little Rock AR, 72116)

BRIGADA/ OPCIÓ K-95 - "International Socialism" EP

This is a really interesting 7" from two European socialist skinhead oi! bands. In one of their songs, BRIGADA argue for "no classes, no state." Another good one is a pro-independence song for Catalonia by OPCIÓ K-95. If you like oi! and have the same sort of politics you have to check these bands out! (SR)
(Mad Butcher, Bergfeldstr.3, D-34289, Zierenberg, madbutcher@pader-online.de)





RECORDS

BRIGATE ROZZE - "...Here We Are!" EP
On this Italian melodic punk record you get a variety of subject matter. Football, skinhead pride, and girls are mentioned. The choruses are spirited and lilting. The songs are passionate and delivered with conviction. The singing is in Italian with English translations on the inner sleeve. This would be a decent local band to drink beers to at the corner bar with some friends. You are assured a fun time! (BR)
(KOB Street Records, Via N. Mazza 65b, 1-37129 Verona, ITALY)

C.R. - "46 Songs" CD
This is a retrospective of a Long Island band from the mid/late nineties who had a huge reputation on the East Coast. Known for blazing live shows, they were certainly no slouch on their releases either. Think sweaty, fast, heartfelt, tight hardcore. There was no doubt that C.R. were putting everything they had into everything they did. I'm still bobbing my head—even having heard some of these quite a bit. Everything you need is here—power, energy, emotion—this was some great stuff. In a time of noise and static, there was something about C.R. that actually got through—doubt they'll be forgotten by those they touched. (TM)
(Chainsaw Safety, PO Box 260318, Bellerose NY 11426-0318)

CASUALTIES - "Who's in Control?" EP
The four songs on here lead me to believe the kids have a really good time at NJ/NY spikey shows. The CASUALTIES have also gotten remarkably good at penning anthems ("Way of Life/Way of Life," x10) ("Up the Punx, up the Punx," etc.) like their creative forebears back in the UK, back in '79. The production is also not too clean, not too grimey. However, their verse is too absorbed in, how should I say? scene politics to really resound with me. If you're gonna write an anthem, write a fucking anthem. These songs would have a lot more longevity if there were, say, a snappy "Do Anything You Wanna Do" or "Two Million Voices" message in there to drive home the unity. Once you plugged in said unity-inspiring lyrics, they could take this to the top. (AC)
(Punk Core, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953, info@punkcore.com)

THE CAUSEY WAY - "Causey Vs. Everything" LP
This is the second album from this band. I never really understood the whole "cult" thing—like what is it they're preaching? I've read about them and it's always like "Oh they're this cult and it's so funny and mysterious" which I think is annoying because why can't it just be "they're this crazy space rock new wave band! " The music is sort of outer space with neurotic vocals, the keyboards launching them into the new wave battlefield. It reminded me of DEVO, the B-52s, the ALLEY CATS, SUBURBAN LAWNS, surf-rock, the PIXIES. A couple of the songs were more mellow electronic and the girls voice sounded a bit like PORTISHEAD. (JT)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092)

CIVIC MINDED FIVE - "Trackin' the Bacon Train" CD
Wow. I don't know if you can sum this up into words. OK, first I'm going to try to give you some description of the music. CIVIC MINDED FIVE play some fucked-up version of punk rock that sometimes reminded me of a slower FYP or SCARED OF CHAKA, probably because of the distorted vocals, but also because of the sweet melodic parts. There is a lot of rock in the sound, but their drummer makes the songs more interesting by playing simple beats that I never would have thought of. They are not fucking around. This is really unique and really good. If you are looking to be challenged and you want to rock out at the same time, check this out. If you have no idea what I'm talking about, just go buy the new RAINER MARIA record, you fucking idiot. (WT)
(Manatee, 2676 El Camino Rd., Las Vegas, NV 89146)

CHALLENGER 7 - "Payola" LP
I reviewed a CD by these guys a couple years ago and really liked it. This LP includes a bonus EP that includes a cover of the REPLACEMENTS "Left Of The Dial." For some reason this LP seems really really pop or rock. Maybe URGE OVERKILL or the GIN BLOSSOMS. I mean it's good, but I remember them less mainstream before. (RL)
(Full Toss, PO Box 4171, Richmond East, VIC, 3121, AUSTRALIA, fulltossrecords.com)

CHAOTIC END - "In Front of Paranoia" CD
Dark moody punk that sort of plods along at a slow to mid-tempo pace. I bet these guys listen to a lot of AMEBIX and RUDIMENTARY PENI. They occasionally pick the things up, but overall the whole thing is pretty downtuned. While this isn't really that bad it failed to perk my interest at all. (RC)
(Chaotic End, PO Box 24107, 111 10 Patisia, Athens, GREECE)

COCKROACH - "Stay Angry" EP
Raw, fast and furious punk/hardcore hailing from Holland. Their split with MIHOEN was my first introduction to COCKROACH, and this EP continues in the same vein: fast hardcore with female vocals. The raw recording helps as well. Nothing groundbreaking, but swell nonetheless. (MW)
(ACME, PO Box 441, Dracut, MA 01826)

CONTRA/J-CHURCH - "Fuck You. I'm Craig and It's My Birthday" EP
So this 7" was a birthday surprise for this guy named Craig in the Long Island scene. His hardcore band CONTRA gives us a song about issues regarding human ownership in relationships. "Nostalgic For Nothing" is another recording of this great J-CHURCH track. There's only 300 of these and I'm sure they're mainly for this guy's friends. (SR)
(no address)

THE CORLEONES - "Inferno Mafia" CD

Pure madness, no joke. First thing that came to mind when I opened the lyric sheet and saw pictures of them looking freshly bloodied was "Chuck Palahniuk." These guys sure are smitten with *Fight Club*, as the opening track "Paper Street Soap Co." (get it?), complete with clever rhyming of references to that movie, proudly shows. The whole thing is a funny mafiosa-punk tinged album, with lots of solos and mid-tempo GLUE GUN-style sorta heavy, sorta catchy thing going on. Cool. (RD)
(PO Box 2464, Salt Lake City, UT 84110)

CRIMESEEN 13 - EP

These North Carolina boys are having a good time, beer drinkin', skateboarding, and playing punk rock in a true DIY (home 4-track recording) style. I dig the spirit of this record. Musically they sound like they'd fit right in on the early Lookout Records comp *The Thing That Ate Floyd*. They've got a Melodic punk rock feel similar to early early NO USE FOR A NAME. Oh-wee, and it's on white vinyl! (AS)
(Crimeseen 13, PO Box 12712, Charlette, NC. 28220, geocities.com/~crimeseen13)

DEVILSKINS - "Porca Troi!" EP

These Italian skins knock out three songs with an impressively burly and thick guitar/bass march and unique vocal interaction. There's the gruff and gravel main vocals that gives the choruses over to cleaner harmonizing. This gives the songs a real upbeat feel while staying really ballsy. Plenty of hard drinking and sing-a-long potential with the songs. What else do you need? (TH)
(Passatore Records, Via Simmoni, 2-47900, Rimini, ITALY)

DIESEL BOY – "Rode Hard and Put Away Wet" CD

As far as quasi-local bands go, I don't give this band nearly the attention they deserve. I've seen them a couple times and I don't really follow their releases as closely as most of my faves, but every time they put out a full length it's totally great. With their great mix of punk, pop punk, and power pop, here's another catchy tight rocking release that ranks up there with the best. Definitely one of Fat's gems these days. Great songs, silly but not stupid lyrics and hooks galore make this a no brainer for pop punkers. (RL)
(Honest Don's, PO Box 192027, San Francisco, CA 94119, dieselboy.com)

DIRTBOMBS - "Biucia I Cavi" EP

This is odd. A very raw, noisy mess of HC and garage songs. Yeah, I kinda like it. They're from Detroit, and sound like it. Not in a chunky, MC5 guitar wank way, but in the tradition of the more primal, primitive strain of bands to emerge from there. This sounds like they just happened upon their instruments in the corner of someone's attic, and decided they might as well, everyone else is...You can tell they are having a helluva good time and releasing all kinds of cathartic energy at the same time. Side one is fun, pretty cool. Side two though, is pure golden trash rock. "Insecure..Me?" is a catchy, buzzsaw masterpiece (and a cover, it seems), and the title song is a cool noise experiment, that actually stands up to repeated listens. Believe you me, there needs to be more bands with this sort of raw spirit. (BG)
(Hate, Circ. Ne Gianicolense 112, 00152 Roma, ITALY)

THE DIRTBOMBS - 'Headlights On/Jolene"

What a clever little foot-stomper this A side is. It's that classic fascination that red blooded American boys have with the female mammaries, or chi chis, as I like to call 'em, that serves as endless inspiration here. On the flip is the primitive, "Jolene," a sort of love song performed by cavemen that'll make your panties wet. Yeah, I really like this one. (DL)
(Solid Sex Lovie Dolls)

DISCORDANCE AXIS - "The Inalienable Dreamless" LP

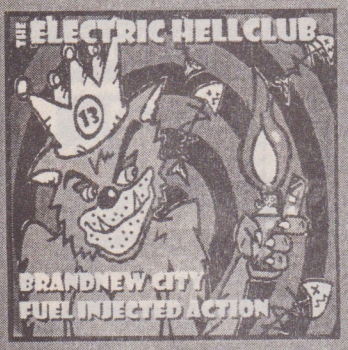
DISCORDANCE AXIS' crazed dissident metalcore has developed into a more disjointed and complex chaos over the years. Though, the CD of this came out about six months ago (in a nifty DVD case, no less...ah, divine packaging) the vinyl is better. Some of the high end is too...I don't know...digital and tinny on the CD, but vinyl brings a fullness and warmth that rounds out this brutality. The techno graphics and small cursive handwriting about emo-ish things are hilarious, even if they are not meant to be. I simply can't take "I will live forever....alone." seriously, but I enjoy the paradox. This is a must for those whom enjoy the rough stuff. (TJ)
(Hydrahead, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199)

THE DONALDS - "I Wanna Be in Palo Alto!" EP

This is kind of funny. What appears to be a DONNAS wannabe boy band turns out to be a MISFITS/RAMONES/Headache Records-sounding band. Four songs total. Not bad. (RM)
(Cabeza De Toranado, 203 1/2 Acacia, Huntington Beach, CA 92648)

THE DOWNLINERS SECT - "Cadillac/Roll Over Beethoven"

The DOWNLINERS SECT came out of the same Brit R&B-worshiping scene (you remember scenes, don't you?) as the STONES and PRETTY THINGS and have been a long-cherished touchstone by various deranged nogoodnicks (your truly included). Herein are their first recordings (a cover of BO and one of CHUCK BERRY), and if the lads were still a bit reverent, who can blame them. Hats off to Penniman records (already noted for outstanding 7" reissues of legends such as the NERVOUS EATERS) for another job well done. (DD)
(Penniman, PO Box 32142, 08080, Barcelona, SPAIN)



DRILLER KILLER - "And the Winner Is...." CD

Well, they do what they have been doing for so long very well. D-beat with some metallic riffs here and there. What's wrong? It's on a black metal label. I'm all for diversity, but you either stick by your politics or you don't. Number two, the promo sheet has a bar code so you can enter it into your computer's inventory system (if you work at the local Virgin Megastore that is). So, yes—it's pretty good. But its got this polished/barcoded feel that this type of music was never supposed to have. They have a song called "No Rules"—I wonder how many "rules" are contained in their recording contract. I'll take my Dis-core the way it was meant to be; DIY and recorded on four track. (MW)
(Osmose, B.P. 57, 62990 Beaurainville, FRANCE)

DRONGOS FOR EUROPE – "Return of the Punk Monster" CD

A singles comp with thirteen tracks from this lesser known Brit band circa 1981. Considering these singles are very scarce because they were on small indie labels back in the day, this is a welcome release. Similar in sound to CRISIS or maybe something on Crass Records or a *A Country Fit for Heroes* comp, this is underproduced, raw, and unmistakenly British. From the political mindset that would later bring us the peace punk movement, this is an out of the blue strong reissue release. (RL)
(Data, 28 Silksby St, Coventry, CV3 5FX, UK, dave@datarecords.com)

THE DRY HEAVES - "Shoot Yourself" LP

Here's a re-release of yet another lost treasure of 1979. You gotta love it. Here you have the DRY HEAVES—unrefined Detroit boys full of piss and vinegar with no regard to taste or talent—that entertain. Yeah, this is way fun punk stuff. With brain numb titles like "Shoot Yourself," "I Can't Puke," and "High School Party" how could you go wrong? Ahhh, go out an buy it, losers. (DL)
(Rave Up, Via Monteccuccoli 13, 00176 Roma, ITALY)

THE ELECTRIC HELLCLUB/THE TURBO AC'S - split EP

This is a well balance split of two bands kickin out some energetic, riff-laden punk 'n' roll. The TURBO AC'S offer a song from each of their previously released albums. "Puff of Smoke" and "Primer Black" are both solid tunes. The ELECTRIC HELLCLUB, from Germany, also offer two rockin' songs which are slightly stronger than the AC'S. An excellent EP, especially for the greaser/rocker/hot rod macho punkers. (HM)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY, knock-out.de, hellclub.de, turboacs.com)

ENDLESS - "With Everything Against Us" CD

It says in the one sheet that accompanies this release that this Pittsburgh, PA band has been around since 1993. It also says they play "energetic crossover". Uh I am not sure what you mean by that, but your music is not crossover. (take a listen to DRI's *Crossover* LP for a reference) Whereas with ENDLESS you get some solid well-produced hardcore that has a great east coast flair to it. Fast and to the point with an occasional breakdown, without falling into the trap of chugga-chugga metal. Solid! (RC)
(Dr. Gore Records, 347 Grove Street, Mckees Rocks, PA 15136)

ENSIGN/REACHING FORWARD - split EP

ENSIGN come correct with youth crew crunch, totally tight and powerful and everything, but lacking something for me—I don't know, maybe the spark is gone. Maybe at 30 I'm finally too old for straight edge hardcore. On the flip, Holland's REACHING FORWARD play along similar lines but with much more of a gnarly edge. Their raw vocals and thrashy sound set them apart, and they come out on top on this split. (AM)
(Reflections, Spoorwegstraat 117, 6828 AP Arnhem, THE NETHERLANDS)

EXTERNAL MENACE/RECHARGE - split EP

Interesting mix of bands here. EXTERNAL MENACE go for a mix of upbeat punk and a touch of ska (think CITIZEN FISH). Whereas RECHARGE continue their mastery of DISCHARGE's musical style and make sure we don't forget about them. (RC)
(Epistrophy, PO Box 312, 30003 Hannover, GERMANY)

EXTERNAL MENACE - "The Process of Elimination" LP

"This song's about commitment..."; unfortunately, not to excellence. There's bits of street punk here, a little indie rock, some pop punk, some reggae and one of the flattest recordings I've heard in quite some time. If I were French I would say this is "le crap." (RM)
(Epistrophy, PO Box 312, 30003 Hannover, GERMANY)

FACTION/2¢ WORTH - split EP

Two live recordings, one per side. The 2¢ WORTH side is worth about uh, 2¢...no not really, it's kinda late-'80s hardcore sounding like the SPERMBIRDS. It's not bad at all, but fails in comparison to the flipside. Honestly, anyone that buys this record is going to buy it because of the FACTION side. Yep, the FACTION one of the most popular skatepunk bands of the eighties featuring Bones Brigade member Steve Caballero. Why the song on this record had to be "Let's Go Get Cokes" and not "Skate and Destroy" is beyond me. Raddy-Daddy. (AS)
(AVD, 8370 W. Cheyenne, PMB 109-22, Las Vegas, NV. 89129, avdrecords.com)

FAGGOT KINGS/NOTHING BUT PUKE - split EP

Heard of BORN BAVARIAN? Well, these guys really *were.* Two Confed of Scum lovin' bands from Germany. FAGGOT KINGS (first, lose the name) don't knock my socks off. They'd be the ones at the Scumfest I might sit out. NBP have a sense of humor, at least. They play such pure HELLSTOMPER/ANTiSEEN derivative, I'm hardly opposed. I just don't think Germans make the best rednecks, is all. (RY)

(Drake Willock c/o Halloween Mike, PO Box 101125, 46011 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

FE-FI-FOUR PLUS TWO/LINCOLN STREET EXIT - split EP

Two reissued rare singles from Lance Records, a small New Mexico label that released a number of '45s in the mid sixties. I like the fact that this stuff is becoming more easily available to people who are interested in early garage. This particular record, however, doesn't do much for me; it's way too tame. Give me angst! Give me screeching! This was supposed to be the underground stuff, but I'm not getting why parents were so scared of this pansy shit. (DP)
(Bacchus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

FIRE ESCAPE - "Psychotic Reaction" LP

Weird to review this, it's, uh, never been outta print really so it's not really a reissue...eh. Mid-'60s studio group cash-in fake featuring lots of LA talent doing a garage record "right." All covers with two exceptions, it's as dumb 'n' enjoyable as any genuine group of the period and a lot easier to find. KIM FOWLEY involvement, 'nuff said? (RW)
(GNP/Crescendo, no address)

THE FLAKES - "Bip Bam Boom!/Roulette"

More Tim Yo trivia; "Bip Bop Boom" by MICKEY HAWKS was one of his (many) fave rockers (also a big TRAVIS WAMMACK fan). The FLAKES' "Bip Bam Boom" is, unsurprisingly, not too far removed songsmith-wise and always one of the (many) highpoints of their lice, I mean live, sets. The production on this disc is a bit of a disappointment for the band that's famed for having taken garage music all the way to the storage locker (and beyond). "Roulette" (another great song) comes off better here, although it still doesn't blast the way it oughta. (DD)
(Just Add Water, PO Box 420661, San Francisco, CA 94142, justaddwaterrecords.com)

FLIP-TOPS/EVERYDAY SINNERS - split EP

I have to admit that I did not have high expectations for this one—split EP with a mediocre picsleeve. Goes to show you that you shouldn't (always) judge a book by its cover. The FLIP-TOPS deliver two punk 'n' roll goodies. Lots of guitar, yelling/screaming vocals (not unlike the HOOKERS) and some spit. The EVERYDAY SINNERS offer two full-throttle rockers with a tad too much lead guitar for me. Still, if you can get past that you've got a couple of decent, melodic punk rock tunes. Overall an impressive release. (KK)
(Corndaddy, no address)

FOUR EYES - "Hat Nerd" EP

You know how "geeky" guys are cool now, and how all those guys trying to act dorky and wearing corduroy floods think that will make girls like them and get them laid? Those guys just wish they were the FOUR EYES. (DP)
(Sacramento, 1114 21st Street, Sacramento, CA 95814, thefoureyes.com)

FRANKENWEENIE/SYSTEM FUCK - split EP

FRANKENWEENIE—imagine CHARLES BRONSON and INFEST with ultra low budget production; presumably named after the Tim Burton film. Not good. SYSTEM FUCK—DESPISE YOU with more female vocals and lots of high-speed breakdowns. Also not so good. I kept hoping these bands were Japanese, due to the crude cover art and incoherent crust-speak. Avoid like the plague. (RD)
($3 ppd: 2884 Adrian Circle, Hanford, CA 93230)

THE FREELOADERS - "Through the Sound Barrier" LP

Press release says "reviews of this LP usually mention the BYRDS and the YARDBIRDS AND the DETROIT rock 'n' roll sound"...well, I've mentioned it to now but I don't feel too good about it...actually I feel pretty sick...I think I'm coming down with the flu...some of these songs aren't too bad but others are...don't fuck with the YARDBIRDS, not even on your press release. (SW)
(Corduroy, 4/20 Advantage Road, Highett Vic, AUSTRALIA 3190)

GASOLHEADS - "Sixty Seconds Swingers" CD

GASOLHEADS blaze those three chords into the ground with spiteful enthusiasm that's as infectious as a venereal disease. Fans of the CANDY SNATCHERS and TV KILLERS will get their rocks off here. Lots of fast 'n' nasty songs for the crude at heart. (DL)
(Lollipop, 7 Imp, Monsegur 13016, Marseille, FRANCE)

GAZPACHO - "The Demo/98" EP

The first I heard of GAZPACHO was on the genius hardcore comp *Memories of Tomorrow*, hence I was excited to hear this EP. Many times demos are rawer and more pissed...sigh, youthful anger...what a lovely and timeless thing, but only about half of this EP makes that cut. This sounds like a band that is trying out a bit of everything: pop punk, emo, hardcore...and I personally hate that. The fast and more straight-up hardcore songs are catchy and have the sound and energy I was expecting. The other things going on here I just can't get behind. Singing, soft parts that don't that don't lead anywhere and pop vocal stylings over hardcore bits, all these things detract from the stronger, more- focused songs. (TJ)
(Head Line, 7708 Melrose Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90046)

THE GOSSIP - "That's Not What I Heard" LP

Tough bluesy rock 'n' roll. It's just guitar, drums and vocals. The singer Beth has got so much soul for such a young girl! (I am a young girl too and I am really impressed!) She's really tough and rips through every song like she's been sitting on her front porch in the summer heat, throwing back the shots and telling her stories and she's not going to take any shit! (JT)

RECORDS

(Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State St. #418, Olympia, WA. 98501)

GRIM KLONE BAND - "Blank Space" LP

More vaults raided, this time it's New Jersey/Philly's GRIM KLONE BAND. Half studio, half live as many of these Rave Up Record releases go. You wonder how proto-punk became punk? Well here's another missing link uncovered. The "no guitar solo rule" of later punks is not yet laid down as law yet. You get the mid-temp GIZMOS clunkiness overlaid with space guitar jams (check out "Punk of Today" or "Blank Space"), and unbelievably-fucked lyrics ("Please don't tell me 'bout your mama/My life is just a Panorama/Shut up your fat face/I wanna hit you with some mace"). High spasticity factor. The sound on the live stuff is a bit thin, but it proves they were not just studio fuckers. The rec closes with another song called "Son of Sam", but this one is more krautrock drone than punk. Totally recommended. (HY)
(Rave Up records, Via Montecuccoli 13, 00176 - Roma, ITALY)

GUNGA DINS – "Misc" EP

Poppy yet noisy on the A-side, more straight-forward hardcoreish punk on the flip. Reminds me of OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN or FAY WRAY with their charm, this is a tough one to review—four songs, four different styles, yet it all ties in okay. Nice non-crappy computer-constructed color cover. I like this kind of stuff—it's young and happy and honest, unlike myself. (AD)
($3ppd: 915 Johnson St, Carlinville, IL. 62626, dorkdork@rocketmail.com)

HAPPY CAMPERS - "Shades of Gray" 12" EP

This one starts good and just goes off the deep end. Hardcore with excellent guitars, drums, lyrics, the breakdowns, everything—but man, these guys really can't fucking sing worth shit but the band is really good. "Borderline," an anti-country borders tune, is great but the vocals, especially on the horrible chorus...ugh. And the last song, they totally change their sound into melodic rock with weird guitar licks. Hmm...that's too bad. (SR)
(AVD, 8370 W. Cheyenne PMB 109-22, Las Vegas, NV, 89129, avdrecords.com)

H-BLOCK 101 - "Aunty Pauline" EP

This versatile Aussie outfit is definitely worth a listen for their flailing guitars and unusual style. The anthemic "Great Australian Joke" captures the feel of the first CELIBATE RIFLES EP; aside from a slower track with organ in the fore, the tunes fall into a mode of a 101'ERS infused with some real heart and energy. Above average. (SS)
(Mad Butcher, Bergfeldstr 3, D - 34289 Zierenberg)

THE HENCHMEN - "Lust for Glory" LP

The HENCHMEN evolved out of New Zealand's fucking amazing 1981 era punk band the DUM DUM BOYS. The A side of the LP consists of material that was intended as a follow up to the first rate HENCHMEN LP "We've Come to Pay". Only one song was ever released—and that was on a single. Included is the STOOGES' classic "I Wanna Be Your Dog". The B side of this LP consists of tracks from 1981-1982, that were recorded as the DUM-DUM-BOYS or the HENCHMEN. There are two covers of "Do the Maelstrom" by RADIO BIRDMAN and a version of the STOOGES' "I Got a Right" The sound quality is fair. This is Aukland-meets-Detroit in a head-on collision with no survivors! Wall of noise! Rock 'n' roll you fucks! (BR)
(no address)

HOLLY GOLIGHTLY & DAN MELCHIOR - "Desperate Little Town" LP

Understated country-blues LP from the former HEADCOATEE allied with a former (?) BILLY CHILDISH associate. Tender, quiet, field-recording quality stuff with vocal trade-offs being quite effective. Veers toward coffee-house folk at times but rescued by git-squeal and effective lyrics. Not party-line punk, but hey, there's plenty of room for sincerity, right? (RW)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry)

HOLIER THAN THOU - "Infinity + 7 Divided By the Root of All Evil" EP

FUCK THIS RULES!!! All of the fury, all of the intensity, all of the things that make '80s southern California bands like ILL REPUTE, RKL, and STALAG 13 great. All of those things are on this record. There is an urgency in the vocals that I haven't heard since *Double Live Invasion*, and the guitar riffs are the kind that make me say, "Fuck, why didn't I write that?" Songs about skating (duh) and being "trapped inside the vicious cycle" (the first line of the record by the way). This record is flawless, except that it is too short, but that's OK 'cause there is a full length in the works....right? Get this or suck. (WN)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931)

IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS - "The Essential Fucked Up Blues" LP

The title of the LP pretty much sums it up. The guitar sound to me is so seductive; the strings sound kinda loose so they make more sound, how the fuck do they do that? This record is reminiscent of the GUN CLUB; the blues, the voice, god, the devil. I could have done without the ten minute "Rollin' Stone", tho. No song should be that long, ever. (DP)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227, estrus.com)

THE INSURGENT - "Inside Every Kid" 10"

Well, I had already fallen in love with their tape, and then the INSURGENT record shows up on everybody's favorite 10" format. This band is fucking great. They play melodic punk rock that reminds me of CRIMPSHRINE or AMERICAN STEEL (minus the ska). Then just at the right time they will throw in a breakdown and I thank god that they did it well. They play live with so much energy and it all comes through on this record. The songs are catchy, and I really can't find anything wrong with this band.

This band is totally D.I.Y. and you better believe they fucking care. The layout is beautiful and the record is a split release between three great labels. It's gonna be hard to top this record this year. Check it out before anything else. (WT)
($7: Traffic Violation, PO Box 772, East Setauket, NY 11733)

THE INTERCONTINENTAL PLAYBOYS - "Ladies, May We Introduce Ourselves..." LP

Even before coming upon the unlisted (and, hence, "bonus") track of this 12" 45 (no one has come up with a proper name for this format when it's not a a disco 45 or extended mix, by the way; it's not truly an LP {long play, as in longer than a 78 e.g.} and certainly not an EP {extended play, as in a 7" that plays at 33.3 or thereabouts rather than 45 in order to "extend" the "play"ing time}; I hereby dub it FP {foreshortened play}) the obvious reference point was the CRAMPS, although with a more pronounced garage flavor (maybe I should say "flavour" since these cats are Ozzers) and less cartoonish overtones. especially on the two slow brooding cuts which constitute one-third of the FP (at least, those parts that the 'BOYS did themselves). Not bad. (DD)
(Full Toss, PO Box 4171 Richmond, East Victoria 3121, AUSTRALIA, intercontinentalplayboys@yahoo.com)

JANITOR - "There Are No More American Heroes" CD

Gotta wonder about a band willing to make their "Parental Advisory" disclaimer part of their artwork. Huh? Won't need a Big Brother if we do it ourselves, right? Oh, right—make the UPC symbol part of the artwork on the back. Yeah, product tracking. That's pretty lame. Music is decent—it's straight ahead hardcore without too much extraneous trimmings. That works to their advantage generally—you know what you're in for...but it does get monotonous after a while. This seems to be a retrospective release—you get lyrics for the first eight songs (recorded 1998) and nothing on the last 18 (recorded 1996). Production plays a part—it's decent on both recordings, but the earlier stuff is more raw and diverse—I preferred their earlier material. Something about the vocals being less polished maybe. Decent, though nothing extraordinary. (TM)
(Plethorazine, no address)

KATASTROPHOBIA - "Homo Morticinus" EP

First off, the packaging is perhaps the most amazing I have ever seen in a DIY release. Six panel cross fold out with art on both sides, and a poster, and separate lyric inserts that form another poster when combined...WOW. As for the band, they certainly do not disappoint. The second record from these folks is even more blazing than the first; furious crusty European hardcore with infectious mid-tempo parts that remind me of the best parts of LOGICAL NONSENSE. The words are awesome, making for a truly incredible record. Might be hard to track down, but it's well worth the hunt. (WN)
(Boerderijstaat 35, 9000 Gent, BELGIUM)

KENJI - CD

Man, this is some unfocused meandering shit. KENJI take after their neighbors STILL LIFE in trying to write epic emo songforms, except that they are much less successful at it. They can hit upon some good parts when they try, but ultimately sound like they are just throwing a bunch of shit together without regard to dynamics or structure. You can tell they've taken time to learn their instruments pretty well, but they haven't learned the more important lesson of quality control. (BG)
(24 Hours Records, 154 Thompson Blvd, Ventura CA, 93001)

KING LOUIE ONE MAN BAND - "She's A Big Bopper" EP

This is rock 'n' roll with all of the frills gone. Poorly functioning speakers, tape hiss recording, and no superfluous members interfering with the vision of this genius madman. KING LOUIE ONE MAN BAND has a basic drum beat, shrill harmonica, and guitar rattle. Anything else would be, as grandma said, a tuxedo on a pig. The disclaimer on the record warns "for sale to ravin' fucked up doped-n-drunk suckass fucks only." Only real rock 'n' roll garbage (wo)men can appreciate this beautiful trash. (TH)
(Solid Sex Love Doll, no address)

KING HITS - "Just Can't Wait/Don't Mess Around"

The KING HITS hail from the Lost Continent and sing 'bout all kinds of mean-spirited shenanigans. The singer sounds like he's got a real bone to pick with somebody—maybe the travel agent that sold him a one-way ticket to Victoria. They're aiming for a punchy '60s mod-primitive consolation prize, but all I gotta say is that I've heard it before and I've heard it better. Cheers. (JH)
(Corduroy, 41 Fellows St, Kew Victoria 3101 AUSTRALIA, corduroy@onthe.net.au)

KINGS OF NOTHING - "Get Busy..." CD

Trashy swing. Still not sure if I like this or not. It's got hoarse vocals but the silly names ("The Stripper", "Shakes", "Justice", "Necro" and "Professor") they have makes it impossible for me to take them seriously. Too much dress up and image for my tastes. Musically this isn't that bad. Maybe a few summers too late, but I would have much rather listened to these guys rather than ROYAL CROWN REVUE. (BM)
(Reckloose, 26 Wisteria St, Salem, Ma 01970)

KOALSLAW/BAD GENE POOL - split EP

KOALSLAW are like if PSYCHO SIN and SOCKEYE teamed up. Tons of minimalist goofy-fast songs that mix grind and punk. Fun in a juvenile sense. BGP are the same way... Maybe I just don't get it, or maybe it's the four track recording. (MW)
($3 ppd: Crazy Hot Dog, PO Box 603, Houlton, ME 04730)

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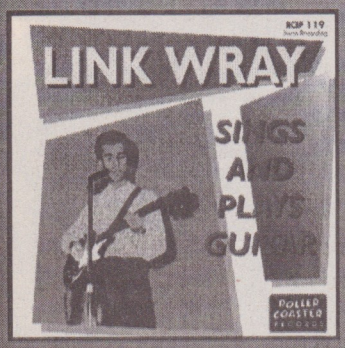


THE LEWD - "Roughouse" EP

Mr. Nightlife recently graced a nightclub hereabouts, the entertainment *du nuit* being: one (1) cover band, one reformed Seattle/S.F. old-timer band, and one (1) ensemble (rumor had it that the rasta looking guy in the latter was Greg Ginn) which accompanied punk rock karaoke enthusiasts. Yes, folks, that's What's Happening Now: cover bands, dimly recalled resurrections and karaoke. The LEWD were the old-timers previously referred and they were honestly pretty yawn-inducing that evening. This platter is considerably better (maybe just being short and to the point helps, as it often does), even if not earth-shaking. The vocals are mixed pretty low (mayhaps there's a reason for that), but everything chugs along acceptably in solid Olde Fashioned Punk Rock manner, meaning much better than expected. (DD)
(702 Records, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504, stickerguy.com)

THE LIBERATS - "Disgrace" EP

Simple yet effective song structures pave the path for this young and angry punk rock band from Southern California. Mid-tempo snotty-ass songs about standing up for yourself and hoping for a better day. Ah, to be young, pissed and free of everyday responsibility., those are the days we all love! (RC)
(Violent Reaction Records, PO Box 902, Artesia, CA 90702-0902/ theliberats.com)

LINK WRAY - "Sings and Plays the Guitar" EP

This quartet of tunes captures some of LINK WRAY's choicer tracks, probably dating from his Swan Records days. "5-10-15-20" is straight ahead '50s rock 'n' roll with a rockabilly twang, and "Hidden Charms" carries the twang one step further with his wailing vocals. The flip is more R'n'B-ish in tone, and the snappy cover of "Let the Good Times Roll" is a ironic recording; the cover of FATS DOMINO's "Hidden Charms" is slower and more soulful. (SS)
(Rollercoaster, London Road, St Mary's, Chalford, Cloucestershire, GL6 8PU UK)

LIPCREAM - "Kill the IBM" LP

Well, of course it's a boot LP (with a barcode no doubt!), but damn it's so good. This compiles the first two EPs, comp tracks from the *Hardcore Unlawful Assembly* and *The Punx* comps, and the *Kill the IBM* cassette. Great Japanese hardcore punk that has no equal. One of the best punk bands of all time. Those Germans sure know how to bootleg stuff. (MW)
(Terror Shock, no address)

LITTLE PHIL & THE NIGHT SHADOWS - "60 Second Swinger/In The Air" 45

I hope this release is meant to be tongue in cheek. It's either very cheesy retro-'60s garage pop, or mediocre '60s ironic pastiche. Either way, with its lackluster energy and maddeningly inane lyrics, I can't find any reason to recommend this for anyone's record collection. I'll pass. (BG)
(Gaye Talent, no Address)

LORD HIGH FIXERS/THE GORIES - split 7"

This single originally available free with Italian punkster zine *Hate* sports two great bands on a shitty live recording. The LORD HIGH FIXERS suffering the brunt with a muddy and chaotic rendition of "The Things She Says." I swear this sounds exactly like someone recorded this on one of those Walkman-style recorders standing at the back of the hall. Faring a little better with a JOHN LEE HOOKER cover, the GORIES come across sounding like some of the earliest recorded blues bands ever. Simply, this is the product of an overzealous zinester/fan with good intentions. (DL)
(Hate Music, Circ. Gianicolense 112-00152 Roma, ITALY)

LOSERS - "Complete Losers" - CD

An under-known punk band from England in the early 1990s. Most of the recorded stuff has been on comps and some demo tape. Not exactly accomplished or prolific, but pretty damn good none the less. True punk rock '80s Midwest hardcore style like you didn't find too much from '91-'94. Very cool, viva the mosh pit! (RY)
(Epistrophy, PO Box 312, 30003 Hannover, GERMANY)

LOST SOUNDS - "1+1=Nothing" EP

This sounds like the soundtrack to a really good teenage alien/misfit/horror drama. Mysterious analog keyboards drive through raw garage guitars. The vocals range from screeching SEX GANG CHILDREN with really cool effects on them to more garagey, reminding me of early RED CROSS (especially the soundtrack to *Desperate Teenage Lovedolls*) to more melodic sort of ROXY MUSIC rock 'n' roll opera. The songs are really epic and somewhat spooky, they sound more like musicals. I would love to see them live!! (JT)
(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

MACH 5/PSYCOHOLIDAY PROJECT - split CD

Two Italian bands deliver 6 songs each here, and deliver them with a wallop. MACH 5 are first with a style reminiscent of legendary Italian bands like INDIGESTI or IMPACTO, although less melodic than the former, and thicker (almost metallic) than the latter. PHP are more on an American hardcore trip. Their fast parts are great, there is just too much influence on the breakdown. A great CD; hopefully these bands will have their own records soon. (WN)
(Riot Records, V.le Monza 26, 200127, Milano, ITALY)

MARGINAL MAN – "Double Image" CD

A reissue of this DC band's second LP from 1985. While their first LP was on Dischord and I'm guessing still available in some form, this was on Gasatanka/Enigma and disappeared quickly. I'm not sure where this falls in the Dischord family tree of hardcore and emo as this is a good melodic punk record similar to later GOVERNMENT ISSUE stuff. This disc is also enhanced with video clips. (RL)
(In Your Eye, PO Box 34549, Bethesda, MD 20827,inyoureye.com)

MAZINGA/SEX SEX SEX - split EP

MAZINGA rules! I'm even willing to forgive the heinous artwork that looks like a Kozik drawing of Gwen Stefani. They channel the MISFITS galore, but in the most competent and un-annoying way. Apparently they hail from Michigan. SEX SEX SEX are from Sweden, also good. A decent cover of GG ALLIN's "Bite It". Both bands seem to know their way around a rock and roll table. (RY)
(Spasmatic, PO Box 20913 Mesa, AZ 85277-0913)

MEMBRANES - "Kiss Ass Godhead" CD

Strange to see this CD re-issued. Originally from 1987, these guys put out tons of stuff. This release was recorded with some help from Steve Albini, pre-millionaire tax status. Heavy, scraping stuff that was in keeping with what other people were doing at the time. We used to eat this stuff for breakfast in College Radio. If you remember bands like RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY, the 3 JOHNS, FOETUS (dig that drum machine) or any bands like that than you'll remember this stuff. Otherwise you could probably care less. Stuff that could be called "Industrial" but also influenced by CAPTAIN BEEFHEART's sense of fucked-up discontructedness. Okay for that time, but I never kept my MEMBRANES records. Oh well.. (JY)
(Overground, PO Box ,1 NW Newcastled Upon Tyne NE99 1 NW, ENGLAND)

MILHOUSE USA/RIFF RANDALS - "Nevergirlboy" split EP

A burst of Sacramento pride brings us the fabulous snotty RIFF RANDALS who are hard and school your ass about your unsightly manners and unproductive gender stereotypes. They just wanna fuck! But, uh, that's not an invitation to write them with fantasies. The more "melodic" MILHOUSE USA recorded their side with a couple of rocks, hammers, and wires, or something. It sounds bad, which is too bad. I'd check out both of these bands if they see their way to leave the fucking state capitol. It's muggy, and the governor lives there, for fuck's sake. (AC)
(3 ppd: Drool City, PO Box 2414, Sacramento, CA 95812-2412)

MISCONDUCT - "One Last Try" CD

"One Last Try" at being a hardcore band, maybe? MISCONDUCT has been going at it for a while and, like most bands, have done their best hardcore and now they they are just recycling with not much twist. When they stick to the numbers they do hardcore right, as you would expect, but the addition of some rock and pop sensibilities weaken this CD. Maybe becoming a rock band is their next step. (TJ)
(Bad Taste records, Stora Södergatan 38, S - 222.23 Lund, SWEDEN)

MISGUIDED/THE DIVISIVE - split EP

MISGUIDED play three-chord, mid-tempo, pop punk with really bad vocals, in the same vein as the first CRIMPSHRINE record. It kinda makes you nostalgic. On the other side, I'm not sure what the DIVISIVE are trying to do. Songs played as fast as they can with mosh breakdowns. All the songs have a very dull sound, very monotone vocals, you know. (PA)
($5 ppd, Longtime, Ripusuontie 49 A-A, 00660, Helsinki, Finland, http://longtimerecords.cjb.net)

MOLOTOW SODA - "Keine Träume" LP

It's split EP and re-issue LP month, FYI. This is a reissue of their 1992 debut LP. Classic, melodic German punk rock. I really do like this kind of thing —catchy, bouncy, and lots of "whooaa-whoooooaaa"s. Not unlike SLIME at times. (KK)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY, knock-out.de)

MOLOTOW SODA - "Eigenurin" LP

This is terrible. Not quite pop punk, not quite street punk. All of it's sung in German by someone who can't sing in the worst possible way. If the DROPKICK MURPHY'S next recording came out on Fat Wreck Chords and they ate exclusively at Der Weiner Schnitzel during the duration of the recording sessions I'd imagine that this is what they would sound like. (RM)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY, knock-out.de)

MOORAT FINGERS - "I Don't Know/I Hate to Love You" 45

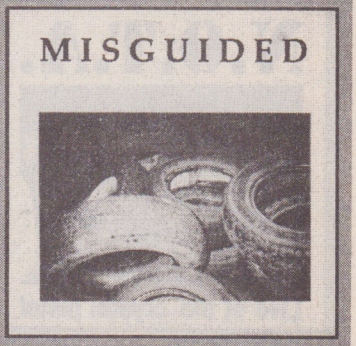
These are pretty good rockin' punk songs. Side A reminds me a lot of the REZILLOS, especially the vocals. I like the backup vocals a lot. (JT)
(no address)

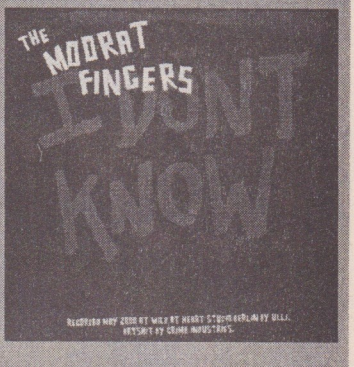
MORTICIA'S LOVERS - "Piss and Love" LP

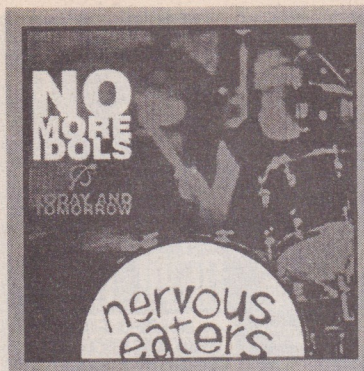
The cover of this LP is in black and white with some yellow... I didn't really pay much attention to the photo until I was looking for the title...the yellow would be the stream of urine the woman is dripping into a wine glass. Not sure if that's just lewd or if it's rock and roll... Yet another outstanding record from Italy. This isn't the typical RAMONES-core stuff that they've been turning out,which of course I'm big on, but this is something I love just as much; trashy, fun stripped-down rock and roll. This is the record you get drunk to at noon... much as I am doing right now. This is sideburns and denim rock and roll with just a hint of hair grease. I'm fucking loving on this. Nothing else this month can top it. Even on the first listen I find my self singing along to "I Don't Speak English". Normally I'm against BUDDY HOLLY covers but I'm letting theirs slide just because everything else here rocks my world. Viva Italia! (BM)
(Mad Driver, via Germanasca 12/b, 10138 Torino, ITALY, maddriver.it)

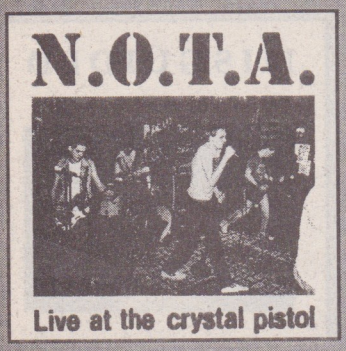
THE MOTHERFUCKERS - "We're Fucked" LP

This LP appears to be their *We're Fucked* EP from quite a few years back with extra gems like "Girls Suck" and "Smoke Pot and Kill Your Parents" (minus "I Fucked Lou Grant"). I'm sure folks have already argued ad nauseam over the MOTHERFUCKERS' original EP, and with this LP, the MOTHERFUCKERS just elaborate on their invaluable opinions and knowledge on a larger format. A perfect LP









for giving GG ALLIN-aspiring punks a longer soundtrack for mayhem. This is so over the top it's destined to be a classic. I predict it'll be selling for hundreds on eBay in a few years. (HM)
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035, beercity.com)

MULLENS - "Tough to Tell" LP

Pretty much more of the same for this rocking Texas combo. Sixties- influenced punky rock and rocking pop. Not quite as raw as their earlier stuff but still respectable. Maybe all those new REAL KIDS fans will give this a try. (RL)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317, gethip.com)

NERVOUS EATERS - "No More Idols/Today and Tomorrow"

New record by this former bunch of sought-after *KBD* stalwarts. Recorded in '98 and sounding nothing like "Loretta", this is pretty much well-produced punchy tuneful fare along the lines of the NEW CHRISTS or the CELIBATE RIFLES, slightly STOOGES-like but with more finesse and chops. A pretty good place to be for guys who've been doing this for more than a few years. "Today and Tomorrow" is a pretty swanky tune with a great hook and that big Aussie-like, wah-wah mayhem that I haven't heard in a while. Slightly closer to the record that they released on the Ace of Hearts label a few years back. Two swell tunes that rock pretty good. Is there an LP? (JY)
(Penniman, PO Box 32142,08080 BCN, SPAIN)

NIBLICK HENBANE - "Go Away" CD

NIBLICK HENBANE have been kicking ass non-stop since 1987. Now, over five years after the release of their debut full length, TKO brings you "Go Away," eleven tracks of pure NIBLICK drunken pogo Oi! Next to the almighty TEMPLARS and OIL! (not the pussy euro/emo band) this group is the premier Oi! band going. So listen up all you punks and skins: you're going to need this album. Actually, buy the CD. Because the digital age is here and CDs rule! (RM)
(TKO Records, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

NO SHAME – "Schpunk" CD

I have no idea where these guys are from, there's no info on the cover apart from an website address that didn't work. Anyway—it's very slick sounding fast melodic hardcore, beefy guitars and harmonic vocals. Maybe a cross between KID DYNAMITE and BOMBSHELL ROCKS. A little on the clean side, very tight, yet this is alright (apart from the slow bits which stank) in a juvenile kinda way. We think probably South American. Slammin' dude. (AD)
(No address)

N.O.T.A. - "Live at the Crystal Pistol" LP

The fucking legendary Tulsa, Oklahoma punk band NONE OF THE ABOVE has a live LP recorded on January 11, 1983 out now on Prank Records. The sound is pretty decent for the era and the equipment. The band plows through "Toy Soldiers", "Sick Society", "Self Destruct", "Propaganda Control", "Moscow", "On the Pavement", "Apathy" and more. Also included are three tracks recorded at the N.O.T.A. practice space in July 1982. "Riot Kids", "Nightstick Justice" and "Dumbshit" are classic raw punk! Get this slab of punk history! (BR)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141)

NEW TOWN ANIMALS/DÉLATEURS - split EP

What's with all the split EPs this month? I don't think I like that format. I'm not sure why, but I don't think I do. And will somebody please pass a law making it illegal to put out a 7" record at 33 RPM? Thank you. OK, on to the record. NEW TOWN ANIMALS play some of the best melodic punk rock that I've heard in some time—like some of the early-'80s British stuff. This is good shit. I'm serious—a perfect 100 on the head bouncing meter. They're from Canada. Canadians can definitely make good music. (One of the cats is even wearing a FORGOTTEN REBELS t-shirt on the sleeve—paying tribute to his Canadian homey.) DÉLATEURS play a similar style, though not quite as head-bouncy-catchy as NTA and with a little more lead guitar (and some hand claps?). Find this record. (KK)
(Zaxxon Virile Action, 1731 Poupart #6, Montréal, Qué., H2K 3G9, CANADA, zaxxonvirileaction.com)

999 - "English Wipeout" CD

Here's two complete live shows from these masters of the original '77 UK scene, one from 1980 with great sound and a set from '77 proper that's a little rougher but more manic. All the hits. All of 'em... (RW)
(Overground, PO Box, 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, UK, overgroundrecords.co.uk)

NUMBERS - "Music Design" 10"

Southern California macho rock and roll. Fast, angry, and I bet they're drunk most of the time. A little too by-the-book for me. (CK)
(Dead Beat, PO Box 288, Los Angeles, CA. 90078)

ONE WAY SYSTEM - "All Systems Go" LP

ONE WAY SYSTEM started out in 1979 in Fleetwood, England, a fishing town on the Northwest coast of the country. ONE WAY SYSTEM debuted their rough and ready punk sound with the song "Jerusalem" on the No Future Records compilation *A Country Fit for Heroes* in 1981. On the heels of this success, the band released *Stab the Judge* on Lightbeat Records from Blackpool, England. In 1982, ONE WAY SYSTEM became the first band to sign to Anagram Records, who released their classic LP, *All Systems Go*. ONE WAY SYSTEM's second LP, *Writing on the Wall*, is damn near as punk as the first. This was the beginning of the end of the band's heyday. The *All Systems Go* and *Writing on the Wall* LPs are

"must-have" records for fans of tough 1983-era English punk. (BR)
(Get Back, Piazza Maltoni 26, 50065 Pontassieve, Firenza, ITALY)

ONE WAY SYSTEM - "Writing on the Wall" LP

This is a reissue of this band's first, second, or third album. Which one I'm not 100% sure, and I don't care enough to walk twenty three feet to the record library to find out. Anyhow, all three sound pretty much the same, so it doesn't make much difference. These guys played early '80s UK style punk and hardcore (mohawks, leather, lots of backing vocals and carrying on) back in the early '80s. This is pretty good. That band OXYMORON looks and sounds exactly like these guys. (RM)
(Get Back, Piazza Maltoni 16, 50065 Pontassieve, Firenze, ITALY)

ONYAS - "Admission of a Lifestyle/Junkie Tactics" EP

Thank god, this record is like a breath of fresh air after that last piece of shit I just reviewed. The ONYAS are drunken shotgun toten Australian rockers, dishing out some (dare I say) grungy distorted and fast rock 'n' roll. It all sounds like a good time to me. This is a three song EP, two originals and a decent GUN CLUB cover. Overall it doesn't cook as much as their recent LP, but still a bitchin' slab o' vinyl. Fans of NEW BOMB TURKS or CANDY SNATCHERS would dig this. (AS)
(Corduroy, PO Box 192, East Melbourne Vic 3002, AUSTRALIA, corduroy.au)

OPENMINDEAD - "Circle of Decay" CD

Sort of jumbled hardcore in the emotional vein. At times they sound like a fucked-up version of the MINUTEMEN with odd, quirky breaks in the middle of a hardcore song. The two major problems are: one, the recording is bad at best. Two, the band just sounds like they are off at times. Both the lyrics and the drums often sound like they just don't go with what the guitarist is playing. When it's on, it definitely works, it's just not always on. (PA)
(no address)

PARANOYA - "No One" CD

PARANOYA create an interesting mix of modern hardcore, a touch of metal and classic mid-'80s European punk. While this is a somewhat solid release, I just found it rather uninteresting. (RC)
(c/o David Zolda, IM Drubbel 6, 44534 Lunen, GERMANY / horrorbiz.de)

PORCELAIN DECAY - "D.I.Y. Revolution" EP

PORCELAIN DECAY plays their own style of melodic hardcore. The first thing I thought of is "this is supposed to be anthemic." They use strong words to convey their political opinions. There are nice quiet guitar parts, but the songs never pick up. I searched for the punk rock, but I couldn't find it. The singer has a voice that reminds me of Jello Biafra at times, but he does more speaking than singing. There is definitely a groove here,but not my kind of groove. The record sometimes reminded me of D.B.S. The raddest part about this release for me was the liner notes in which each band member writes about the lyrics of certain songs. Props for that, but musically, it is not my thing. (WT)
($4: Porcelain Decay, 61 E. 20th St., Huntington Station, NY 11746)

THE PATTERN - "Non Stop" EP

For a bunch of punks, this group of guys did a helluva job capturing the essence of early '70s noodly guitar rock like MC5 without losing that punk rock edge. I can smell the sweat trapped beneath polyester shirts. I can feel the afro of the guy next to me brush my face. Oh shit, I'm wearing flares!!! (DP)
(Gearhead, PO Box 421219, San Francisco, CA 94142, www.gear-headmagazine.com)

PORTABLES - "I Won't Turn Away" EP

Poppy stuff that ranges from the RAMONES to the BEAT. Lots of leanings to power pop and '60s pop too. A twelve track 7" outta Sweden that is decent but not essential. (RL)
($5 ppd: Dull, Klarabergsvagen 18, 572 41 Oskarshamn, SWEDEN,)

RADIO SHANGHAI - "Huv I The Right/Artificial Work" EP

It's getting more amazing with every passing year how the Japanese garage-rock scene is repeating the progression of the UK scene circa '76-'81 in trend-specific order. First the raw screaming stuff, then power-pop and now the new RADIO SHANGHAI 7". This record reminds me so much of the more "mature" UK singles/records that were coming out from 1980 on, featuring more skillful playing and ever-present quirky vocals. Usually a totally turgid synth sound would drown all momentum; these guys thankfully decline to reproduce that aspect of the sound as unlike the UK bands of the period, they are not making any obvious commercial "sellout" moves. The score: "Huv I The Right" is OK power-poppy bounce, "Artificial Work" is a more rockin' disguised cover, you guess the tune when you pick up the single. Yeah, right, it's on the impossible-to-find-outside-of-Japan Target Earth label. (RW)
(Target Earth, 505 Lupinis Hirnuma, 1-1-15 Hiranuma, Nishi-Ku, Yokohama, 220-0023, JAPAN, nkgm@pop02.odn.ne.jp)

RADIO 69 - "Hearts Minds & Memories" LP

Get yer Norwegian street punk here ya mugs. One more for you oi/street punk revivalists. If you dig on the DROPKICK MURPHYS, ONE MAN ARMY, drinking pints of Guinness with your mates, watching soccer and picking up every record TKO puts out, then this LP is for you. So, stop tuning up your Vespa and go buy some records. (AS)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY, knock-out.de)

RAW POWER - "Screams from the Gutter" LP

Call me crazy, but this is not my favorite RAW POWER material. There's been a lot of hype about the Ugly Pop rerelease of this, but I'm still partial to the early *Fuck Authority*-era rawness that they lost when they signed onto Toxic Shock/Westworld and became a little more, err... I guess professional is the word I'm looking for. Much cleaner production and slower-tempo than their first recordings, but nowhere near the hair-metal atrocities that were to come later. Still, the classic "Power" is on here, and most people seem to love this album. Despite the different cover art, ain't a damn thing's changed. If you liked it in 1985, you'll probably like it now. (RD)
(2 Bloor St. West Ste 100, Box 477, Toronto ON, M4W 3E2 CANADA)

REALIZED/D.I.E. - split EP

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be stampeded by a herd of buffalo? You'll know after these two Japanese grind bands get done assaulting you. Two blast beat attacks back to back that slow only to draw more blood. (TJ)
(RSR c/o S. Gessner, Str. D. Friendens 45, 07819 Mittelpöllnitz, GERMANY, skrupel@web.de)

REDHEADED STEPCHILDREN - "Reconstruction of Once Shattered States of Mind" LP

If by some odd chance you heard their first CD (like I did) then you'll be happy to know that this record sounds nothing like it. This is pretty heavy hardcore with some metal influences, especially in the vocals. The guitar goes in between chunky, octaves and pretty strait forward three chord, hardcore. For the most part the songs are fast with of course metal/hardcore break downs but there are enough changes to make the songs interesting. (PA)
($10 ppd, Eugene, P.O. Box 1981, Lexington, KY 40588)

RIFF RANDELLS - "Who Says Girls Can't Rock?" EP

Oh my f-n god! I am in love. And not on a shallow "oooohh cute girl band" kinda way. I heard this band's first record with the guy who looked like Grant Lawrence singing and it was okay, nothing special, but now that he's out and Kathy is taking over the vocals, good lord, this is fantastic. I'm not big on girl fronted bands, but gee wiz, this is good. Almost as good as the RIFF RANDALS from Sacramento. Great rock and roll from a bunch of girl who look like they would have broke my heart in high school. (BM)
(Mint, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC, CANADA, V6B 3Y6, geocities.com/riffrandells, riffrandells@hotmail.com)

REAL KIDS - "I Can't Kick/Who Needs You"

I admire the fact that John Felice and Co. are still billing themselves as *kids* twenty years or more after their membership cards expired—but then, you're only as young as you feel, and REAL ADULTS or FAUX KIDS don't pack the same rhetorical "zing". I'd never number myself among the rabid REAL KIDS fans that write for this mag, but I do admire their pop chops and did see the reuinted lineup a few times before they shuffled members around and prettied up their ranks. These tracks were recorded at Detroit's Paychecks Lounge in late '99, and benefit from clean sound and nimble performances from all parties involved. It's good stuff. All their best features are highlighted here: ringing, clear power-pop guitars, memorable hooks, earnest-and-heartbroken vocals, and that elusive sense of true musical purpose. I can get behind it. Apparently this is a teaser for an upcoming CD taken from the same show, so fans ought to keep their eyes and ears peeled. (JH)
(DUI, PO Box 46073, Mt. Clemens, MI 48046)

REAZIONE - "Indelebile" EP

Italian skinheads playing four songs of what is basically pop punk (there's some rock and roll elements here, but not much) with guttural vocals. It's good to see that Lookout Records and the East Bay sound have had such a profound impact and lasting influence on all of punkdom. (RM)
(Passatore c/o Elisabetta Tonti, Via Simon, 2-47900, Rimini, ITALY)

REBELDE - "Veleno Sociale" CD

A bunch of Italian skinheads playing music that sounds like G.B.H. Sixteen songs total. If you're really interested in Italy, watch *The Sopranos* on HBO and pass on this record. (RM)
(Oi!Strike Records c/o Paolo Petralia, via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69, 00146, Roma, ITALY)

RECENSION/DRUNKEN ORGY OF DESTRUCTION - split EP

Damn. Between this and the SKRUPEL LP that I reviewed—I got some amazing shit this time around. Both bands hail from Windsor, Ontario—and this is almost enough reason to catch a show there. Spastic, fast and snotty—it's such a great formula. Play lots of songs, don't give a shit if they end cleanly, and above all, execute. Toss in some samples if you've got good (funny) ones (they did). If this stuff is well played (it is here)—it's still the best hardcore around. Quick, relentless and unapologetic. Songs about suits, work, hardcore...this is some timeless stuff. (TM)
(Sounds of Revolution, 1620 George Ave, Windsor Ontario, N8Y 2Y6, CANADA, fight4justice@hotmail.com)

RECHARGE - "Menschen, Hass, Vernichtung" CD

Recorded in 1997, this is is 18 songs of pure DisMadness. I have to admit that some editing would have made this a better release, because while songs like "Terror Tours" totally destroy, slower songs like "Krieg aus den Strassen" I could have done without. But that said, Discore fans will be far from disappointed...metal intros, screaming solos, songs about death and destruction, all set to a galloping beat that carries you off into the nuclear wasteland on a steed made of studded vegan leather jackets. (WN)
(Epistrophy, PO Box 312, 30003 Hannover, GERMANY)

THE RED SCARE - "Strangers Die Every Day" CD

You know, so many bands spend all their hard earned time and money writing, occasionally polishing, and recording the songs that brought them together in the first place. That's why I can never understand why 9 out of 10 times they package their sweat-stained hard work in any old ugly thing (you know, some bad Xerox, all smudged, or worse a stupid sexist cartoon or bad, bad computer graphic, etc). Well, at least RED SCARE does things right on this front. This CD looks great. Nice packaging inside purple and orange-tinted borders (who knew these two colors looked so good together). The band photos are actually creative, and the lyrics are laid out legibly. The music is a rocked out mix of DRIVE LIKE JEHU and RITES OF SPRING. It has all the manic fury of both bands, the writhing, sinewy guitar lines, and excellently unpredictable incredibly tight rhythm section. it's mostly mid tempo, but loses a little clarity and drive when they try to thrash it out to fast. Unfortunately, the vocals are as anonymous sounding as the music is richly inventive. they are just your basic, boring guy screaming his head off in prescribed HC formula, without much sense of timing, emotion, or individuality. Too bad, because with the right singer they could be unstoppable. They would even do better to be an instrumental combo, as evidenced by the title track. Nonetheless, this is still a damn strong release by another great Troubleman find. (BG)
(Troubleman Unlimited, 16 Willow St, Bayonne, NJ 07002)

REGISTRATORS - "Singles" LP

Collection of singles from this (I think) broken-up Japanese garage band. If I'm wrong, then why isn't this a new record and why aren't they touring? This is an awesome band, and although I already have most of these songs on 7", having them all on one slab of vinyl just keeps me from having to interrupt my pogoing all over the house to change the record every two minutes. (DP)
(Rip Off, 581 Maple, San Bruno, CA 94066)

RIGHT BRIGADE /A POOR EXCUSE - split EP

RIGHT BRIGADE from Boston come at you with some great hardcore with a touch of youth crew thrown in for good measure. Fast and pissed off, with a SLAPSHOT cover to boot. A POOR EXCUSE, who are also from Boston, whip out four songs with more of a straight forward punk sound. Rowdy songs about getting shitfaced, hating your job, and the exploitation of punk. And it is all laid out on a piss-yellow piece of vinyl. (RC)
(Bridge Nine Records, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA. 02199, bridge9.com)

RIPCORD - "Hardcore" CD

This is a German press of the collection CD that came out on Raging Records. Its got the essential first flexi, the first LP, plus a slew of comp tracks—some of which never saw the light of day. How can I do justice to RIPCORD? Well, lets say they played a distinctly UK brand of fast and pissed hardcore back in the late '80s. This CD compiles tracks that were from their earlier years when they had a rawer sound; their later years saw a more Boston brand of HC emerge in their style. Both early and later RIPCORD rule...if you missed out the first round, get this. (MW)
(Epistrophy, PO Box 312, 30003, Hanover, GERMANY)

RIPCORD - "More Songs About..." CD

Wow. This is certainly not the first time that this has been reissued—and listening to it again, there's a reason that it keeps coming around. Back in the late '80s (this was recorded in 1988), there were a few bands around playing this style. All of the stuff that evolved from this genre could be a subject of much debate—but regardless, there was a huge influence. Short, quick and fast—bands like RIPCORD and HERESY had a huge influence on the hardcore we still listen to. This has stood up pretty well—it sounds old, that seems only fair. This contains their *Harvest Hardcore* EP (my favorite material from them still), *Poetic Justice* LP and a radio session and live track. If you were there, you know, if you weren't—you should learn. (TM)
(Epistrophy, PF 312, 30003 Hanover, GERMANY)

ROCK AND ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS - "Wildman" EP

Alright, when you just got home from school and you're sick and tired and all you want to do is sit down and eat a big bowl of pasta, put on this record while you're making your pasta, and it will be a total pasta party. ROCK AND ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS are three dorky co-op kids from Berkeley who play crazy garage rock and roll. I'm not gonna try to pull any deeper meaning out of this. They play rock and roll music and they do it well, with energy and soul and lots of screaming. This record is a live recording of the band who might just save the world with three chords. (WT)
($3: Soul Not Style c/o Marcos, 2527 Ridge Rd., Berkeley, CA. 94709 rocknrolladventurekids@hotmail.com)

ROCK AND ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS - "Wildman" EP

Jesus Christ this is going to be the band the hip kids will be talking about in a few years. They won't be chart busting, trend setting, dress up asshole music, but much like SUPERCHARGER and the MUMMIES they will inflict damage and leave the informed and hip able to say "Yeah, I saw them and they were amazing". Marcos is a mad man and this record prooves it. Frantic, raw and pure energy via four chords and screams. Let this be your warning/tip off. (BM)
($3: Soul Not Style c/o Marcos, 2527 Ridge Rd., Berkeley, CA. 94709 rocknrolladventurekids@hotmail.com)

SAFETY PINS/THE HELLBENDERS- split LP

I always dig that tougher than nails sound of the SAFETY PINS. Biffs, lead singer sounds like he has a case of full-on gnarly throat cancer in action. Yes kids here's some full throttle Spaniards doing

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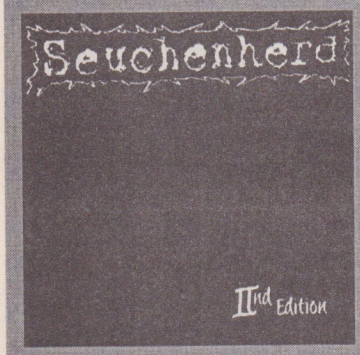

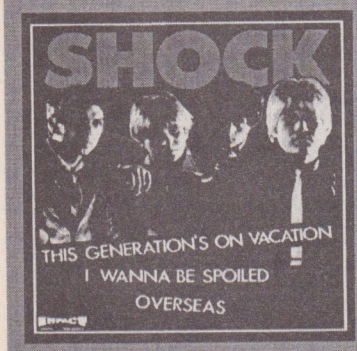

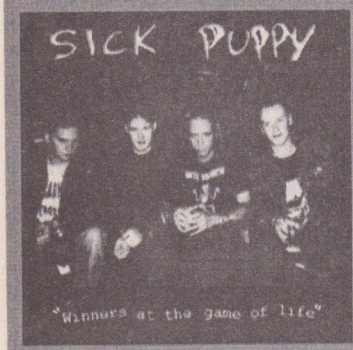

what they do best, causing musical mayhem. My only problem with this one is the over usage of effects, especially in "Heartbeat," which has me clawing for the fast forward button. Hey, call me old fashioned. The best one here is the REACTORS' straight to the point, "I Want Sex." Okay HELLBENDERS, when are you going to have an album out all on your lonesome? Two split LPs? So what, I'm bustin' your balls a little. Kids who get their kicks on big sounding guitar bands will wanna check this out. This is Southern California balls to the wall R'n'R played fast 'n' furious. Get a cold sixer and enjoy. (DL)
(Dead Beat, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078)

SCARLET LETTER - "In a Minute" EP

There is *a lot* going on here. At times SCARLET LETTER seems to follow in line with someone like WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?, with fast sixteenth beats and a similar vocal delivery. Then, from the middle of nowhere, you get an acoustic break with high end melodic singing. And if that wasn't enough, they even manage to bring in a bunch of chugga-chugga parts. I think its cool how they managed to cut and paste all these different parts together, but what inevitably suffers from this is the fluidity of the songs. Yet, its obvious that SCARLET LETTER put a lot of effort into this release, with such intricate songs and an intense, aesthetically-pleasing booklet, SCARLET LETTER communicates that they really have something to say. (SP)
(Hater of God, PO Box 666, Troy NY. 12181-1371)

SCREAMERS - "In a Better World" 2xCD

Wonderful. The SCREAMERS were one of the leading lights of Los Angeles' early punk rock scene in the late '70s, and different from their contemporaries (like the GERMS, BAGS, X, WEIRDOS, or SKULLS) in that they used distorted/damaged synthesizers and Rhodes keyboards rather than the traditional Flying V guitars employed by other bands. Lyrically, they were no less unconventional: tunes like "Magazine Love" ("...you don't love me, you love magazines"), "Mater Dolores" ("...Mater Dolores, Mother of Sorrows/She longs to be someone else, not the chosen one") managed to sidestep punk clichés as well as mainstream rock 'n' roll convention. Unlike later synth-driven groups they kept a flesh-and-blood drummer (KK Barrett), and never lost their sense of crazed fun amidst all the sonic experimentation and art-damaged-decadent stage antics. *In a Better World* collects four complete live sets recorded at the Whisky á Go Go, the Mabuhay Gardens and New York's Roxy along with assorted demo tracks and rarities (none of which appeared on last year's bootleg LP), all enclosed in a handmade, screenprinted sleeve and accompanying booklet. The sound quality varies, but for a band that never left behind any "official" recorded documents, it's immaterial. Limited to a mere 250 copies, this well-intentioned bootleg might already be long gone—so keep your ear to the ground and wait for the inevitable second pressing. Wrap yourself in cellophane, eat microwaved TV dinners and listen to the SCREAMERS, 'cause you're right at home living in the not-too-distant future. (JH)
(Xeroid, no address)

SEPTIC TIMES/DAIRY QUEENS – split EP

It's hard for me to criticize the bands on this record, because the production is just awful. Now it could be one of the following: the bands, the recording, or the pressing. Regardless, somebody along the way failed to excersize quality control. I believe both SEPTIC TIMES and the DAIRY QUEENS are playing fast screeching straight up punk, with female vocals on the DAIRY QUEENS track. If that is what I was hearing through all the mud of this recording. I did play this on three different record players just to be sure it wasn't me. (JF)
(Chode Brand, 1138 N. Edgefield, Dallas, TX 75208)

SEUCHENHERD - "Second Edition" EP

Fucking great! Don't let this thrashy hardcore EP slip by you. Germans know how to crush with finesse and style. Tough and fast? Oh, yes! They do it and do it well. Nine songs here with some lyrics in English and others in German. (TJ)
(Civilisation c/o Oliver Schwarz, Parkstr. 39, 89312 Günzburg, GERMANY, civilisation-records@web.de)

SHIFTERS – "Shattered" LP

A punk rock keeper here! A great energetic mixture of the STITCHES and SAINTS style punk with vocal similarities to US BOMBS. This LP is already a fave around the retro circles. Twelve strong blasts that end too quickly. A great full length from this semi-local band! (RL)
(Radio, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476)

SHOCK - "This Generation's on Vacation" EP

The reissues keep coming... repro of "classic" 1978 single...not bad...kind of lightweight...personally, it doesn't make my dick hard but then I'm not Greg Lowery...actually I guess the punk rock stamp collectors probably don't get hard at this either since it brings down the value of their copies. Better you should spend five dollars than twenty-five...if you gotta have it...I guess. (SW)
(Impact, PO Box 15537, Long Beach, CA 90815)

SICK PUPPY - "Winners at the Game of Life" CD

You know what? I landed the big one. Break out the cocaine platter and bust out the deli tray baby, because I'm the new bass player for fuckin' METALLICA!!! Fuck yeah!!! Who needs bullshit punk rock like this band—five songs of bad metal-influenced hardcore with no playing or song writing ability whatsoever—when you're making millions. As they say in England...so long, suckers!! (RM)
(Sick Puppy, 868 Pershore Road, Selly Park, Birmingham, West Midlands, B29 7LS, UK)

THE SKUNKS – "Earthquake Shake: Recorded Live 1980" CD

Billy (now William) Blackmon, once drummer of Austin's SKUNKS has released a coupla live

sets from 1980, one recorded in their hometown, the other at Max's Kansas City, NYC. Bonus tracks are the first SKUNKS 45, "Can't Get Loose" b/w "Earthquake Shake". Never punk (tho lumped in cos they were at the right place at the right time), they began true to their vision as garage-rockers on the first 45, subsequently infusing increasingly commercial touches such as '70s hard rock-isms and hard popster/waver workups a la the HOOTERS. While the Austin set is a bit slow, illuminated mostly by a cover of the VELVET'S "Sister Ray", the Max's set picks up significantly with plenty of bite, ass-kicking verve (not to mention better sound). Recommended for students of the era. (HY)
(wgblackmon.com/skunks.html)

SKRUPEL - "Gyroscan T5-11" LP

Whoa. This is everything I'd hope a full length from them would be— disturbing, harsh, unrelenting hardcore. Seventeen tracks of blazing, unrelenting ferocity. I'm using way more adjectives than I'm comfortable with, but fuck, there's a lot going on there. I would be remiss to not mention their accuracy— this is unbelievably tight. Even the gaps between songs are conducive to this style —unless you're CROSSED OUT, keep those gaps short, and keep the impact up. This flat out rages. They can loosen up a bit, take a break, catch their breath (see "White Sheets"), but it's best when the petal is to the metal. Lyrics fit the sound—pissed. Excellent stuff—awesome that they delivered after so many other great releases. (TM)
(Thought Crime, c/o Thomas Franke, Boxhagener Str. 22, 10245 Berlin, GERMANY, skrupel@web.de)

SMALL BROWN BIKE - "Dead Reckoning" CD

For some reason this release seems to fit the weather here in SF lately. Cold brisk clear nights where you can see your breath and feel your bones more acutely in your body. I always feel a vague sense of unplaced longing in this weather. So that's basically what this does for me too. It's somehow dark and anthemic and angrily romantic at the same time. I hear threads of bands like LEATHERFACE, SAMIAM, JAWBREAKER and early MOVING TARGETS wove into their own sort of catchy, chunky melodic songs. Sounds good to me now, but I could tell you, if I heard this in the wrong mood, I'd probably like it much less. Still, it's got a certain overwhelming emotional intensity to it. It keeps its songs mostly fresh sounding. Worth getting. (BG)
(No Idea)

SMALLTOWN – "Stuck" EP

This is brilliant. Rockin' yet emotional poppy punk rock. The note that accompanied the record said "think SLF, JAM, CLASH" but the first thing I thought of was a younger LEATHERFACE or maybe even HÜSKER DÜ. They also sound a lot like (dare-I-say-it) FACE TO FACE (hey, say what you want but FACE TO FACE had a great sound...) but there's also a slew of '90s influences I can't quite put my finger on. This is as good a 7 inch as I've heard in quite a while, they show an incredible em...maturity for such a young band. Shit, this record could almost single-handedly save vinyl. Oh, whaddya know, they're Swedish... Figures. (AD)
($4ppd: Dull Records, c/o Kalle Larsson, Kornstigen, 7B, 784 52 Borlange, SWEDEN, e-mail: kalledull@home.se)

SONNY FLAHARTY & THE MARK V - "Hey Conductor" LP

You're learning right along with me this time...SONNY FLAHARTY & the MARK V were a Dayton, Ohio band plying their trade during the heady days of 1965 and '67, playing teen dances, releasing singles, and watching their stars rise bright and shining along the Clearasil circuit of the day(and good for 'em). *Hey Conductor* collects twelve assorted single tracks and outtakes into an entertaining LP's worth of punchy '60s punk and pop, with some expertly-played organ and harmonica and free homespun wit from Mr. Flaharaty himself ("Do you believe in society? Do you believe in war? Do you believe in poverty? I bet you don't even believe in Batman!"). These guys might not have been any more talented or original than any of their garage contemporaries, but they're still preferrable to a modern imitation that slavishly duplicates the look, sound and attitude. A suitable soundtrack for yer next Pabst-and-pork-rinds binge. (JH)
(Dionysus, PO 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

THE SOUND OF FAILURE - "Matador" CD

Wow, Some really good stuff here. THE SOUND OF FAILURE are a three-piece from Pennsylvania who seem to have a very consistent sound going. They work like any good trio should with the guitar and bass counterbalancing each other, exchanging hooks, fills and breaks, and no one instrument dominating the mix. The vocals, too, are well woven into the songs and work well with the beat, reminding me a little of the BURNMAN CD I reviewed last month. Isn't it funny how in a particular month, a band's name can come up more than once, well JOHN HENRY WEST did yet again come into my mind while listening to this CD, except SOUND OF FAILURE goes to the half time parts a little bit more. I would really look forward to seeing this band live. I really would. (SP)
(Breathmint, PO Box 54, Richboro, PA. 18954-0054)

SPAZZ – "Sweatin' II: Deported Live Dwarf" CD

Well it's now complete, with the release of Sweatin' II, you can now find all your favorite SPAZZ tunes on a digital format. Actually, the first two parts of this disk had been previously released on CD as the "Dwarf JesterRising" full length and on a split with Australia's SUBVERSION. The final part is a live radio show recorded a couple of years back. All this shit is good fast as fuck hardcore, none really mind blowing, but all worth owning. Oh yeah, too all the bands that are inspired by SPAZZ, remember they never took themselves too seriously. (JF)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

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THE SPOOK/FRANKENSTEIN DRAG QUEENS - Split EP

The SPOOK sound like the MISFITS and wear creepy costumes, only the MISFITS were scary and these guys are just silly. FRANKENSTEIN DRAG QUEENS play an ALICE COOPER cover and wear women's clothes. (DP)
(Drake Willock, PO Box 101125, 46011 Oberhausen, GERMANY, halloweenmike666@aol.com)

STAGE BOTTLES – "Sometimes Antisocial...Always Anti-Fascist" EP

On the cover there's a bunch of cartoon punks and skins surrounding a Nazi skin, then on the back cover they decapitate him and light up joints and drink beer. Nice. I reviewed this band a year ago for a different mag, I really like them, great smart Oi! (not necessarily a contradiction) from the front line that is Frankfurt, Germany. They remind me of the STRIKE a little, bringing in female vocals and the odd horn to back up fine no-nonsense streetpunk. (Hey Bruce— you there?) A lot of these European skinhead bands put their American counterparts to shame by living the life that they sing about and not shying away from radical anti-fascist politics and action. They give a shout out to R.A.S.H. (Red & Anarchist Skinheads, based in New York) at the start of the record, so maybe someone will bring them over to these shores for a tour. We can only hope. (AD)
(Mad Butcher, Bergfeldstr 3, D- 34289 Zierenberg, GERMANY)

THE STRAP-ONZ - "Fuck Squatter Sympathy" EP

This band has some potential. You can hear all kinds of early '80s SoCal punk/hardcore in the mix. You know, cool little lead guitar parts, catchy but not poppy chord progressions as well as song structures, and lastly, a singer who's almost talking. Damn, this is pretty rippin'. The only thing that ruins it for me is that one of the dudes looks like he should be in fuckin G.B.H. What can I say, I've been reading the Enquirer (it's a shame Tom and Nicole split up) and that "would you be caught dead wearing this outfit" stuff has kind of rubbed off on me. (RM)
(Charged Records, PO Box 157, High Bridge, NJ 08829)

STRIKING DISTANCE - "What's Best" EP

Nine songs of thick-ass East Coast hardcore. Breakdowns abound, and the fast parts fly by while Byrd on the mic destroys his vocals cords with great one-liners like "We don't need you here," and "Never doubt what we say/We're using our minds/So just stay out of our way." Toss a handful of nickels into the pit at their shows, stand back, and watch the windmilling carnage! This is a totally solid record...there's a reason why this "formula" is so popular, and STRIKING DISTANCE leave bandwagon jumpers far behind. (WN)
(Vicious Circle, PO Box 4621, Richmond, VA 23220, dchc_99@hotmail.com)

SUPERSTAR ROOKIE - "The Problem With Words" CD

Guys from Ohio who do earnest poppy stuff with an edge. Singer alternates between a JAWBREAKER-like gruffness and a soft monotone. Actually the JAWBREAKER analogy is more than appropriate here as the songs are fairly ambitious bits of hooks, changing moods and emotional crests that kick in with the goods at the right spot as well as an introspective air. Obviously more sophisticated and ambiguous than what your old school punker is going to expect. An obvious DC reference here too. Great tune in "Next Stop Eleven" and "Pulling Oliver's Wings" which has pop-punk hooks and emotion up the wazoo. Glad to know that at least somebody is unafraid to doing something of a personal nature that still rocks. These guys have impressed the shit out of me and I wish them luck. (JY)
(Diaphram Records, 2480 Indianola Ave. Columbus, OH 43202)

SVART SNÖ/STARVED AND DELIRIOUS - split EP

Man, I tell you, sometimes you just get a record and you know it will rule. I mean, take such classic ass-rippers SVART SNÖ (who continue in their tradition of fast driving råpunk), and pair them up with the Portland's STARVED AND DELIRIOUS's speedy crust (in the same school as STATE OF FEAR) and you got a match made in heaven. Extra points for the sick female vox and the POISON IDEA cover, on the part of STARVED AND DELIRIOUS. Pick this up a remember what hardcore *should* sound like—filthy, trashy, thrashy and for da' fuck'n punx! (MT)
(Consensus Reality, 1951 W. Burnside 1654, Portland, OR 97209)

TERMINAL ASPECT/TION - split EP

After recording these tracks, I hope TERMINAL ASPECT's singer got himself down to Walgreens for some cough syrup, because it sounds like he's coming down with some serious strep. Coupled with endless metal licks and uninspired thrash drumming, it makes for a pretty unappealing listen. Turn the disc over though, and TION delve deep into their collective disturbed psyches to concoct a hellish metallic assault with enough twists and turns to keep it interesting and to keep the jigging crusties guessing as to which dance move to pull next. Another game of two halves. (AM)
(Geddy Lee, 4321 4th Ave NE, Seattle, WA 98105)

TERROR Y MISERIA - "Enseña los Dientes" EP

Great three-chord punk/hardcore from Argentina. They mix melody with some aggressive songs for one great punk EP. You'd never expect three chords to sound so good, or for the style to retain the urgency after so many years, but when a band does it with sincere anger like TERROR Y MISERIA, then it sounds like you're hearing South American punk for the first time all over again. (MW)
(Sin Fronteras, PO Box 8004, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE THANES - "The Best of..." 2xLP

This retrospective of the THANES, covering nearly fifteen years of neo- '60s music-making (they

stared off as the GREEN TELESCOPE), gives no indication of their reputation as a live outfit, but this Scottish band's individuality is more a matter of subtlety than hard-rockin' garage thrills. They don't easily fit a mold. I liked "Static", which molds complex guitars with unconventional power chord hooks, while farfisa organ predominates on the KINK-ish "Never Make Me Blue." No trebley garage recordings or screechy raves here; his band depends more on atmospheric arrangements than catchy melodies, and most of their virtues emerge after multiple listenings. (SS)
(Corduroy, 41 Fellows St, Kew VIC 3101 AUSTRALIA)

THEY LIVE - "We Sleep—Demo 1996" EP

Yep, it was the mid-'90s everyone was in to wrestling and powerviolence. Remember? THEY LIVE was there in the thick of it, destroying. Ten shredding tracks to prove it. Can you ever go wrong with a PROJECT X cover and children in cages? I think not. (TJ)
(Midget Room, 41 Eden Ave., Tonawanda, NY 14150/theylive@disinfo.net)

THINK TWICE - "One Solution" CD

This is lyrical brilliance. The logical conclusion to "BBQ Barbie" is that if you think that a girl looks like a slut, then it's your right to rape her because it's her fault. It comforts me to know that punk has become so progressive. Musically, Southern California "melodic hardcore" pretty much sums it up. Up tempo songs, heavy on the octaves and a little guitar wanking every once in a while. (PA)
(24086 Regents Park, Valencia, CA. 91355, thinktwicerocks@hotmail.com)

THROW RAG - "Devil Gone Good/Bag of Glue" EP

Two very rock 'n' roll tunes. "Devil Gone Good" almost could of come from Mike Ness's solo albums with its country twangy influences. "Bag of Glue," a catchy rockin' tune with sing a long choruses. Pretty fun. (SR)
(Kapow!, PO Box 1287, Lake Forest, CA, 92630)

THE TILES - "I Can't Sleep at Night/Let Her Be"

Four lads from Saarbruecken, Germany showcase their songwriting with this pair of trebley mid-'60s rockers. The recording itself was the prize for winning a battle of the bands, and their British beat sound comes through clear. Both tunes are good, but the rolling beat of "Let Her Be" captures nostalgic shades of the PRETTY THINGS and the wanings of MERSEY. (SS)
(Ugly Things, 3707 Fifth Ave #145, San Diego, CA. 92103)

TRAPDOOR FUCKING EXIT - "Run Idiot Run" CD

I've already seen a few mentions of RITES OF SPRING in previous reviews of this CD. Must be the melody that runs alongside the rumble and ugly that is giving folks trouble with their reviews. It's a melodic hammer halfway between TRAGEDY and BREAD & CIRCUITS/TORCHES TO ROME. The occasional breakdowns that create several moments of expansion in the songs are guided by a killer bass rattle. The vocals previously ran around in LAST MATCH. Here they're still harsh but up front and (pardon the Swedish band comparison) come across as a less bossy REFUSED, both vocally and lyrically. Look, I apologize for recycling this review from my column but I did spend a lot of time on it and I think it edges towards explaining how fantastic this CD is. (TH)
(Bridge, Box 1903, 58118 Linkoping, SWEDEN)

THE TREND - "Batman Live at Budokan" LP

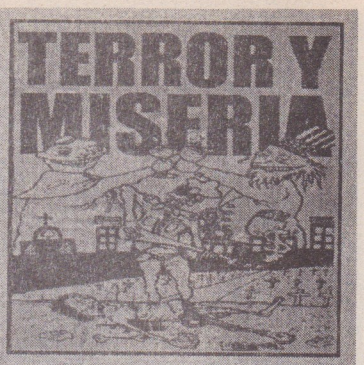
Ok, here's the deal: this is a re-issue of a record released in 1982 on Northside Records, with two bonus tracks (from an earlier 7"). This is NOT a live record. Classic pop-punk or punk-pop from New York made by teenage kids. Wow. I've been listening to punk rock since about 1982 and I've never heard (of) this record. If these guys were from California and not New York, they would have been on the Beach Boulevard compilation with the SIMPLETONES, the CROWD and the like. Don't miss this the second time around. (KK)
(Hate Recs., circ.ne gianicolense 112, 00152, Roma, ITALY)

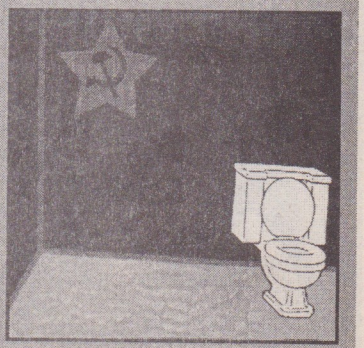
TRUE NORTH/THE RED SCARE - split EP

OK, TRUE NORTH is getting a lot of acclaim as of late, mainly stemming from their ability to weave a borage of influences together and create something that is actually pretty complex and intelligent, while still remaining stylistically simple. With fast parts reminding me a little of JOHN HENRY WEST, combined with the omnipresent 12 HOUR TURN influence (a given, considering that the two bands share a member or two), TRUE NORTH prove they are definitely a force to contend with. I especially liked the witty posi anthem "Its 3 AM. Do you know where your ballot box is", concerning the recent elections ("12 percent is all we need"..."its not out of reach"), very savvy indeed. To my disappointment, THE RED SCARE appears here with only one song—a cover of that classic "Send Me an Angel" by REAL LIFE. They pull it off well by converting it to a slow, drawn out epic. You could almost believe its actually a RED SCARE song, making the listener wonder what their original songs sound like on the new album (a teaser perhaps). An awesome split nonetheless and a must have for fans of either band. (SP)
(Sound Virus, PO Box 55783, Valencia, CA. 91385)

2¢ WORTH - "Live, Sick & Raw at the Boston in Las Vegas" CD

Live, Sick & Raw blasts off with beautiful distortion, classic melody and a breakneck hardcore beat. Eventually, a few mid-tempo anthems are mixed in to this tight, energetic live recording. Some tunes sorta remind me of the RAMONES with GROOVIE GHOULIES vocals. 2¢ spend keep the between song banter to a minimum and crank out 11 decently mixed and recorded tunes in 29 minutes. Nothing too heavy lyrically, just solid punk rock. (HM)
(AVD, 8370 W. Cheyenne, PMB 109-22, Las Vegas, NV 89129)





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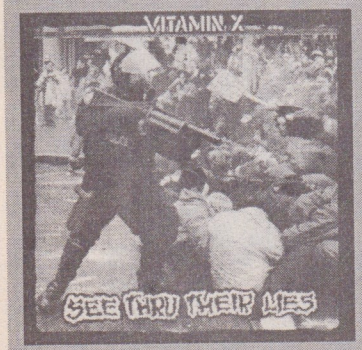


UNPERSONS - "Blood Money" EP

Midpaced hardcore from Georgia—this had an immediate good impression on me. It's slower than most of the stuff I listen to, but is still angry and caustic. The track "Starving" is my favorite—although it's all pretty solid—it's just the quickest of these selections. They say that the songs were written over the last couple of years, and perhaps that's the quality difference here—they don't sound like they were rushed or put together in a hurry. Lyrics cover the personal/ political vein—kinda vague, but you can get the point. (TM)
(204 Verdell Drive, Savannah GA 31406, revolusi@aol.com)

UNTIL TODAY - "Blindness" EP

SXE (not sexy!) hardcore from the state of Virginia that reminds me in its better moments of early DAG NASTY...catchy with decent lyrics (though I am tired as hell of hearing about how your friends stabbed you in the back). There are some really cheesy as fuck moments on this record—like the whispered vocals right before the big mosh part in the track "The Road Not Taken." Of course there is the token YOUTH OF TODAY cover. Ten years ago I would have loved this, but now...the cheese is just too ripe. (MT)
($4; S.O.A., via Oderisi Gubbio 67/69, 00146 Roma ITALY, users.iol.it/soa.records)

VEIL - "Out of the Shadows" CD

What the fuck is this? Altern-a-metal industrial edged weak-ass singing shit? Why the fuck does this exist? I don't want to even know how humans can create such fucking lame music. If there is someone in your life you want to torture, this will work. It sent me into a blind fury. (TJ)
(Lindenblvd Records, Hannover, GERMANY/linden.de)

VARICOSE VEINS - "Incredible" EP

Unclear if this is a boot or now, but at least this 45 has inner labels probably true to the orig. These guys were Brit shits, back in the day as this was recorded in '78. "Geographical Problem" and "Hiroshima" are the sort of tuneless staccato drums driven shout rant bashing, kind of like the ART ATTACKS of the same era. "Just Because" is a twee, TVP style warbler. A must for fans of the UK punk sound. (HY)
(Warped, no address)

VENDETTAS - "The More I Want" EP

More rock and roll for me this month. Today is a fucking amazing day for me so far, drunk and already rocking out and it's not even 2 PM. VENDETTAS are male and female rock and roll with a hint of surf sleeze. Another record that you can slap down and spin while flailing and flinging your body to and fro. Lo- fi and stripped down. That's the way I like it. (BM)
(1353 La France St. Ne., Atlanta, GA. 30307)

THE VIBRATORS - "Independent Singles Collection" 2xLP

To be honest, I never paid much attention to this band. I liked the "Baby Baby" single OK, but not enough to really investigate deeper. Listening to this collection, I think that if I had made a point of tracking down their other releases, I probably wouldn't have been a big fan, given the other stuff I was into at the time (No, it wasn't '77—but I probably first heard this band in 1985, and at that point, if it wasn't skatecore, I wasn't that interested.) Coming back to this stuff now, I can certainly appreciate it a lot more, but maybe that's because I find myself listening to a lot of classic rock and new wave these days. Frankly, I'm just not particularly blown away—I accept that they're considered an important band, but they had plenty of contemporaries that were making challenging, aggressive, powerful rock and roll. This record has its moments of brilliance, but for the most part, it's just weak. Alright, maybe someone will do a double review and crucify me for my sacrilege. Fair enough. (AM)
(Get Back, Via Aretina 25, 50069 Sieci (Firenze), ITALY)

VIRUS - "Still Fighting For a Future" LP

Anthem after bloody anthem on this bright orange 12-incher. "Take Control," "They Lie," "Battles," and "Until We Win" (but what will we win? Is it a trophy? A free bowling alley? 40s for life? The song just talks about fighting and winning, but not WHO we fight of WHAT we aim to win...I'm confused.) are just a few of the songs the kids will be screaming next month. This is quality punky punk from five fellows with better hair than the CASUALTIES...but, wait...what's this? HOLY SHIT!!! They fucking airbrushed color into the bassist's liberty spikes!! It appears his sunglasses might be added on as well. I swear I'm not making this up. He has flawless hair in the live shots, why in the world did they need to add pink and green to the posed "sittin' on the steps in NYC getting ready to destroy society" shot on the back cover. Guess the CASUALTIES still get the hair trophy, but VIRUS is a way better band...even if the can't be honest about their bad hair days...hey guys, we all have them...it's OK; once we win the war there will be FREE Manic Panic EVERYDAY!! For ALL THE PUNXX!!! (WN)
(Charged Records, PO Box 157, High Bridge, NJ, 08829)

VITAMIN X - "See Thru Their Lies" CD

VITAMIN X have developed into a more political band, check their cover—crust/peace punk all the way (Oh, you can see it in their lyrics, too. If you care about that sort of thing)! But deep inside the youthful catchy sing-a-long hardcore still abounds (can't lose the little hooded guy with hockey mask and baseball bat just yet nor his style aggression). Definitely the best VITAMIN X to hit the street. Watch out. (TJ)
(SOA Records,)

VOMIT PIGS - "Useless Eaters" LP

Hello Rave Up, who have you dug up this week from 1978? Texas legends the VOMIT PIGS! Very fine, you get the whole original EP, only a few atrocious live tracks this time and fine extra studio stuff ("Hypo" and "Bomb the Arabs" esp.) The VP's strength is vox and lyrics, so concentrate on those. I *like* your wayback machine! (RW)
(Rave Up, Via Montecuccoli 13, 00176, Rome, ITALY, raveup@tiscalinet.it)

WADGE/SHIT ON COMMAND - split EP

WADGE offer up six more bursts of noisy ass uncompromising hardcore. Full of hate from start to finish...one song has about 5 seconds of melody, but that's it. Vocals occasionally remind me of MITB, but this is just plain tough as shit. SHIT ON COMMAND...let me guess: noisy grind? Everything sounds high and distorted, as I'm sure was the intention, but no rash judgments here; there are songs here, not just noise, and pretty fucking awesome songs at that. A brutal record, on both sides. (WN)
(Regurgitated Semen Records, Strasse des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpollnitz, GERMANY)

WARM JETS - "She Says/Diabla"

Guitar oriented "stuff". I guess it's punk rock, but it sounds more "metally", particularly the A side. Lots of guitar—some grinding and some lead—and sub-par vocals, but it's ok, 'cause they're mixed too low anyway. The B side suffers from the same mixing problems, but the song itself is at least a bit better, not quite so "metally" and more towards the melodic punk style. (KK)
(Acme Recs., PO Box 441, Dracut, MA. 01826, http://acmerecords.bizland.com)

WHITE STRIPES - "Lord, Send Me An Angel/You're Pretty Good Looking" 45

"You're Pretty..." is listed as the Trendy American Remix, and damn, there's definitely truth in advertising there. What it amounts to is the weakest track on the LP, released almost verbatim, except for this annoying filter on the vocals. Ah, but then there's "Lord, Send Me...", an excellent interpretation of the old BLIND WILLIE McTELL song. Hearing this track, one can understand what makes WHITE STRIPES all the rage these days. The song is stripped down to acoustic guitar, bass drum, and tambourine. Jack White's voice perfectly conveys the sexual unselfconsciousness and casual menace the song calls for. He even adjusts the lyrics to suit his own ends, if you know what I mean. Great, great song, but I'm still not sure I'd pay $4.00 for one song. (BG)
(Sympathy for The Record Industry)

WOLFBRIGADE/AUDIO KOLLAPS - split EP

Oh man, you better run! Listening to this is like being having your village ransacked by a mighty army of Vikings, crops wrecked, heads split open left and right! Run, my children! The axeman is upon us! Wait, where am I again... OK, so for those of you not in the know, WOLFPACK changed their name to WOLFBRIGADE, and have seemingly lost the guy from ANITCIMEX, but not that flavor—driving powerful, crushing, D-beat, ass-ripping hardcore. Hail Sweden, Hail! Flip it over and you get much more of the same from AUDIO KOLLAPS—though with the occasional blast beat thrown it for emphasis. Not as powerful as WOLFBRIGADE, but I wouldn't kick them out of bed for eating crackers! Solid. (MT)
(Epistrophy, P.O. Box 312, 30003 Hannover, GERMANY)

YIDCORE - "If I Were a Rich Man" CD

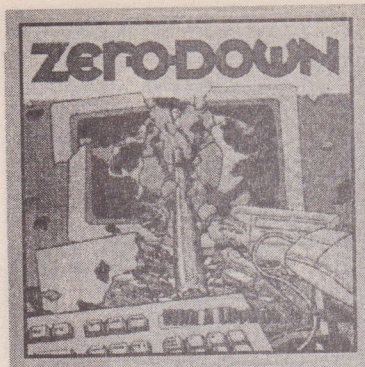
These crazed Aussie YIDs have a great time creating some sort of a punk-hardcore-pop-traditional musical behemoth. This CD ranges from funny and brilliant to odd and corny. More than half the tunes are in Yiddish, and I wish I was in on their jokes. I'm laughing and giggling, and I don't even know what the fuck they're saying! There's hints of NANCY VANDAL, ONE EYE OPEN, YOUR MOTHER and all the other folks who are awesome musicians with a true sense of arrangement, showmanship and songwriting. I highly recommend this to everyone, especially connoisseurs of the weird and the entire Jewish community. (HM)
(Swell, PO Box 287004, New York, NY 10128, yidcore.com)

ZEAL - LP

Band from Australia who do, a amalgam of grunge, STOOGES and garage but with a considerably under-recorded feel. Songs sound like a lighter version of *SuperFuzzBigMuff*-era MUDHONEY. Also unless you know what you're doing, two slide guitars in one song is a recipe for disaster. But y'know, ultimately this isn't a bad record, "Just Can't Wait" is a cool tune, but its got the usual first-time flubs: one guitar player is too loud and outta control and not in tune, you can hear the drummer mess up a couple of times, singer is lost in the mix, etc. All that could be forgiven with the proper attitude and balls. But maybe there isn't enough of that here. This would've come across better probably as a 7". Maybe these guys had too little time to record? Who knows. (JY)
(Corduroy Records, 41 Fellows St. Kew VIC 3101. AUSTRALIA)

ZEGOTA - "Movement in the Music" LP

Take elements of early FUGAZI or FUEL, toss in a little bit of CATHARSIS's power and metal semantics and top it off with a feeling of hope and passion for the possibility for the kids to still change the world, and you got one powerful record. Fans of Polish superstars POST REGIMENT and KLINIKIA should take note. This is the new peace punk kids. The perfect soundtrack to long nights of drinking and loving after a hard day defending the squat. Oh yeah, this is the Euro-trash version of the same LP that came out last year on Crimethinc. (MT)
(Reflections, De Nijverheid 30, 7681 MD Vroomshoop, THE NETHERLANDS, relflections.demon.nl)



ZERO DOWN - "With a Lifetime to Pay" CD

ZERO DOWN includes a former member of STRUNG OUT an their sound isn't far from what that would lead you to expect. Band similarities range from PROPAGANDHI to BAD RELIGION and TEN FOOT POLE. Some songs are poppy and catchy while others are faster with a bit of an edge. The only real problem is that you can listen to almost every song and say "this one sounds like (place band name here)". Not to original but at least they do it well. (PA)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA. 94119-3690, fatwreck.com)

V/A - "Bombed in Las Vegas Vol. 1" CD

If you thought that the only good thing about Las Vegas were their nauseating recreations of our unhappy planet's favorite cities, you were wrong...or maybe you were right. I guess it all depends on if you like pop punk. I'm talking, literally about *pop* punk. There were no chances taken here. There are five Las Vegas Bands on this comp, and I can pretty easily compare each one to another band. I'm not sure what the connection is between all of these bands, but I can't tell their singers apart. Lots of love songs/"Why did you leave me?" songs and songs about life sucking. I guess we can all relate, but this jaded asshole is starving for something new. One thing that is for sure is that the pop punk bands are a lot more interesting out in Nevada than they are here. Not bad at all. (WT)
(AVD, 8370 W. Cheyenne, Box 109-22, Las Vegas, NV. 89129)

V/A - "Get Thee to a Nunnery" CD

The sexy nun picture on the cover of this CD should please Floyd and all others with peculiar Catholic fetishes. International hardcore comp with everyone's dance floor heroes DS-13 and a mess of other bands, none of who I'm familiar with (unless the MORMONS are the ones from Ohio). NINE CURVE from Japan and KNOCK UP step forward and volunteer themselves as the bands that I'd like to see more of. Also not too shabby are HAVAISTYS, FREAKS, and HUONO OLO. (TH)
($10:Defiance Music Bastard System, 50 Fielding Cres, Hamilton, Ontario L8V 2P5 CANADA)

V/A – "Hyped to Death #21" CD

The liner notes claim there were periods in the history of punk where better music was being issued on 12" than on 45. While this installment, compiling LP tracks from the R to Z part of the alph, doesn't go outta its way to prove that theory, it IS another fun ride thru the back alleys of the genre. On this we find lesser bands (391, RAUNCHETTES, SUBTERFUGE) on better known indie labels (Posh Boy, Bomp, Mystic), while also digging up lesser known tracks from usual suspects (the ALLEYCATS with a track off the usually overlooked Sharp Cuts comp, MIDDLE CLASS, etc). You get some pretty fringe stuff ("paisley-punk" by the END, "Christian punk" by UNDERCOVER), as well as the more standard sounding punk fare (STRANGLEHOLD, STRETCHMARKS). URANIUM SAVAGES track "Policeman" sounds a lot like the Vast Majority's "Wanna Be a Number". No classics in the making, but a few digworthy tracks, like ROGER C. REALE, SUBTERFUGE, DETOURS and the RATS. (HY)
(hyped2death.com)

V/A – "Hyped to Death #22" CD

A continuation of *Hyped to Death* #21, which compiles LP tracks from the R to Z part of the alph, this appears to be the one that all the best tracks were saved for. This kicks far more ass with far more straight ahead blazing punk than its predecessor. Lotsa tracks that woulda made great 45's: the REDS "Whatcha Doin" and WHITE BOY "I Hate" to name but a few. You get a downright anthem in F-MODELS "It's Not Right". Pop punk is done right on "Violent Days" by SCREAMING SNEAKERS. A straight 10-track run of Canuck bands gets you pogo-ing. Titles like "Kill Your Parents", "Go to Hell" and "I Don't Wanna Be Your Friend" are begging to become the classics of tomorrow. One of the best in the *Hyped to Death* series and very highly recommended. (HY)(hyped2death.com)

V/A – "Hyped to Death #31" CD

Apparently there were a lot of bands with names in the V to Z part of the alphabet, so you get a whole 74-minute comp with such bands hailing from the Northeast and Midwest part of the US alone. This one includes tracks off 45s and LPs, as well as the unreleased (the comp starts with a one by the ZERO BOYS, which has since been finally issued on a recent reissue of Vicious Circle). Famous obscurities like the VIOLATORS, the TREND, VILETONES and DETENTION. Obscurer obscurities like the WHALES, VISIGOTHS, CRAZY JACK. WRECK'N CREW sounds just like the ZEROS, ZOMBIE SQUAD like the MISFITS, WAGES like a band with a real "hit" (!), VICTIMS OF SOCIETY sound like brit shit. The incisive lyrics of the VORES "Amateur Surgeon" ("Show me your face I wanna Cut Cut Cut") and the wild protopunk of HOOKER's "Young & Suicidal" are kicking my ass right now. Pretty damn decent: I'd put this in the upper third of the *Hyped to Death* series. (HY)
(hyped2death.com)

V/A - "Punk At La Scala" LP

This is an historic documentation on the Milan pre-hardcore punk scene, before punks had a social conscience, but don't get me wrong, it took these kids a lot of guts to be punk in Italy in the late '70s—I know because I looked very punk there in the mid '80s and I got a lot of shit all the time. Best cuts by the GAGS, MITTAGEISEN, TV VAMPIRES. Recording quality goes from poor to good. You can't even find this on *Killed by Death*. (EC)
(Hate, Circonvallazione Gianicolense 112, Rome, 00152 ITALY)

V/A "The Punx" LP

The PUNX is right! This reissue LP of an old cassette comp contains some killer tracks from such classic Japanese punx as LIP CREAM, COBRA, G.I.S.M., LAUGHIN' NOSE, and GAS. All this shit is totally raging—especially the LIP CREAM and COBRA trax. Catchy and mildly melodic yet harsh enough for this "pissed off at the world" sort of fellow. You're better off hunting down one of the many other G.I.S.M. boots (like the split with COMES that just came out last year—smoke'n!), cause the stuff on this puppy isn't their best—in my humble opinion at least. Still quality stuff for many nights of getting all charged up, donning your studded vest and having your own living room dance party! Bonus points for the picture of the skull with the mohawk and yet more killer G.I.S.M. graphics to photocopy and hang on my wall. An excellent way for you to find out a little about Japanese punk without shelling out the mad duckets for the originals. (MT)
(no address)

V/A - "This Is Mod 2" LP

To start with, I must admit I haven't listened to any mod bands in about 10 years, so my frame of reference might be a little outdated. Well, come to think of it, mod music is all about being out of step with the modern day trends, and adhering to it's own monastically-rigid fashion and musical rules, so that's all right. This comp features 7 bands doing 2 or 3 songs each. To be honest, I can't tell when this stuff was recorded, seeing as that there's no info on that (although I can tell that it was at least the early '80s, because of the quality of production). The KILLERMETERS weigh in with one dud and one great edgy pop song, "Twisted Wheel". The PURPLE HEARTS cover of "Scooby Doo" is all manic fun. I liked the JAMisms of the EXITS. The VIPS infuse their mod with rockabilly and early punk. The singer of TERRY TONIK sounds a lot like David Gedge from WEDDING PRESENT, even though he doesn't share his way with a turn of phrase. Overall, a decent sampling of different mod styles. (BG)
(Runt records, PO Box 2947, San Francisco, CA 94126)

V/A - "Thrash of the Titans" LP

Fuck! I admit the title is kinda cheesy, but there's no denying that these are at least some of the titans of thrash. CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, FUCK ON THE BEACH, ANAL CUNT, the mighty BEYOND DESCRIPTION, and fucking DRI! Who dug up that corpse? They sound better than ever here. Their are notable exceptions, sure, but no comp can be perfect, and there are definitely some titanic thrash bands that aren't represented here. Blistering. (AM)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)

V/A - The Rebirthing a Tribute to..."

SAMHAIN. I kinda lost track of Glen Danzig after his pec implants, for some reason. I never listened to his post-MISFITS band. So I am totally surprised. Best cuts by the JACKALOPES, MAZINGA, the UNNAMED. (EC)
(Spasmathic, PO Box 20913, Mesa, AZ 85277)

V/A - "What Has Two Thumbs and Loves Long Island Punk and Hardcore?!?!!?" EP

This record has everything, and it is all top-notch. YOUR MOTHER-ish rock from PORCELAIN DECAY, really good emotional hardcore from ON THE MIGHT OF PRINCES, noisy thrashcore from JAN CUX, INSURGENT reminds me of 90s East Bay punk, and the mighty MAD COW DIZEASE 182 give us two songs about our nether regions. Fucking excellent. (WN)
(Traffic Violation, PO Box 772, East Setauket, NY 11733, trafficviolation.com)

V/A - "Under the Influence" EP

A tribute to SSD!? Well it had to happen I suppose. At least the line-up of bands are solid. You have WHERE FEAR AND WEAPONS MEET, TEN YARD FIGHT, COMMITTED, FAST TIMES, TIME FLIES, and KILL YOUR IDOLS all doing their best to cover the songs of the almighty SSD. Out of all the covers I like the KILL YOUR IDOLS cover of "X Claim" the best. Unfortunately, when a band is as legendary and amazing as SSD it is hard to capture the urgency of the original songs. That goes for most cover songs I hear. While in no way is this a bad release, I was left wanting something more. (RC)
(Vicious Circle Records, PO Box 4621, Richmond, VA 23220, xviciouscirclex@hotmail.com)

V/A - "Violent Climax Vol. 2" EP

The European no-fi sound is here with some decent garagy punk 'n' roll from the GASOLHEADS, the GRABBIES and the FINKERS. The GASOLHEADS continue to deliver their raucous high energy, and the GRABBIES follow suit with a stronger tune! The FINKERS feature an ominous organ, along with some crazed vocals that creates an eerie element to their raw sound. A no-fi classic. Check it out. (HM)
(SadoMasoGrrllls!/The Arse Plot, 4 Rue A.Lumiere 69150, Decines, FRANCE)

V/A "When Hell Freeze Over: A Minneapolis HC/Punk Compilation" -LP

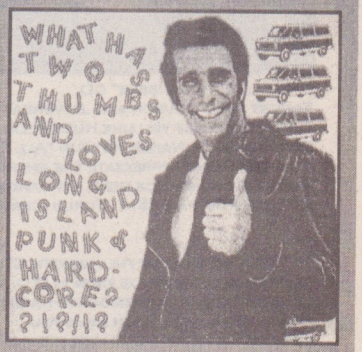
Oh, Minneapolis, one time capital of the black-clad army of circle a punx which roam the land, and sacred guardian of the ancient secrets of Scandinavian style hardcore—we bow to thee. More focused than the last Twin Cities comp I heard (*All Go, No Slow!* 2xLP), this is the filthy underbelly of punk that makes your mom stare in disbelief that you hang out with *those* people. More cities need to produce comps like this these days—as they provide an excellent look into the goings on in those towns. Personal favorites would be the DREADNAUGHT, CALLOUSED, SCORNED, MISERY, SEGUE and CODE 13 trax, but if this is your thing—you really can't go wrong. This is not the punk you buy at the mall and the sort you will never see on MTV. Studs and spikes and hard to the core! Perfect listening for an evening of swilling cider and talking about breaking shit. Bonus for the history of Twin Cities punk—even if it was kinda brief. (MT)
(Blackened, P.O. Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

V/A - World Hardcore Volume II EP

An international hardcore comp that has some heavy hitters. All the bands (except DISCHORD and MAN IN THE SHADOWS) play heavy hardcore in the modern sense of the word (ie, metal overtones). Bands include TRUE BLUE (Germany), ARMS REACH (Australia), MAN IN THE SHADOWS—best song on the comp!—(Slovenia), HAMILTON (US) and DISCHORD (Brazil). (MW)
(Moo Cow, PO Box 616, Madison, WI 53701)

V/A - "Worldwide Tribute to the Real Oi!" 2XLP

This is a power-packed collection of (primarily) hardcore punk bands covering Oi! songs by the founding fathers of the genre. AGNOSTIC FRONT, AWKWARD THOUGHT, BLOOD FOR BLOOD, DISCIPLINE, DROPKICK MURPHYS, KILL YOUR IDOLS, MADBALL, OXYMORON, RYKERS, SICK OF IT ALL, STAMPIN' GROUND, STIGMATA, and TECH 9 each take two covers a piece. Some of the major Oi! icons covered are: COCK SPARRER, the OPPRESSED, SHAM 69, the LAST RESORT, the INSANE, BLITZ, SLAUGHTER & the DOGS, MENACE, the ANGELIC UPSTARTS, the 4-SKINS and the COCKNEY REJECTS. Perhaps half of these cover versions work. Many of the hardcore bands seem unable to master the singing and the melodic timing of the originals. This two record set could have been trimmed to one. (BR)
(Knockout, Postfach 100176, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)



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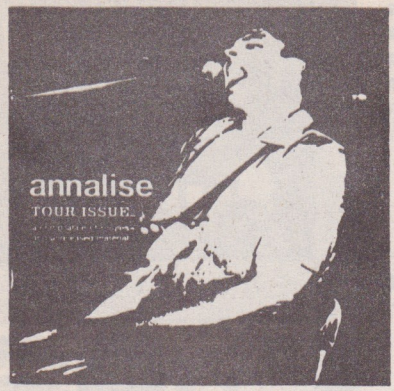
I WAS PUNK BACK WHEN YOU WERE STILL SWIMMING IN YOUR DAD'S BALLS!



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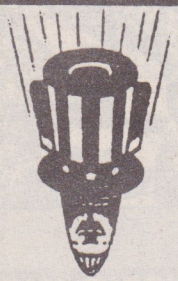

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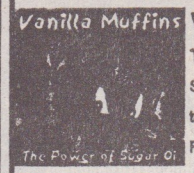

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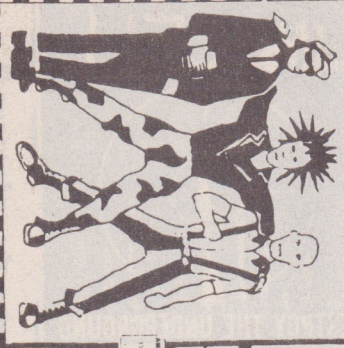

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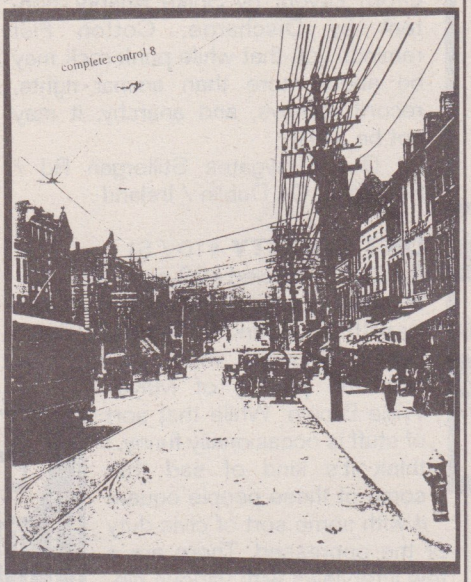
1985 #2 / $1 or trades
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
A nice little zine that comes off as very honest and unpretentious. Includes "personal" reflections in a style that is sort of like reading someone's journal. Usually this formula annoys me in a zine because it is so overused, but *1985* seems kind of humble and reflects thought processes that I think a lot of people might relate to. Issue 2 features comments on the punk rock "bandwagon" and the marketing of punk as a style, dating, materialism, irresponsible parents, and stories about friends that would probable be interesting only if you were one of the author's friends or the author. (JL)
2920 Lakeview Ct / Millbrook, AL 36054

ANTIPATHY #7 / $2 ppd US, more world, but free to Latin America, East Asia, and prisoners
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 200 pgs (!)
This thing is so thick you could get your money worth just using it to beat people (in self-defense, of course). I found a week's worth of reading on radical/punk topics, most of which was interesting and provided some different perspectives than I'm used to seeing (arguing the benefits of nationalism and militia movements, for example, or writing about rural queer experiences). There is no shortage of criticism of the anarchist and punk scenes and plenty of writing on privilege, sexuality, ecology (particularly the US Pacific Northwest), traveling in the Americas, love and heartbreak, and being "woo as fuck." Well worth whatever you have to send to get it. (JM)
PO Box 11703 / Eugene, OR 97440

ARROWEB #4.2 / 2 stamps or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 18 pgs
This zine's content is mostly what people submit, which is usually a bad sign. Case in point, a column by a girl who hopes Bush wins because "I don't think someone who supports abortion should be president." I think that statement says it all. (DS)
117 Sturbridge Rd / Clarks Summit, PA 18411-1067



ARROWEB #4.3 / 2 stamps or trade
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 10 pgs
The editor got wise and decided not to print everything that comes her way. Not that much of an improvement though. Save your stamps. (DS)
117 Sturbridge Rd / Clarks Summit, PA 18411-1067

THE ARSE' PLOT #4 / $1
8 x 11 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs - French
Puked up on the page in black and white cut and paste are interviews with the 440s, the Peeps, Ken Rock Records, the Grabbies, Dead Beat Records and the Gasolheads. More time drinking with your favorite touring garage punk bands plus less time reading, writing and learning layout equals this. OK. (AC)
4 rue A. Lumiere / 69150 Decines / France

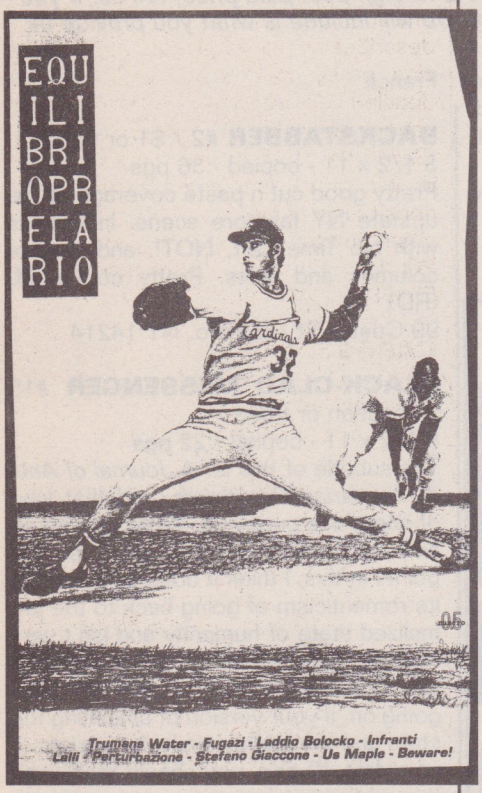
BACKSTABBER #2 / $1 or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 36 pgs
Pretty good cut'n'paste coverage of the upstate NY fastcore scene. Interviews with No Time Left, NOT!, and various columns and rants. Pretty cool stuff. (RD)
99 Custer St / Buffalo, NY 14214

BLACK-CLAD MESSENGER #15 / donation or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs
The subtitle of this is: *A Journal of Anti-Authoriatrian Primitivism,* and that kind of sums this puppy up. While I do agree and sympathize with a many of the points in this, I think it does go too far in its romanticism of going back to the primalized state of humanity and isn't very realistic. Stacked full of anarcho-activist info, contacts and short blurbs of what's going on. If your version of smashing the state and the mighty circle A consists of pounding 40 oz's, you should really pick this up and get you some smarts. Worth it if you see it, and especially good to read while working at your service industry job renting videos to yuppies. (MT)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

BLACK LUNG #4 / $1
11 x 8 - copied - 24 pgs - French
This thin French zine carries four interviews with the hardcore bands Neophyte, Tagada Jones, Unsafe, and HP System. There are some interesting photos and a couple of cool ads, but no record reviews. The zine is hand written with a couple of interesting drawings.(HH)
Alex Simon / 57 Ave Du General Morand / 91600 Savigny / France

BULL SHEET #4 / $1 or trade
8 1/2 x 5 - copied - 40 pgs
What a pleasant surprise to open this, expecting another barrage of hardcore

dogma, only to find interviews with Christian bands! No, I'm not being facetious—this guy, Ryan Dyck, is easily one of the coolest cats on the scene. Interviews with the Deadlines, the Huntingtons, Five Iron Frenzy and the Temper Tantrums. So open-minded he puts *Something for Nothing* to shame. Even if you don't like these bands, I'd suggest getting this if only for a lesson in tolerance. (RD)
2846 Evergreen St / Abbotsford, BC / Canada V2T 2S7



BROADSIDE #16 / $1 or 3 stamps
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 12 pgs
A collection of reviews and interviews of folk- punk, and roots music with Casey Neil Trio, Codelia's Dad, and Tossers. I gotta say I'm pretty much in the dark about this genre, but if it's your cuppa, I'm sure you'd enjoy this one. (CR)
PO Box 6467 / Plymouth, MI 48170

COMPLETE CONTROL #8/ **TEENAGE DEATH SONGS** / $2
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 60 pgs
These two zines are both very emotional, stories of the everyday life sort (if your everyday life involves lots of drinking and hitchhiking and S&M). Both have excellent writing, *Teenage Death Songs* was especially appealing to me, lots of personal history and it's effects and ambiguity about sex and power and all that stuff. This is no light read, not recommended for people already a little depressed. (GF)
PO Box 5021 / Richmond, VA 23220

CONTINUUM #1 / $1 or trade
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 24 pgs
I love conspiracy theories about aliens, UFOs and spooky government agencies—and this puppy is stacked full of them. Throw in a some decent interviews with the likes of Carol Ann, Wasteoid, and Satan's Pimp records and you got some quality reading. Bonus points for the article on the race to be the new bassist in Metallica. Good stuff. (MT)
6038 W Pontiac Dr / Glendale, AZ 85308 / Mortlock666@aol.com

COTTON-FIST #12 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
There is a certain nostalgia in this effort. Layout by Spike Anarky, content by Discharge, Cotton Fist reminds you that while punk rock may be about more than animal rights, record reviews, and anarchy, it may not be. (AR)
32 D / Graygates Stillorgan Rd / Stillorgan, Co Dublin / Ireland

DIET SOCIETY #10 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 - copied - 22 pgs
By now I'm sure most of you are familiar with the "work" of the BBB (Biotic Baking Brigade), most synonymous with the pie-ing of Mayor Willie Brown. While that sort of stuff is occasionally funny, I think it's kind of sad that some of these people equate it with some sort of civic duty of the oppressed. There are a few interviews with various pieers across the country, as well as reviews of hardcore records and a timeline of the struggle of the people of Chiapas. To quote a tired punk song, I've heard it all before. (RD)
363 E 18th St / Hamilton, Ontario / Canada L9A 4P7

EAST VILLAGE INKY #10 / $2
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 40 pgs
I never, ever plan on motherhood, um, like, ever, but Ayun Halliday produces a brilliantly quirky comic series about raising the three-thumbed Inky and her new infant brother in New York City. This installment addresses the trials of preschool selection (which is actually a very loaded decision—economically, politically, et cetera), channeling the Japanese club kid vibe in the East Village, what to do all day with Inky in school, advice to fathers from the family cat, a holiday replay, fashion tips for the postnatal, and more. As always, packed with pointed commentary and great drawings detailing everything from "nocturnal traffic" in the apartment to varied reactions to a Yoko Ono exhibit. Loving, sarcastic, and funny. I should also mention that some of these comics appear in the politically and socially progressive/feminist mothering magazine Hip Mama. (MN)
122 Dean St / Brooklyn, NY 11201

EQUILIBRIO PRECARIO #5 / $4
7 1/ 2 x 11 1/2 - offset - 64 pgs - Italian
With somewhat more reverence than I remember, this Italian zine pays homage to Truman's Water, Laddio Bolocko, and Fugazi with an album-by-album, play-by-play history of the band. Also covers US Maple, Infranti, reviews, and more. This issue comes with a six-song CD by the Italian indie rock three-piece Tedio. (AC)
Stefano Paternoster / via Cembra 49/2 / 38015 Lavis (TN) / Italy

EXTRAZINE #4 / $1
6 1/2 x 11 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs - Spanish
Free in Spain, this succinct zine has a neat (as in tidy, not as in wow, Mom!) layout that's still punk. Neat (wow,

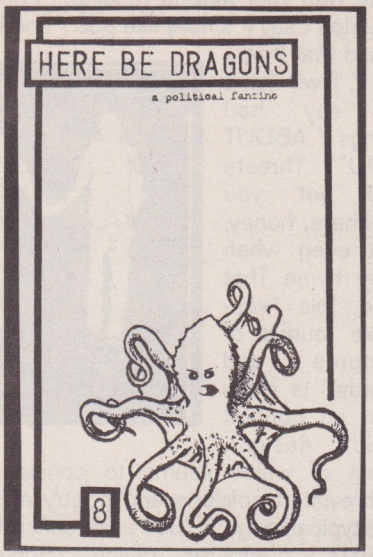
Mom!) stuff inside includes the editors' update on the best new Spanish bands and a "Pioneros del Punk": Radio Birdman. Good stuff. (AC)
Apdo 152 / Daimiel 13250 / Ciudad Real / Spain / extra.es.org

FERTILI OCTOPI
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 80 pgs
Lots of stories in here. Stories that I didn't really understand. Mostly fiction, some drawings, a little bit of collage art and a fragmented interview with Will Oldham. I don't know...I didn't hate it and I didn't like it. Guess the old refrain of 'not my cup of tea' is the most appropriate way to put it. Arty and somewhat confusing. No price info listed. (KC)
1217 SW 11th Ave #405 / Portland, OR 97205
strelow@lclark.edu

FIFTEENTH PRECINCT #3 / $3 ppd or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs
The girl who runs this fanzine may seem Japanese, but she isn't. Bianca is a sweet and enthusiastic girl, and it shows in her writing. Very earnest, and reminds me a lot of *Fuzzball*, the first fanzine that I ever reviewed. It was also from Australia, but didn't cover hardcore.The layout is impeccable, and there are gobs of articles to read. Totally inspiring, and a must for anyone who wants to keep punk rock global. (RD)
PO Box 1390 / Capalaba 4157 / QLD Australia

FRACTURE #14 / postage
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 88 pgs
Awesome DIY touring guide for the UK, complete with interviews with a few promoters. It's *BYOFL* styled, but more in depth. Interviews with Chris Dodge and Boy Sets Fire, the latter of which spends far too little time discussing the band's recent addition to the Victory roster (a smashing interview otherwise, and a favorite band of mine). Also included is the continuation of a piece on the NATO bombing of Kosovo, an enlightening story, even for those of us who already realized how very fucked the handling of the situation was by NATO. Otherwise, there is standard zine fare here, but way above average. Excellent columns, along with record/zine reviews, you know the drill, but these Brits really deliver the goods. (RC)
PO Box 623 / Cardiff / CF3 4ZA Wales, UK
fracturezine@hotmail.com

FUCK THE SHUT UP #1 / $3 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
I love Fly. A truly amazing artist and storyteller...I've been a fan of her work since I first saw the 'cement mixin'



squatter bitches' strip in '95. This is a NEW AND IMPROVED (it even says so on the cover!) collection of her comics and a taste of her new project 'Peops' (see review in this issue)...so if you already have the original version of this zine, you will want to pick up this enhanced edition as well. The adventures of Stew Pitt will have you rolling

on the floor and so will 'Watch yer Butt'. I'm babbling here...if you love Fly's work, order this now...if you've never seen Fly's work, order this now. Essential. (KC)
PO Box 1318 Cooper Station / New York, NY 10276
fly.fly@usa.net

FULL GALLOP #6 / $2
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 110 pgs
This zine can be best described as part of the "travel zine" genre, narrating the author's treks around the country. Each anecdote is marked by the state where the author found himself along with a one-liner at the top of the page that describes the experiences. I found this zine pretty interesting, with its very detailed depictions of events and observations about life in various places. *Full Gallop* was much better than many zines in this genre and actually seemed to consider whether or not the reader might find the writing engaging. (JL)
PO Box 582514 / Minneapolis, MN 55458

GARAGELAND #4 / $5 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 40 pgs
An excellent, if a bit sloppy fanzine devoted to the seedy underbelly of the South. A fun, mad romp through Mexican wrestling and rockabilly. Comes with a CD-R compilation that somehow never made it to my box. It says in here that the (Huntsville) 3-Ds broke up last summer, but I sent them $3 for an EP a good two or three years ago and never got it. Fuckers. (RD)
1219 McKinley Ave / Huntsville, AL 35801

GRUB: A BUG SCOUT'S BOOK
$4 ppd / or trade
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 56 pgs
If you've ever done something really punk like rolled over a cop car and set it on fire, or squatted on the broom closet of a police station, and thought that you deserved some sort of recognition from your fellow punks for your accomplishment, then the bug scouts are your answer and this zine is your handbook. This collection of suggestions and stories of living a truly punk diy life is both hilarious and profoundly helpful. There are suggestions for living in less then conventional spaces (such as tree houses), eating in less then conventional ways, (a diet rich in cookies), questionable hygiene practices, diy entertainment (that usually ends up in mangled bodies), as well as art tips, dumpster diving and fashion tips. Each section also includes a key to how many points each activity will earn

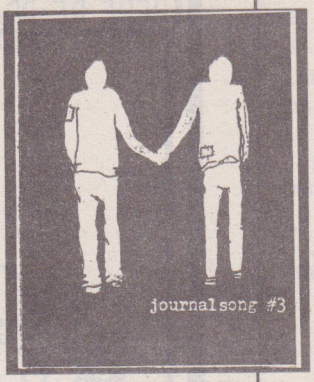
you. Get enough points and you can affix the patches that are included to your grub scout uniform to show everyone around you just how punk you really are. (CR)
c/o Systemsuck / 601- b Black Ave / Bozeman, MT 59715

HERE BE DRAGONS #8 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
I have reviewed *Here Be Dragons* a couple of times before and I always enjoy it. Its pretty straight forward in its approach - personal reflections, updates, commentary, analyses of current events, etc. Among other topics, this issue deals with frustration with the inability to find meaningful "careers" that reflect the needs of "revolutionaries", the virtues of the IWW, economic analysis, and a revamping of a popular punk/anarchist graphic that I totally disagreed with. Overall, another interesting issue. (JL)
PO Box 8131 / Pittsburgh, PA 15217

JERSEY BEAT #68 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - lots of pages (I'm not counting them!)
A classic! A truly inspirational zine that almost makes me miss the East Coast. It's amazing to me that *Jersey Beat* continues to have a little something for everyone. There's a butt-load of interviews: the Queers, Avail, Fa5hion, xbxrx and Ivet. There's also writing on the Boonefest and a European tour diary by the Queers. My only complaint is the usual—it's almost all boy bands. The strong point of this is the information and focus on the local scene (something that *MRR* severely lacks), that being of course, New Jersey. On top of this are lots and lots of reviews and photos. One of the best punk music mags out there, no doubt. (MD)
418 Gregory Ave / Weehawken, NJ 07087 / jerseybeat.com

JOURNALSONG #3 / $1 ppd or 3 stamps
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
I really like this zine. A nice mixture of heartache, beer, confusion, dreams, fear, stray cats and playing music. Great cut and paste layout, clunky old typewriter font, and neat artwork amongst the writing. Personal, emo, my kind of pocket sized goodness. (KC)
PO Box 3444 / Portland, OR 97208
journalsong@hotmail.com

LAZY LONG-NOSED DECADENT PINK-SKINNED GIGANTIC ENGLISHMEN
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Is it really such a good idea to include a note with your fanzine reading, "I hope you don't say it smells like poo / and I'm afraid that if you do / I will have to say bad things / ABOUT YOU"? Threats will get you nowhere, honey, not even when they rhyme. That said, this "veritable journal of pictures and words" is really thin on content (and design), most of which seems to consist of abbreviated opinions and poetry about the typical range of '80s punk concerns: squats, dumpster diving, Society (always portrayed monolithically), class alienation, and that perennial favorite, what constitutes a "real" punk. Instantly forgettable. (MN)
Lorenzo / 50 Grange Rd / Baldoyle / Dublin 13 / Ireland / hhearse@yahoo.com



MAC PARIADKA #1 through #4 / $4 each
11 x 8 - offset - 80 pgs - Polish

First let me state that Poland has come so far in the quality of it's zines since the collapse of the Berlin Wall and this zine proves that beyond a doubt. What is more impressive is that there is a scene there that hasn't compromised itself with the glitter of Western Europe and America. Ok, these four issues were distributed in the year 2000. They are written from an anarchist point of view and cover both music and political scenes. Some of the articles included are on the Prague actions, American weapons used in Yugoslavia, Mumia Abu Jamal, Feminism and cult movies. There are also lots of band interviews, record reviews, and ads. Finally there loads of great photos and graphics. Check these zines out if you are at all interested in Eastern Europe they are simply great. (HH)
Filip Majchrzakowski / PO Box 13 / 81-806 Sopot 6 / Poland

MY LETTER TO THE WORLD #17 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
What a kick ass travel zine. Finally someone out there figured out that the city being visited is often just as, if not more interesting, then the person writing it. Written in a journal form, but without the self obsessed nonsense of diary-type zines, *MLTTW*, includes some really interesting stories about Vegas, NYC, England, and Universal Studios. It's more like reading reviews of the cities complete with contact info for hotels and such. Combined with a real nice, easy to read layout, this zine was a real treasure. Also enjoyable were the brief, no nonsense interviews with GBH, and Special Forces. Yipee, now I have another zine to look forward to. (CR)
PO Box 40082 / Berkeley, CA 94704

NO LONGER BLIND #8 / $3 or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
I'm always really impressed with what comes out of the Australian hardcore/punk zine scene. There are lots of columns, which are down to earth and well-written. There are interviews with Aluminum Noise, Syndicate, Trial, and Bay Area faves, WhatHappensNext? There are the usual reviews and photos, then some political pieces on art and revolution, and a peace punk man-

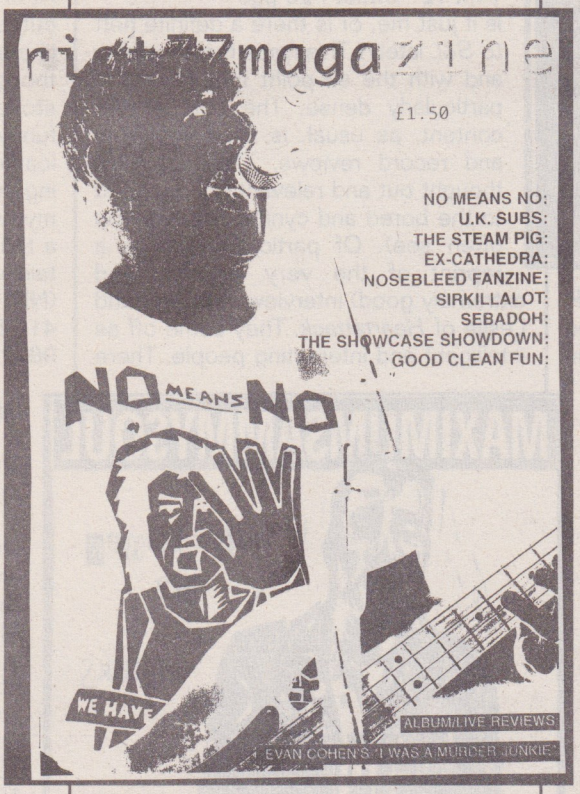
ifesto. Thumbs up. (MD)
PO Box U69 / Wollongong University / Wollongong, NSW Australia / 2500

OPEN UP AND BLEED #9 / $5
8 1/2 x 5 - copied - 44 pgs
First of all, let me state that you needn't take special notice of this just because it's so expensive. Too many people are trying to get away with criminally overpricing their papers just because people think it's some piece of exceptional writing, when really it's just to compensate for overseas shipping and all that nonsense. Nabbing their name from an ancient Stooges song, they still don't seem to have progressed much as far as musical tastes run. Very '77-oriented, an interview with Motorhead and lots of info on the Adverts and ATV. What's the point? (RD)
9A Priory Villas / Colney Hatch Ln. / London, N11 3DB UK

OX #41 / 9 DM
8 x 11 1/2 - offset - 156 - German
This zine bears a resemblance to its namesake—like the ox it is tireless, consistent, and plodding. Quarterly, it pulls its burden around our way. This time, the pay to play CD includes the Bodies, Annalise, and Less Than Jake. Motörhead on the cover. Tons and tons of interviews, many of them one-pagers, make up the guts. I would have liked to better read the interview with the Weakerthans, the toilet reviews, and the recipes. But though I respect its steadfastness, the Ox's motives sometimes seem suspiciously like making it to the next trough. (AC)
Joachim Hiller / PO Box 10 n22 25 / D-42766 Haan / Germany

PARAFERNALIA DEL SUBSUELO #12 / postage
4 1/4 x 11 - offset - 6 pgs - Spanish
This issue features a diary of and commentary on Coprofilia's recent Latin/South American tour. There's also a review of goth band Sueño de Luna, though not of any particular release or show. Also numerous columns, and my favorite, the top ten lists. I'm still amazed that they fit so much into six pages, and you can't beat the price. (NN)
Kitsch Del Alma Distro / Apartado Postal 1879 / 64000 Monterrey, Mexico / kitschdelalma@hotmail.com

POWDERED APPLES #6 / $1 or trade
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
The writing in here is both bitter and optimistic. Concerns about the staleness of structured education, organizing a teaching collective, arguing with a parent and gaining some insight previously missed, wanting to get a teaching degree, but possibly not willing to stay in one spot long enough to do the work. Very personal, but somehow too disjointed for me...it feels as though the author's desire to stop procrastinating and just get the zine finished won this round. Definite potential. Trades preferred. (KC)
726 Pioneer #3 / Kalamazoo, MI 49008



A READER'S GUIDE TO THE UNDERGROUND PRESS #14 / $4 ppd world (no checks)
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 66 pgs
Back with a new size and a new editor, *A Reader's Guide* still has the great news section (focusing on censorship), a handful of columns, and plenty (twenty-seven pages) of zine reviews. The coverage is more diverse and the overall quality of the reviews is better I usually see. Missing are the large number of cantankerous letters I remember, and the "Word of Mouth" section (praising and dissing stores, zines and mailorders for their business or other practices) is smaller. This is a great resource and I would recommend sending them your zine for sure. (JM)
PMB 2386 / 537 Jones St / SF, CA 94102

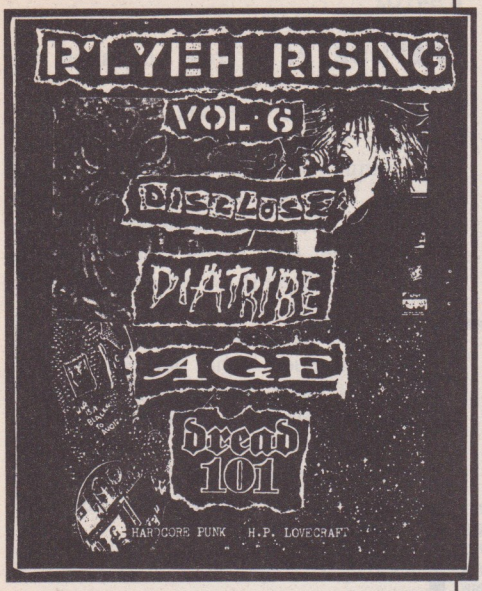
REFUSE #1 / free but send $1 postage
11 x 17 - offset - 18 pgs
This is kind of a catalog for Kultur Programm mailorder, but there is a lot of writing here as well. Interviews with Reaching Forward, Mihoen!, Guyana Punch Line, plus some columns and a great looking page of old *MRR* photos. In fact, this whole thing looks great. Some of the column writing was a little too much "what hardcore means to me, what it should be..." which I am very tired of, but there was also some stuff that made me think, and especially for free, this is great! (GF)
Hugo De Grootstraat 25 / 2518 EB Den Haag / Netherlands
Coalition_rec@hotmail.com

REHASH #2 /$1 US, $2 world
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 42 pgs
Carrying on in the grand tradition of East Coast zines like *Game of the Arseholes*, Zanne Rehash provides stellar coverage of the early '80s hardcore scene, digging up old interviews and providing new ones. The better interviews are of L'Arm, Paul from the Zero Boys, Infest and the great old Boston hardcore producer Lou Giordano. For those of you obsessed with whatever era you think hardcore reached its pinnacle, it's written about somewhere in here. Pick this up. (RD)
PO Box 201 / Troy, MI 48099-0201

RIOT 77 #2 / $4 ppd US, £2 ppd Europe
8 1/2 x 11 1/2 -copied - 56 pgs
Big punk looking music mag from Ireland. Good interviews with No Means No, UK Subs, Ex-Cathedra, Sirkillalot, Good Clean Fun. Plus lots of local (Dublin) happenings and color. My favorite part was reading some Irish band taking the piss out of some of the US bands who have recently gotten in touch with their "Irish heritage"(ie, they're laughing at you). (GF)
31 St Patricks Pk / Clondalkin, Dublin 22 / Ireland
riot77magazine@hotmail.com

RLYEH RISING Vol. 6 / $1
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Frank does it again with his cut/paste masterpiece devoted to crusty mayhem,

conspiracy, and sci-fi. This issue features Disclose, Diatribe, Age, and Dread 101, along with scene reports from Detroit, Finland, and Australia, and



reviews galore. Oh yes, and a bit on H.P. Lovecraft's close brush with Hollywood super stardom. Flawless and recommended! (RC)
PO Box 40113 / Portland, OR / 97240

ROCK N ROLL PURGATORY #3 / $2
7 x 8.5 - copied - 48 pgs
This zine is almost all interviews, this issue featuring such bands as the Cowslingers, Psycho Charger, Amazing Crowns, Callaghan, and The Staggers. There are a few ads that match the bands, some gig reviews and a horoscope. This zine is pretty good reading with a definite Midwest attitude. email: http://www.geocities.com/lmd76 (HH)
PO Box 3055 / Kent, OH 44240

ROCTOBER #29 / $4
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 112 pgs
For those of you who miss the way *Maximum* looked in the 80's, this zine is for you. Or if you are a fan of Sammy Davis Jr, this is also your zine. This is a very special issue of *Roctober*. The editor has laid it out to look like an old issue of *MRR*, complete with some old and current columnists. With a few old ads tossed in, you'll recognize them, they are the ones without the web addresses. But the content of the issue is all about Sammy Davis Jr. (except for a few pages of reviews of current stuff). I knew very little about Sammy going in, but after reading this huge zine, I now have been converted and will be seeking out some of Sammys' movies/music/books. I thought this was going to be a painful to read since I didn't care about Sammy. How wrong I was. It was obsessive and totally engrossing. If you can look beyond that horrible "Candy Man" song, you will see there is a lot more to Sammy. Order today and be converted. (DS)
1507 E. 53rd St #617 / Chicago, IL 60615

SLUG AND LETTUCE #66 / $1
14 x 12 - offset - 20 pgs
Is it just me, or is there a definite heft to *S&L* lately? This issue feels weighty and with the six-point type-face it is particularly dense. The bulk of the content, as usual, is filled with zine and record reviews. They are well thought out and relevant (as opposed to the bored and cynical reviews you often see). Of particular note is a reprint of the very lengthy (and extremely good) interview with Lisa and Leslie of *Heartattack*. They come off as intelligent and interesting people. There

are also columns, a front page editorial/diary entry, and all the ink-stained type you can wipe your hands on. (AR)
PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA 23261-6632

SPEED DEMON #11 / $5
11 x 8 - copied - 98 pgs - Italian
Another great issue of queercore, this issue loaded with lots of cool interviews and articles including Burning Airlines, Sissies, Harum-Scarum, Tribe 8, The Haggard and San Francisco's own The Little Deaths. The articles include Queer Pakistan, an interview with a eunuch who relates his experiences as a castrated man, and the 15th Gay Lesbian Film Festival. Don't be square send away for this zine now! (HH)
PO Box 44/a / P.zza San Babila 4/D / 20122 Milano / Italy
speeddemon@galactica.it

SPIDER STOMPIN #5 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
At first I wanted to not like this zine; it's cutesy and personal. But my first impression was pretty full of shit. Even though it's sort of down-to-earth, the stories keep your interest and are fairly funny. I was sold when I read that she loathes reading sci-fi, despite her majoring in a technical field—a woman after my own heart. Although a dollar seems a tad much for the length, it's an entertaining read and worth checking out. (NN)
410 E Denny Wy # 257 / Seattle, WA 98122

SPONGEY MONKEY #11 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 48 pgs
This is more on the indie-rock side of things. There's a rad article on being a "runner" for KISS (i.e. getting their shoes fixed and buying them shaving cream!). The interviews are with Speech, Shonen Knife, Christina Martinez, the Smugglers, and there's a kind of boring article on buying a house. After that there are pages and pages of reviews. Definitely a fun zine for indie rockers. (MD)
1082 Pueo Ct / Diamondhead, MS / 39525
datasync.com~spongey

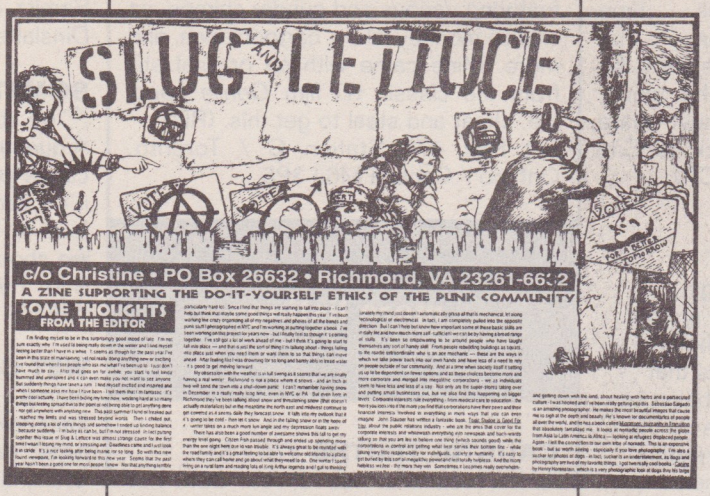
STAGE DIVE #1 / $3 US, $5 world
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 48 pgs
OK, I promised myself that I was going to be nice this month—so let me preface this by saying—though I've been straight edge for many years now, and even enjoy myself some finger pointing, stage dives and high fives from time to time—I just don't relate to the straight edge scene at all. Guess I'm not "posi" enough and too much of a smart assed cynical bastard. OK, now given all that, this zine is pretty good, with interviews with Revelation Records folx, Lance Mountain (my personal favorite), The Nerve Agents, the owners of Endless Summer (a skate

shop) and the story of Judge. Also tons of nostalgia-fueled photos of ancient hawd-kaw bands. Not too mention the pull out poster filled with old flyers. If this is your thing you can't go wrong. (MT)
130 Windermere Rd /Lockport, NY 14094

THE STORY OF MY SCAB #6 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 44 pgs
This zine helps make up for the stupid Christian zine I had to review this month. In *The Story of My Scab*, are interviews with Matt Kelly of *Cool Beans*, Superchunk, and Crimson Sweet. The rest of the pages are a frenetic blend of very short stories, twisted drawings, and photo's of animals. William is the fellow who did the cover for *MRR* #185, and there are many other fine examples of his art within these pages. Strangely entertaining. (CR)
123 Freeman St # 26 / Brooklyn, NY 11222

SUBSIDIZED MESS #4 / stamp
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
Awesome quick reader from a fellow in New Jersey who likes hardcore. A handful of reviews, good piece about politics and how it relates to punk, both as individuals and the bands that those individuals are in. If Agnostic Front are total assholes, are their records still good? The best was the piece on the "thrash revival," in which Joe criticizes the bandwagon jumping that has taken place recently. As I read the article, I wanted so badly to hear him bag on my band, but not only did that not happen, he even said he liked us. Oh, well. (RC)
70 Plum St Apt 2 / New Brunswick, NJ / 08901

TURNING THE TIDE vol 13, #4 / $15 subscription for 4 issues
11 x 17 - offset - 16 pgs
The sub-title of this sums it up well, "Journal of anti-racist action, research & education".Lots of short pieces on injustice around the world. Some of the brevity rubbed me the wrong way, but then not that many people are going to include a piece on the overthrown Hawaiian Monarchy anyway, so in that sense even a outline is progress. Other pieces include Mumia, Colombia and reparations for African Americans. All of this is right on and it's all important, I guess I just don't like the "update" type articles. (GF)
PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232



THE WANKER #12 / free
11 1/2 x 17 - offset - 16 pgs
The entire time that I was reading this "zine", it felt like I was in the middle of a bad joke that I didn't get. It can be described as a parody of a newspaper filled with mock ads and current events.

A lot of it came off as not very clever "humor" that was trying really hard to be wacky. Maybe you have to be initiated into the context of "*Wanker*" to appreciate it, but the points that they were trying to make with their brand of satire weren't that interesting. (JL)
2212 Queen Anne Ave N #512 / Seattle, WA 98109

UNDER THE VOLCANO #59 / $15 for 6 issues N. America, $30 Europe, $36 world
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
In the past I have not always been impressed with this magazine, but this issue features a great interview with Dillinger Four that I was really happy to read. The columns are more mundane than not, and the Breakdown piece suffers from an extra-large type size and reads too much like lame promo shit. There are decent talks with the Lower Class Brats and Equal Vision Records and a long talk with Nashville Pussy, who I am *so* sick of reading about. There are plenty of music reviews and ads. Other than D4 my favorite part was the metal CD reviews, actually. Their address is PO Box 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767 but you should send your money to... (JM)
Vital Music Mailorder / PO Box 210 / NY, NY 10276

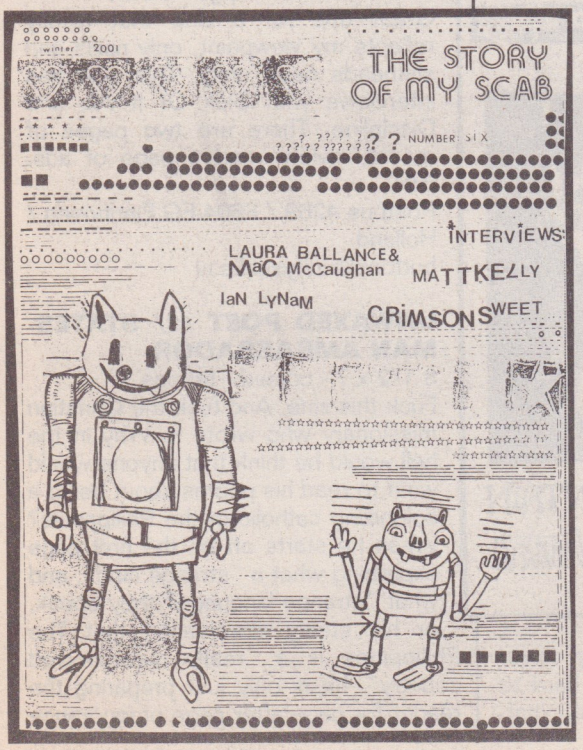
UNITY SUCKS #5 / free
11 x 8 - offset - 4 pgs - Dutch
Great title for a zine that totally reflects my viewpoint, only nazis and shitheads need unity. This zine has interviews with Sick Of It All, and Discipline. There are two pages of record reviews and a page of ads. (HH)
Postbus 4269 / 5604 EG Eindhoven / Holland
buttons@unitysucks.nl

UNWAXED POET #8/ **STATESMAN AMBASSADOR**
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 56 pgs
Fuck this zine. And fuck the Christian missionary who wrote it. Why in the hell would he think that anyone would want to read his poems about being a colonizing catholic in the Philippines? When he starts off on the first page explaining what a "strange land", and what "strange language" they speak, or his steely observation that The Philippines is a "really disorganized country", he is only just preparing the reader for page after page of ignorance

and western arrogance. Don't worry though, there is a little article on his conversion to Christianity. Ugh! *Statesman Ambassador* , shares a few pages with *Unwaxed Poet,* and while it does not share the same creepy Christian undertone, it certainly caries on in the same vein of romanticizing the poverty of Eastern countries, this time Cambodia.His suggestion that Americans make there presence a bit more felt in the rest of the world, betrayed an ignorance he must share with the unwaxed one. Back to San Diego with the both of you! (CR)
Unwaxed poet @aol.com

VEXED #2 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Depressing tales about mom, mom's friend Tammy, their drug/alcohol use and all the glorious adventures that could possibly go with it (I'm being sarcastic, of course). This makes up the bulk of the zine, with bits on relationships, a favorite English teacher, a botched photo exhibit and cops rounding out the rest of it. The author includes a selection of her photos in here as well.(KC)
PO Box 30785 / Seattle, WA 98103-0785
rebeccavex@hotmail.com

YOU DRIVE ME APE #1 / ?
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - offset - 36 pgs
When I opened this for the first time, my jaw dropped. No joke, this is as good as it gets, folks. To my knowledge, this is the first (and probably last) fanzine solely based on our simian counterparts' role in popular culture. Lifting its name from a classic Dickies song, Buddy Lee Roth goes on to list all the different kinds of monkey suits used in the (at least) 80 movies revolving around or featuring various and sundry chimps, as well as monkey jokes, cartoon apes, and more. Mine came with an original still from the classic (?) film *Gorilla Loco.* Lie, cheat and steal to get this. (RD)
PO Box 477 Station C / Toronto, Ontario / Canada M6J 3P5



more listings

CAUSTIC TRUTHS #76 / $1
A few columns, cab drivers from hell stories (including some from Joey Shithead), and twelve pages of reviews.
PO Box 54298 / 152 Carlton St / Toronto, Ont / Canada / M5A 2KO

CHUMPIRE #137 / SASE or trade
Three pages of local news and music stuff and some band photos.
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680

COBWEB JUNCTION #7 / $1.50
A cutesy, girly zine with writing about comics, legwarmers, the X-men, the state of music today and some prose.
PO Box 60774 / Sacramento, CA 95860-0774

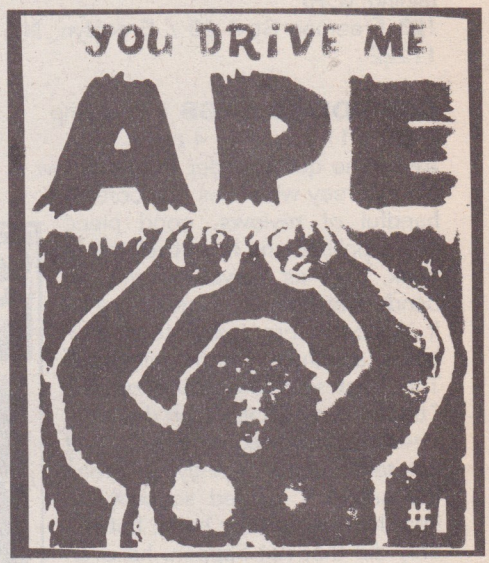
LABIA LICKER # 1 / ?
This very brief zine dealt with female angst, describing degrading and fucked up situations that women deal with on an everyday basis. Some graphics and personal anecdotes—they are looking to expand the next issue.
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

LIBERATION NOW #11 / SASE?
Some musings on communication and life and some depressing drawings.
PO Box 64 / Station "C" / Montreal, QC / H2L 4J7 / Canada

SCUMFUCK TRADITION / #4
This German zine doubles as a mailorder catalog. The label carries classic punk, reissues, oi, and street punk, mostly. In the zine, read interviews with OHL, an AC/DC (!) concert review, and record reviews.
Scmitz / Postfach 100709 / D-46527 Dinslaken / Germany

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING #50 / 76¢ stamps
A questionable Christian punk zine. Just cause you like all the right bands doesn't mean I want to read about God. I'd love to know if readers out there think we should review this kind of crap.
516 Third St NE / Massillon, OH / 44646

WET CEMENT #1 / $1.50 plus a stamp
Interviews with Lookout! records mail order staff and Aaron Cometbus. The similarities of baseball and punk as seen by Adam Pfahler (formerly of Jawbreaker). Some personal writing as well.
5186 Montclair / Montreal, Quebec H4V 2K8



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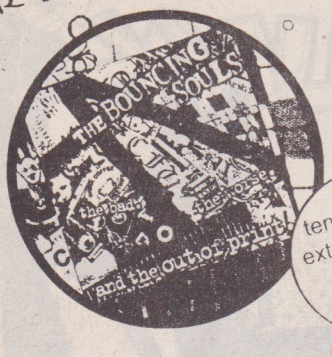

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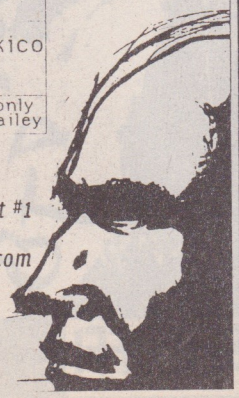

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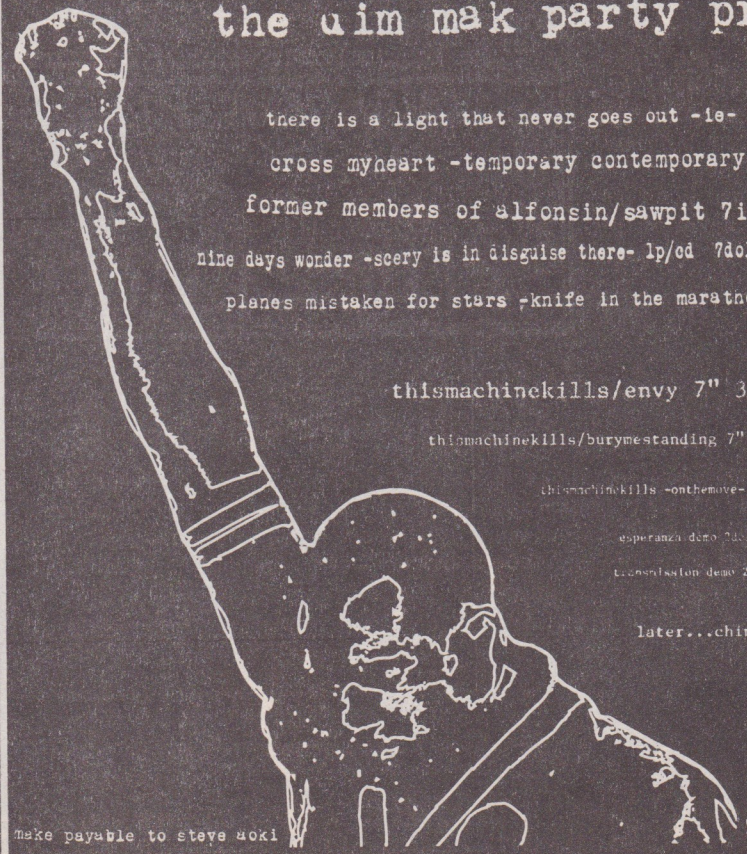

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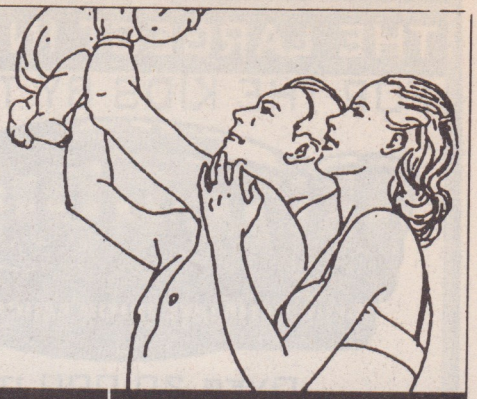

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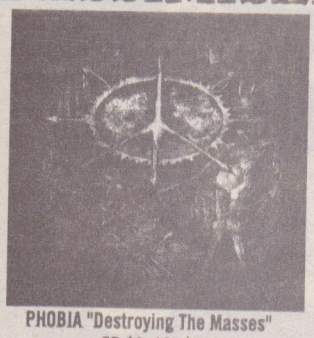

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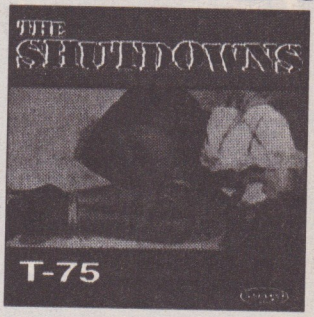

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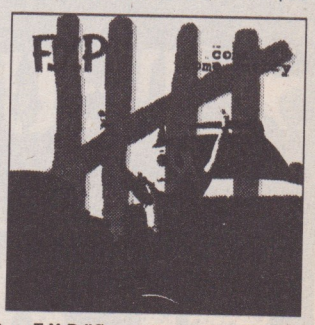

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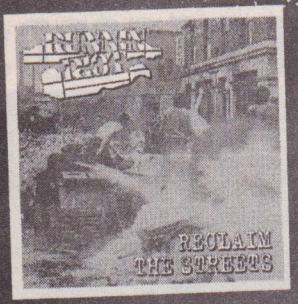

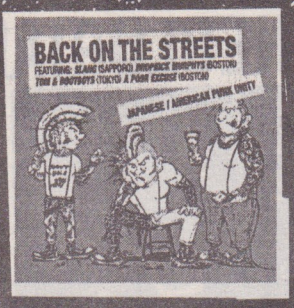

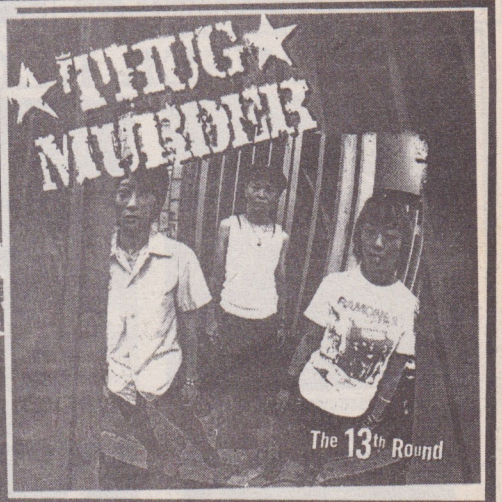

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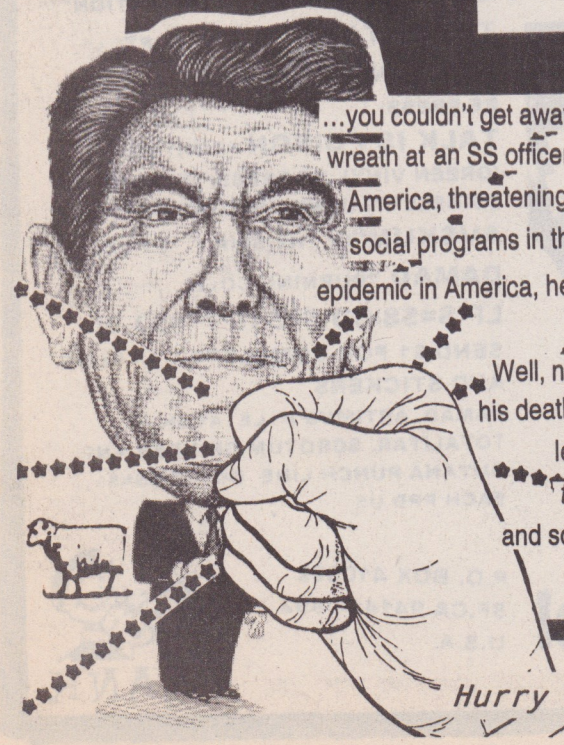

...you couldn't get away from Ronald Reagan. (You know, the President.) Whether it was laying a wreath at an SS officer's grave in Bitburg, selling arms to right-wing paramilitaries in Central America, threatening nuclear war with the "Evil Empire," dismantling an array of vital domestic social programs in the name of "trickle-down" economics, or refusing to acknowledge the AIDS epidemic in America, he was always making trouble.

And there's just no arguing – the man inspired *a million* punk songs.

Well, now he's almost dead, and *Maximumrocknroll* would like to "commemorate" his death with a special issue, looking back at the man's deeds, public persona, and legacy. No doubt the mainstream media will forget his crimes – *we want you to remember.* We're asking for contributions of historical articles, political and social analyses, and personal essays about what Reagan did for punk rock and what the Gipper means to *you.*

The deadline is 1 April 2001 (no joke).

Hurry up - who knows how much longer he'll last!

CLASSIFIEDS

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VIDEOS - PAL (UK etc) & NTSC (USA etc). Trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. Stuff like Propagandhi, Business, GISM, Specials, Zounds, Exploited, Poison Idea, DK's, Blitz, Queers, Conflict, Rancid, GG, Dickies, Descendents, Operation Ivy, Disorder, Ruts, Misfits, Subhumans, Dwarves, Leatherface, Turbonegro. SAE (UK), 2IRC's (overseas) or decent trades list : Dave, 50a Great King St., Edinburgh, Scotland. E-mail: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk

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PUNK ROCK FILM GUIDE #2. It's (about) time. If you would like to review films for this zine (#1 is still selling like crazy!), please email siue at siuem@hotmail.com. Maybe we could do more DIY stuff?

SELL YOUR BODY THE STRAP-ONS "Geeking Dream" 25 song CD with songs like "My Dad Smokes Crack" for only $9 postage paid. Send to CNF PO Box 8241 Norfolk, VA 23503. Bodies in the streets Limbless Torsos begging to die. www.thestrap-ons.com.

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PENPALS WANTED. 25 year old male, light brown eyes, dark hair. 5' 11". Will send photo to all responses. A menace to society locked away from humanity. I'm looking for some companionship to fill this void of loneliness. I write poetry on all subjects and styles. I'm into punk, rap and metal. So reach out and take a chance. I'll be worth your time. George Ruiz #44847, PO Box 1989, Ely, Nevada 89301.

BRAZILIAN HARDCORE/PUNK: Ulster, Hino Mortal, Replicantes, Lobotomia, Restos de Nada, Armagedom, Agrotoxico, Inocents, Acao Direta, F.D.S., Deserdados, Lixomania, Colera, Olho Seco, Fogo Cruzado, Subviventes, Grinders, R.D.P., Invasores de Cerebros, Dose Brutal, Sociedade Armada, etc., besides compilations like "Sub", "Grito Suburbano", "O Comeco do Fim do Mundo" and more. Many of them have stuff re-released or new titles on CD and there is a very few last vinyl left. Get in touch to see my wants list with titles I'm looking for and another list with the stuff I can get (it's not a selling or distribution, just exchange!). E-mail me at: kzy 71@zipmail.com.br or write to: Cx. Postal 17072, 02399-970 SP/SP, Brasil.

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GG ALLIN-Looking for any GG related artwork, letters, pictures, or unique items for possible upcoming GG Allin exhibit. Will pay or possibly trade for stuff. Contact Erek, PO Box 4129 LA, CA 90078 or Erek333@yahoo.com.

IF YOU WANT MRRS #176, 177, 179, 180, 198, 200, 202-207, one or all, just pay postage & they're yers. email & I'll hold 'em: Mike_Silly@hotmail.com. Keep on, punkers.

THE STRAP-ONS "Geeking Dream" CD includes Prom Mom, K-9 Christ, and Strap-On Sally for only $9 postage paid. Send to CNF PO Box 8241, Norfolk, VA 23503. You will be guaranteed a place in heaven. www.thestrap-ons.com.

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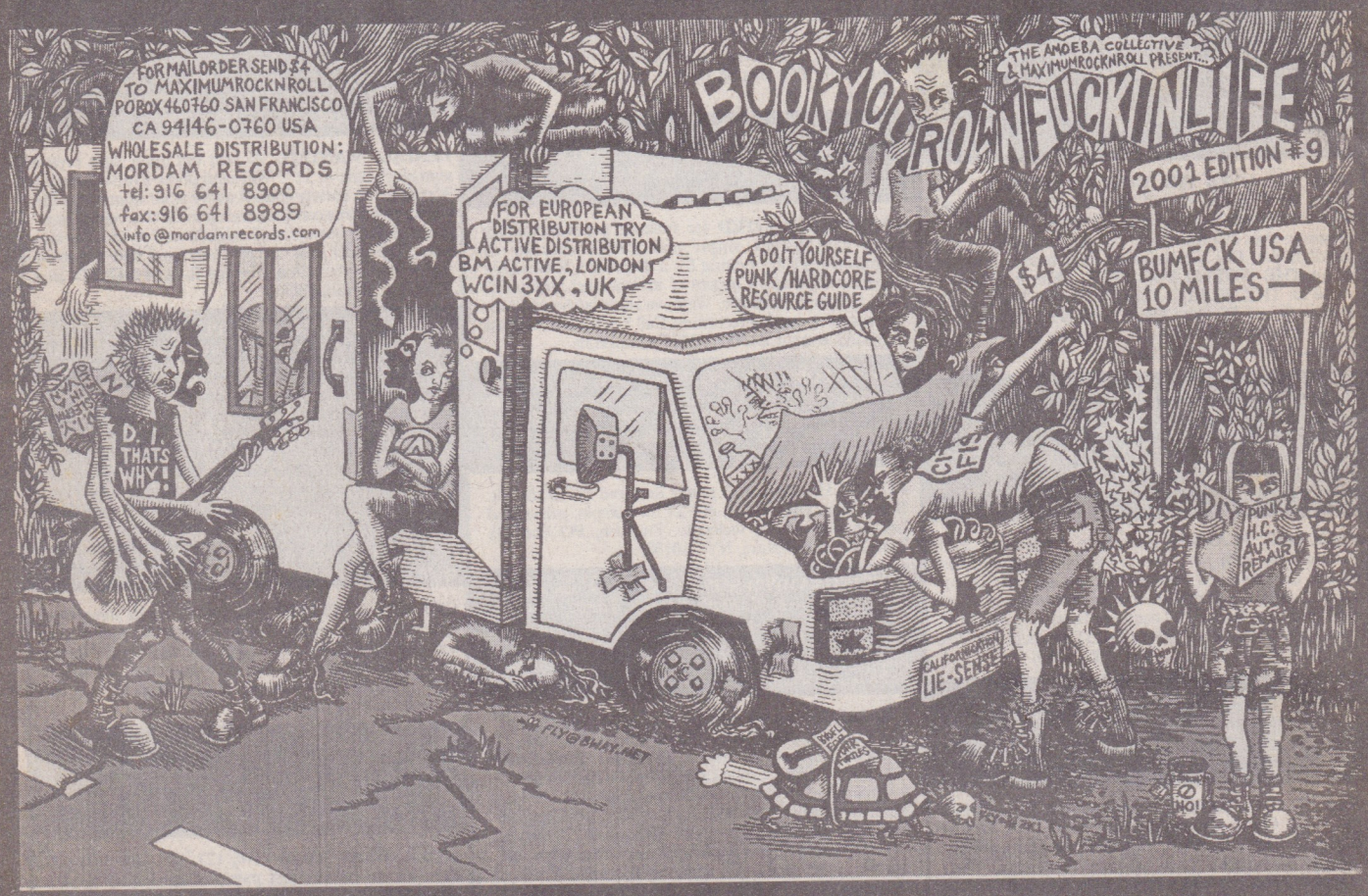

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